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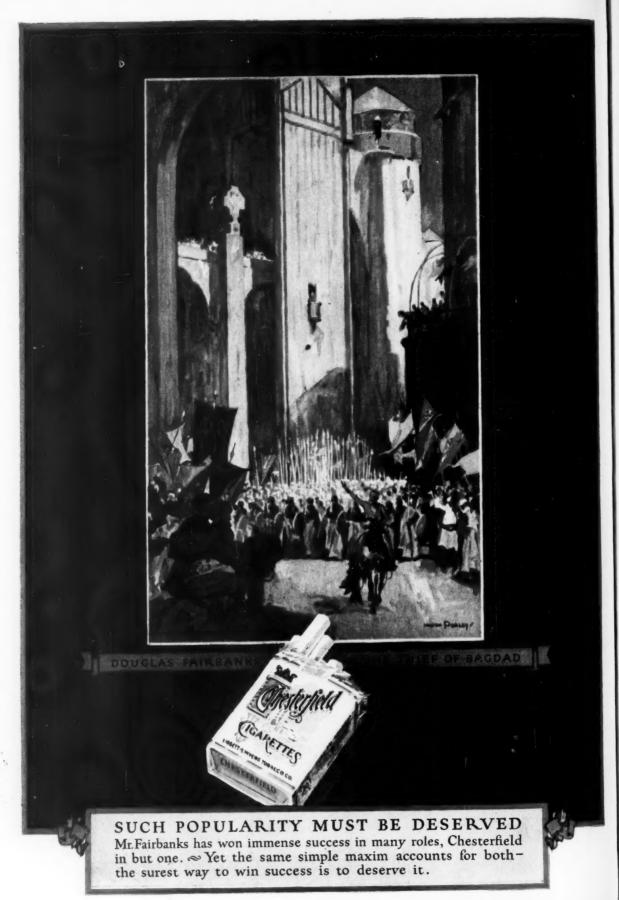
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## **SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS**

#### ITS CAUSES AND HOW IT CAN BE CURED

By Robert W. Beatty

ASHORT time ago I was interviewing (on a matter of business) the President of one of the biggest business concerns in the Middle West. In the course of our talk there was a timid knock on the door. Responding to the President's, "Come in," the door was slowly opened, and a gray head came into view.

This gray head belonged to a man who (I learned later) had been employed by the firm for over thirty years. He took up a matter of business with the President, answering promptly every question put to him, but in a peculiarly timid manner. When he left the room, the President said to me:

"There's a beautiful example of a man gone wrong; I've always been as sweet as molasses to him, but he acts as if I were going to bite his head off. That man could easily earn \$20,000 a year; he could be one of the best known men in this part of the country; but he will never amount to anything because he is so confoundedly self-conscious.

"It's what's wrong with most people," he reflected. "They are too self-conscious. They are afraid of everything and everybody—yes, even of themselves. There isn't a man or woman living who cannot think thoughts worth fortunes. But they lack the spark of self-confidence which makes the difference between the DOER and the DREAMER.

"That man who was just in here really knows more about this business than I do. His judgment is better than mine. But he couldn't run this business for a month because he's so confoundedly busy thinking what others are saying or thinking about him, that he misses the main point of getting things for himself. I sympathize with him deeply, because when I was young, I was very much that way myself. But I made myself get over it. I realized that all the ambition in the world—all the knowledge in the world—can't help a man if he is everlastingly apologetic, shy, self-conscious."

How true that comment is! Wherever you go, confidence almost always counts more than ability. The self-conscious man can never do himself justice. Before superiors in business, he quails; with prospective customers he is vanquished by the first "No"; in the presence of strangers he retires into a shell; in the homes of cultured people he is embarrassed by the slightest word; and sometimes in the presence of one of the opposite sex, he makes the proverbial ass of himself.

But what can be done about Self-Consciousness? What is it? Can it be cured? James Alexander, an eminent English psychologist, in a remarkable work called "The Cure of Self-Consciousness," points out not only that it CAN be cured, but shows exactly HOW, no

matter how deep-rooted the trouble. The work is published in three convenient pocket size volumes.

Mr. Alexander analyzes the subject of self-consciousness in all its elements; he explains all the psychological causes of self-consciousness; he then analyzes different ways in which Self-Consciousness is exhibited. This enables the reader to analyze himself so that he may know what phase of self-consciousness to attack. In the other two volumes Mr. Alexander then gives definite exercises by which any

#### \$50 PAID FOR YOUR STORY

THE publishers of "The Cure of Self-Consciousness" want authentic anecdotes of cases where Self-Consciousness has caused excruciating embarrassment; or better still, of people whose careers have been checked because they were always self-conscious and timid. \$50 will be paid for each story, accepted for publication. No names will be given in publishing your story, if it is accepted. Just tell the facts; they are more interesting to us than the way you tell them.

or all of these phases of self-consciousness may be permanently removed. A partial list of the chapter headings will give but a hint of the value of this work.

The author deals with concrete subjects like these:

Whot is Meant by Self-Consciousness
The Causes of Self-Consciousness
How to Cure Fear of Self
How to Cure Fear of Audiences
How to Cure Blushing
How to Cure Blushing
How to Cure Stuttering
How to Cure Stuttering
How to Cure Nervousness
How to Cure Fear of Stage Fright
How to Cure Fear of Stage Fright
How to Cure Fear of Criticism
How to Cure Fear of Company

How to Cure Fear of Business
How to Cure Fear of the Unexpected
How to Cure Timidity
How to Cure Shyness
How to Cure Bashfulness

How to Check Desires and Impulses
How to Attack Unwelcome Thoughts
How to Control the Muscles
How to Control the Emotions
How to Use Suggestion and AutoSuggestion
How to Gain Self-Reliance
How to Gain Self-Confidence
How to Gain Calmness
How to Gain Self-Possession

Unlike many volumes, dealing with mental training, "The Cure of Self-Consciousness" is not dull or heavy. Neither is it full of platitudes or preachments, telling you why you should cure your self-consciousness. On the contrary, this great work is as interesting as a book of fiction, and as direct as a physician's advice. It is extremely easy to read and to understand. Instead of preachments, it contains actual rules and exercises that have cured even the worst forms of self-consciousness.

It is impossible here to give a complete description of all this work, "The Cure of Self-Consciousness," contains. There is only one way for you to convince yourself of its value to you: that is to examine the three pocket size volumes. This the publishers are willing to have you do. Send no money now, just the coupon. When the books arrive, pay the mailman only \$2.85, plus postage, and then read them 10 days, at your leisure. If you are not convinced that this instruction and the exercises are worth hundreds of times the price, simply return the set within 10 days and the trial will not cost you accent.

If you are ever embarrassed, in your business prospects or in your social life, by paralyzing attacks of self-consciousness, you need this great work more than anything else in the world; no price would be too great for you to pay for it! For how can a price be put upon the value of confidence, poise and perfect ease? If you want to secure a set I suggest that you address the publishers.

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pocket s	se send me, for 10 days' examination, Mr. Alexander's work, in three conven size volumes, "The Cure of Self-Consciousness." I will give the postman \$2.85 on on delivery. If, after reading and studying it for 10 days. I want to return it son whatever, you agree to refund my money.	plus
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## COSMOPOLITAN



Photograph by Campbell Studi

By Ray Long

HE Twentieth Century Limited was leaving Chicago. The colored maid came to me, and said:

"There are some friends of yours in the second car back, Mr. Long. They wanted to know if you were on this section, but I didn't tell them you were, because I didn't know whether you'd want to be disturbed."

It happened that I did want to see these men, but if I had been planning an afternoon of work, as one often does on that train, she could have spoiled it all by telling them: "Yes, of course, I know Mr. Long; he's in car so and so."

I appreciated her consideration especially because there's nothing in the world tempts the average person to boast like a good memory, and this woman has one. She never forgets the face of a patron of the Century.

Mabel Fitts is exceptional in many ways. She has been maid and manicurist on the Century for eighteen years. She has studied beauty culture, first aid, dietetics, taken courses in character

analysis and memory training, and—most important of all—she reads constantly in books, magazines and newspapers of the sort that develop intelligence and alertness.

As a result, she is an interesting conversationalist. While she did Lloyd George's nails, she talked with him of Lincoln. She and Paderewski had a discussion on music. Jack Dempsey explained the Carpentier fight to her as he went West. She has served Roosevelt and Taft; D. W. Griffith and George Cohan—in fact most of the celebrities of our time.

She can talk intelligently, and does, if one wants her to talk. But she can be silent too. If one is thoughtful or tired, she will complete one's manicure without a word unnecessary to the manicure itself.

Which shows tact. Natural tact. It's a quality you don't encounter too often, these days; a quality which might be copied from this colored woman by a lot of folks who haven't as much justification for showing off as she has.

# By JAMES MONT



THE GOVERNOR'S HUSBAND: "Clara, that laundry

# GOMERT FLAGG



just ruined your lavender step-in! I'm going to do your things next week, mayn't I?"

aundry

## By the Author of The

# For The Sake of the Leading Lady

OT long ago, when I was staying at the Hotel St. George above Algiers, I went to a luncheon at which I sat next to a pleasant French woman. We got into talk about the theaters, and my companion mentioned a certain play in which a celebrated actress made a great success before the war.

"Why doesn't she act now? Where is she?" I asked.

"Why doesn't she act now? Where is she?" I asked.

"Where she is at the present moment I cannot be certain," replied my neighbor, with, I thought, a faintly ironical smile. "But why she doesn't act I can tell you. She died some ten years ago."

I was about to express my regret that such a lovely and fascinating woman had vanished too early from our scene, when a young Frenchman opposite leaned forward and said:

"Do forgive me for contradicting you, Madame,

opposite leaned forward and said:

"Do forgive me for contradicting you, Madame, but the lady in question is very much alive. She has a villa on the Côte d'Azure, a little inland, not far from Menton. There she lives in complete retirement, forgotten by the world. She doesn't even go to Monte Carlo to gamble. But as to being dead—no. Last spring I caught sight of her in her garden, wearing a blue sun-bonnet. She was tying up rose bushes. Her hair is quite gray. She has let her figure go. One would guess she eats treacle pudding. But there she is, nevertheless."

This unexpected piece of information led to stories of the vanished—those who, after enjoying fame and popularity, after being in the public eye for many years, suddenly disappear and soon are no

more thought of, much less talked of.

But the story which struck me most, and which I shall never forget, came to me from an Englishman, not then but later. He was a man of about forty, with a clever and sensitive but disappointed face and hair already turning gray. All that I knew about him was that his name was Henry Ewingden, and that he was a successful stock-broker. As we walked away from this luncheon together, he said:

"I know a story on the subject we've been discussing more curious than any we've heard today."



"If you don't know what you've done," cried Carnation, "go and ask Blythe!"

## Garden of Allah, & Bella Donna



The First of a Group of Stories of Life and LOVE

## ByRobert Hichens

Illustrations by Pruett Carter

"Really!" I said. And I looked at him

expectantly.
"You were about London fifteen years ago, weren't you? Were you at the first night of a play called 'Sinless'?"

"D'you mean-at the Golden Theater, that play which was such a fiasco on the first night? I think it ran barely a week. That clever actor, Mervyn Blythe, was in it."

"Yes. He played the chief part and smashed up

completely in the crucial scene of the play."
"I remember. It was awful. He totally forgot his part, couldn't recall a word of it, couldn't even manage to get his words from the prompter. It ruined his reputation in London. He died out completely. One never hears of him now."
"No. He's one of the vanished. He's drinking

himself to death in a miserable little seaside hole not very far from Dover." 'Poor chap!'

"What did you think of the play?"

"So far as I remember I thought it remarkably clever and very strong. But of course as it all went to pieces at the end one could hardly tell what its fate would have been if Blythe had acted up to his reputation. Surely they-didn't they put it on again almost directly with an understudy in Blythe's

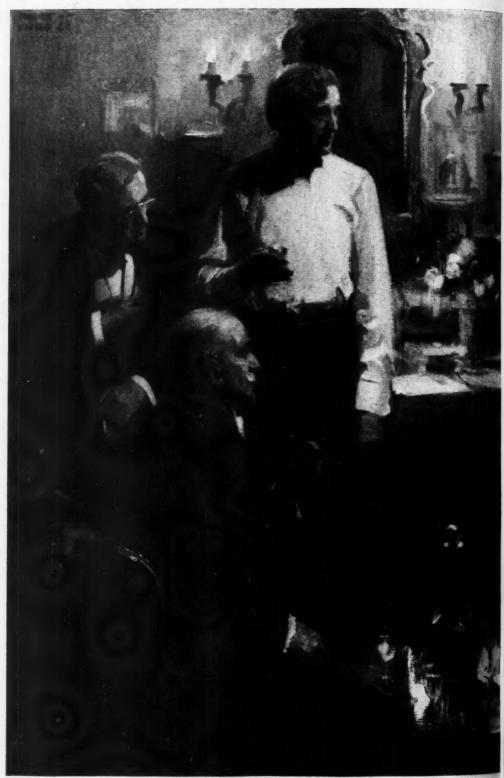
"They did. But it was too late. Blythe's breakdown had damned the play. The public didn't believe in it any more. You know how touch and go it is on the stage."

"No one better. It was a new author, a young fellow, wasn't it? Did he ever try again?"
"Never. I suppose he was a fool. But somehow

he hadn't the heart for it. Having such a great chance and seeing it go to hell completely broke him—as a playwright."

Something in my companion's tone just then struck hard on me, and I said, "What was his name? I've forgotten."

I,I was astounded. "I'm the greatest sufferer in this," I said. "Blythe-



I looked at Blythe standing in the glaring light, his face

"So's everyone else. His name was the same as mine."

"As—you wrote the play?"

"I did; and Blythe killed it for me. So I took to stock-broking and Blythe to neat brandy."

"Blythe and I disappeared from the public eye forever," said Ewingden as we went into the hotel garden. "We both died the death as it were on the same night. But he was famous and I wasn't. So no one eyer bothers to ask what's become of me." I wasn't. So no one ever bothers to ask what's become of me."

There was a keen bitterness in the voice that said the last

I looked at him in silence. I didn't know what to say. "I might tell you a bit more about it some day if you care to hear," said Ewingden, after a moment. "You're interested in psychology, I know. And why should I mind now?"

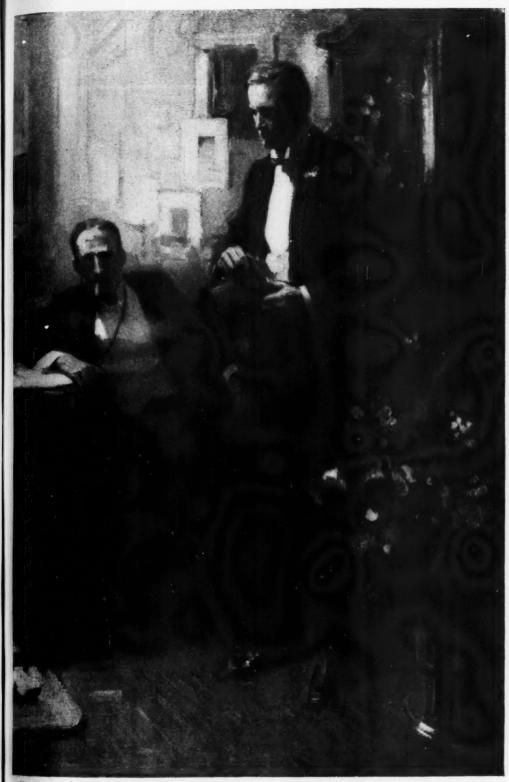
"I wish you would," I said. And then we parted at the door of the hotel

of the hotel.

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still painted. "I'm sorry, old chab," he said. "My memory went—absolutely went."

From that moment I became interested in Ewingden, for I realized that he must have been, and probably still was secretly, a man with a great ambition which had never been satisfied. For two or three days I saw little of him. I thought that he deliberately avoided me, and fancied that he regretted his confidence.

During these two or three days I gathered from others in the

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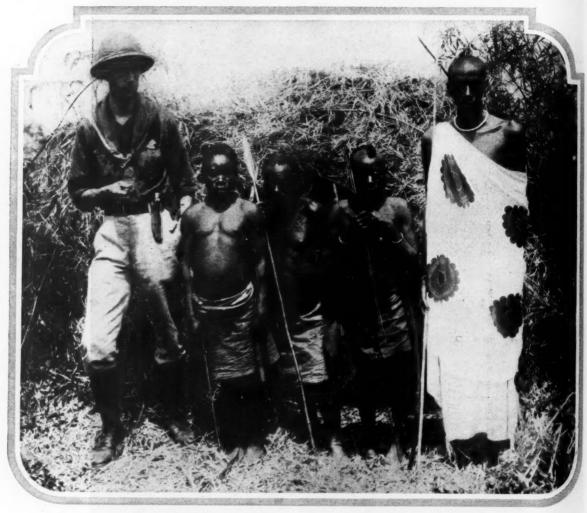
t the door

During those two or three days I gathered from others in the hotel that he was unmarried, and that he had been very fortunate in various speculations, especially in transactions connected with

oil. He had already made what I, a writer, considered a fortune, and was looked upon as a clever and very successful business man with a remarkable flair for finance.

The weather, which had been damp and sometimes chilly, changed with the coming of the new moon, and became deliciously mild. One night, after dinner, I stepped out into the garden. The public rooms of the hotel were crowded with people. Somewhat to my surprise, I found no one (Continued on page 222)

# Here's A Real PRINCE



C.Prince William on an exploring trip among the pygmy tribes in the heart of Africa.

#### By Frazier Hunt

N MY trade of reporting men and events about the world I have run into a lot of princes and ex-princes. Most of them were pretty decent fellows but nothing special to write home They knew their job of princing-which consisted largely in looking and dressing and eating and acting like very superior persons.

Until the war they had a fairly soft time of it. Then bang! came the revolutions and three-fourths of the princes and grand dukes and counts in Europe found themselves without jobs. I've run across them as door-men in Constantinople cafés and interpreters in Berlin and dressmaker hangers-on in Paris. New York is beginning to get her full quota of these men who would have been kings. Knowing no professions or trades, they could only sell their picturesqueness and their names.

But there is one regular, two-fisted Prince who doesn't need any title of family backing or ancient lineage to get along in this world.

He's still got his princing job—but he doesn't work at it. If you really wanted to find Carl Wilhelm Ludwig, hereditary Prince of Sweden and Duke of Södermanland, you wouldn't bother to go up to Stockholm where his father happens to be King Gustaf V, but you'd get down your atlas and pick out the most dangerous and unknown spot in the world and somewhere near-by you'd find this forty-year-old adventurer gathering material and color and experience for his next book.

I think it is something rather fine to discover that in this motorized, radioized, good-roaded world, adventure is not quite dead and romance has not passed on forever. And it's a grand little thought to find that there is at least one prince who would rather ride a camel than a Rolls-Royce and chooses an African hut in preference to a palace, and who picks a fountain pen when he might wield a sword or a royal scepter.

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Of course the easy thing would have been for him to have settled back in his "Venice of the North" and taken life quietly and serenely. But he didn't. He went forth like Kipling's tramp royal, "For to see and for to admire, for to behold the world so wide." All the far and strange corners of a great and faccing the great and the shall be s He accepted the chalfascinating universe beckoned to him. Forests and jungles, rivers and the seven seas have been his playgrounds. A thousand times he has looked straight into the eyes of death-creeping death from malaria in the feversoaked swamps of Africa—quick death from charging beasts—crushing death in the arms of man-killing gorillas. Calmly and casually he writes of it all:

"Then the forest came to life. There is a roaring and shrieking a crashing and whistling, so loud that the noise almost bursts the eardrums. The beasts cannot be more than a few yards away from me. They are like a host of evil spirits that we can

hear but not see.

#### Who'd Rather Hunt, Explore and Write Stories Than Live in a Palace



Prince William

of Sweden

"The next moment my guide almost tumbles into my arms and runs away headlong. He has only a spear to defend himself against a gorilla that is snapping at his legs. He points at the bush. The next second an enormous, shapeless colossus darts straight at me with lightning speed. There is no time to take aim. By instinct my gun flies to my shoulder and my finger touches the trigger. The echo The cry ceases. An absolute silence reigns. The shadow has disappeared . . . With my panga I hacked my way to the spot where the gorilla had just turned and found that it lay exactly three yards from the muzzle of my gun.

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All in the day's work for this slender, wiry, sixfoot adventurer; and all as simple as you and I might

write, "I missed the street-car so I took a taxi."

"What then shall I talk about?" he very naively asks in the middle of his exciting book, "Among Pygmies and Gorillas."

"One day was on the whole very much like another. Only the game varied. The camp became an unimportant detail in which one only exceptionally set foot. During the light hours of the day we shot food, built a boma or made blood tracks; and when

evening came we crept into our little primitive hut made of twigs, listened to the sounds of the night, waited for lions and stared in the intervals up at

twinkling stars in the sky."
Gorilla hunter, playwright—explorer, story-teller—poet, Prince—he is all of these and more.

And unlike most men who blindly accept their destiny, this strange flaring genius makes his own.

He writes just as he shoots—fearlessly and straight at his mark. He has published eight volumes of travel sketches, poetry and drama, most of which have been translated into English. In 1915 he brought out "In the Lands of the Sun," a book of travel sketches of Siam. Then came three varied volumes and then in 1920 a remark-

able book, "Between Two Continents—Notes from a Journey in Central America." Two adventure books followed: "Wild African Animals I Have Known" and "Among Pygmies and Gorillas.

The latest adventure of this adventurous Prince is in the great thrilling world of short stories. Cosmopolitan is proud to publish the first of these on the next page.

25

This is the Sort of Story a Real



# PHANTO

.NN was afraid. Even though she felt the strong arm of Kenneth about her waist, she shuddered at the weird booming of the tom-toms and the shrill piping of the flutes. The natives of Tamolongo were warming up for one of their wild revels, the first since she had come to the Congo. She would have preferred to stay at home behind the locked doors of the bungalow, but her husband, who seemed to love everything African, had urged her to witness the event with him. To him the clashing sounds were full of drama which he interpreted whimsically to her.

"Trill-oo-weet," say the flutes. "We play for the men from the big lake where the water is sweet, where the fish run in flashing shoals, while on the shore some marabou stands pensively.

"Tom-boom-boom-tom!" answer the drums. "We beat for the men from the scorching plains where everything is burned brown,

men from the scorching plains where everything is burned brown, where the prairie fires crackle, and where the hoofs of the antelopes tattoo the earth."

"Trill-oo-weet! We have eternal shade under the mighty spread of our branches. Have you any shade?"

"Boom-tom-tom!" The drums resented this. "Humph! We are children of the sun. Beneath its golden rays we toil among the children of the Furbhorbia plants. Nothing hars our way. the green stalks of the Euphorbia plants. Nothing bars our way, and we are as light and sure of foot as the young water-buck who has just drunk from the river."

"Trill-oo-weet! But we have cattle with long horns, and, whenever we care to, we can barter a single cow for a couple of women from the next village."

"Tom-tom! Well, don't forget that our women bring higher prices than yours.'

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"Trill-lurree-weet-trill-lurree! But they're not as fat and fine

as ours."
"Boom-boom-tom!" The drums could hardly contain their

"Don't get saucy! Tamolongo is our village, and you have only

been invited to help the white master on his expedition."

The noise grew wilder every minute. Kenneth and his wife were now near enough to distinguish the dusky forms dancing around the fire.

"Do they always raise such a hullaballoo when two tribes get together?" said Ann, clinging closer to her husband. Slender and pale, Ann seemed pathetically out of place in Africa. She had been in Tamolongo only a few months, after a brief honey-

moon spent on board the ship that brought her from England. "Righto," laughed Kenneth. He was a tall Anglo-Saxon with brown hair and a weathered complexion. His rolled-up sleeves revealed a pair of muscular arms, and his whole aspect gave one an impression of strength and daring.

"And you are really going away tomorrow?

## al Prince of the Blood Likes to Write



respectfully and in imitation of white soldiers greeted their master with awkward salutes.

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"Carry on," said Kenneth. "Memsahib wants to see you

A volley of contented grunts was the answer. And then the tom-toms and the flutes began again. But now the discord between the two tribes seemed to have blown over. The music followed a rhythmic beat, increasing in tempo with the swelling waves of emotion. A wild frenzy came over the men, who leaped high into the air. Dance! Ough! Ough! They would show the pale little woman a real dance.

More wood for the fires! The sticks crackled and burst into flames, lighting up the sweating bodies in sharp chiaroscuro. Now the forest men were dancing to a monotonous chant, their

ropes of blue glass beads. The men laid down their spears and formed a circle around the fire.

Their bodies swayed back and forth, keeping time with the music. Suddenly some one, more emotional than the others, would break from the ring and leap through the fire, the flames licking his body. Another, still more frenzied, tearing off his loin-cloth and wrapping a long-haired monkey skin-symbol of love-about his waist, would rush up to the fire and perform a solo dance

On the other side were the prairie men, their bodies smeared with oil and ashes. Their bony legs were partly covered with leopard skins, decorated with white shells. Strings of these shells were plaited into their war-crests. And each warrior wore a tuft of feathers around his left upper arm. The spears flashed. The (Continued on page 108) rhinoceros skin shields shone like

# By KATHLEEN NORRIS Heart Juanita

The Story So Far:

UANITA was startled to meet a strange young man on the wind-driven, rocky shore that faced the old hacienda. Once the Espinosa rancho, famous throughout California, had entertained Spanish grandees; now visitors were rare, for it was run-down and inhabited only by a few half-breed servants, and Juanita, and her mother the Señora—the New England widow of the last Spanish owner. So Juanita's life was placid and lonely here, but she loved the place.

Hesitatingly at first, she talked with the stranger. But they soon progressed to confidences—Kent Ferguson's whimsical, Juanita's naive. He was, she found, a newspaper man; and he had had trouble with his family in New England over some girl he had wanted to marry, and had come West, and was no longer in newspaper work. He was a visitor in near-by Solito, she gathered, and was staying at the hotel.

All that evening after he had gone, and while her mother played her usual game of solitaire, Juanita dreamed of him and knew that something strange and new had come into her life. But in the midst of her dreaming some sixth sense warned her of danger, and as she left the room with her mother to go to bed her heart stopped beating; for in a mirror she saw reflected a man's face peering in at the window. It was Kent Ferguson.

Why was he lingering here, on a stormy night, and not frankly asking for shelter? Vague fears shook Juanita as she lay awake for hours trying to answer that question.

There was another mystery about the rancho today. Some one had come in an automobile. The Señora, with a start of nervous fear, had lied when Juanita asked who it was; but very early in the morning she was awakened by an automobile engine, and when she went to a balcony overlooking the courtyard she saw a strange woman, veiled, talking earnestly with the Señora. Once the strange woman said, "Oh, never-never! That's quite out of the question!" An then the automobile went away, and shortly afterward Juanita saw Kent Ferguson leave also, on a barking motor-cycle. But when Juanita told her mother of her discovery, the Señora said that she had promised not to tell the secret that lay behind the strange woman's visit.

That day Juanita rode in to Solito. She felt that she must see Kent Ferguson again. She did not come upon him; and when she even went so far as to telephone the only hotel, she found that it had been closed for ten days. So Kent must have lied, and she would never see him again .

Even that was driven from her mind when her world came tumbling about her ears a few days later. For the Señora became that the same that a least the days later. The training all the same that she was not the girl's mother, but had taken care of her since she was brought to the rancho a little baby; and only a certain Sidney Fitzroy, whom she must find, could clear up the mystery of her birth. "She knew it," the Señora said weakly, "the woman you saw here. But that name is all you need. Tell her that name, and she'll know.'



The Story Continues:

HEN Kent Ferguson came for a second time to the old Espinosa rancho it was bitter winter, and there was a heavy frost. The December day steamed and shone in the sunshine, to be sure, and the wide sea was cloudless and blue, but the rancho itself looked shrunk and bare. Juanita he found huddled over a slumbering wood-fire. The girl, who herself answered his somewhat hesitating knock upon the heavy single panel of the door, was strangely changed and gave him a long, bewildered look, as she might have given a visitor from another world. No pleasure lighted the blue year that were heavy with waterlanges and tears. lighted the blue eyes that were heavy with wakefulness and tears, strangely big in the white face, and it was with a lifelessness that completely metamorphosed her that she said, frowning faintly: "Oh! You? Will you—come in?"

Kent bowed his tall head under the shriveled, leafless honey-

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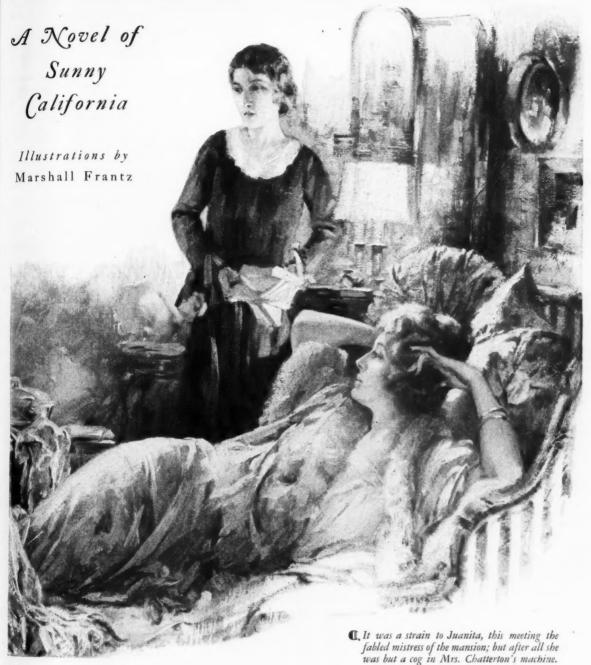
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suckle vines tangled over the doorway and followed the girl inside.

## beloved of A Million Readers



"I've been thinking about you—and wondering about you," he began courageously, "and when some business brought me into your neighborhood the best thing seemed to be to come and find out for myself how things are going." She had seated herself opposite him, near the little stove. Now before she could speak the man said quickly: "But you're

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He hesitated, stopped short, and he saw the blue eyes in their thick lashes fill suddenly with tears as she tried to smile at him.

Kent was seated so near that he might touch her sleeve; he indicated its blackness gently. She flung up her head blindly. "Not your mother!" he exclaimed in a sharp whisper. And as she nodded, he put his hand over hers and bent nearer her. "My—poor—little—child!" he said slowly. Juanita, with one agonized glance at him, wrenched her hand free twisted in her down chair, hiding her face childishly on her

free, twisted in her deep chair, hiding her face childishly on her

arm and resting her arm against the high chair-back. Kent watched her in speechless distress. For a few moments she cried passionately. Then she began to tell him all about it. Kent felt

as if the little sea-gull had been clipped indeed.

And death was not all. The Señora had left a will, evidently drawn in accordance with an understanding made with the husband who had died fifteen years before. Juanita was not mentioned therein. A few hundreds in actual cash were all her heritage. The rancho, the cattle and the hacienda were all deeded to the late Señor's only living sister, the prosperous Señora Castellago of Mexico City. Juanita, kindly mentioned as the late Scnora Espinosa's "companion." in communications from the legatee, was invited to remain until she could make other arrangements.
"But you," Kent said, stupefied, "weren't you—wasn't the

Señora your mother?'

"I always—of course I thought so," Juanita answered simply ad forlornly. "But it—seems—not. Lola and Lolita say that and forlornly. they remember my being brought here, before I was two weeks old, from San Francisco supposedly. They have known all along that I was not the Señora's child."

"But then, who are you?" Kent said, with a whimsical and

encouraging smile, in a blank silence.
"Ah, that's it," she answered. "I don't know."

"You mean that there were no papers, no letters, nothing to

give you a clue?

"Nothing," she reiterated. "Except," added Juanita after a pause, "that there is a man who knows something, a man that I must find. My mother—I suppose I shall always call the Señora that-talked of him on the last afternoon of her life. But she was feverish then, and everything was confused to her. She would think that she had told me of him, and then mutter about some-thing else, and then sleep. She said that he would know, and that I must find him.

I must find him."

"Who is he and where is he?" Kent demanded practically.

"She spoke of it as a secret," Juanita answered doubtfully.

"Do you think I should tell you his name?"

"Well, I doubt if you'll ever find him if you don't tell some-body," Kent returned sensibly.

"Do you know where he is?"

"I know nothing but his name, and that, being a friend of—of the Señora, he would be middle-aged probably," Juanita confessed. "She spoke of 'the old Mission' several times. So I've been over there, prowling over the old records-but it was no use. Not there nor in the old town hall in Monterey, where I thought something might be recorded, is there any such name. But Lola and Lolita are sure—as sure as they can be of anything, for they contradict themselves every minute—that I was brought as a very tiny baby from San Francisco. So you see

She indicated, with a half-smile that had something pitiful in it,

a heap of newspapers on the floor.

"I am looking for a position," she told him. "There is to be a civil service examination; I wrote to ask if I might try for that. And there is a lady advertising for a 'mother's helper,' whatever And there is a lady advertising for a 'mother's helper, that is. I wrote to her too. Is that something I could do? It seems to me that if I go to San Francisco, then I can begin my search there. It isn't," Juanita interrupted herself quickly, "that I have any great hopes of this man. I try to convince myself that he is simply some old family friend whose wife will ask me to dinner—in Alameda," she said, desperately trying to smile, "twice a year! But he does know something, and my mother-the Señora, wanted me to find him. And besides," she added, with a pathetic little outspreading of her brown young hands, "it's all I have to go on."

"Your name, I suppose, is Juanita Espinosa?" Kent began, trying to catch a loose thread in the puzzling array of facts. "I don't even know that!"

"You've hunted all over this place"—a shrug of his shoulder and lift of his head indicated the hacienda—"for clues?"

"Oh, every inch of it!"

HIS mysterious man," Kent pursued, frowning and speaking slowly as he fitted his thoughts together, "might he be, for example, your father?'

"I suppose he might be!" Juanita conceded. "H'm!" Kent muttered, dissatisfied. And f Kent muttered, dissatisfied. And for a full minute he was silent. Before speaking again he rustled through the heap of newspapers on the floor and selected from their midst the slim pages of a weekly, the Argonaut. These he opened, searched, and finally folded sharply, presenting the paper to Juanita with the eight or ten three-line entries under "Help Wanted" brought

uppermost.

"Do you see that third one there?" he asked.

"The girl read it aloud. "'Wanted—social secretary. understand duties, write legible hand and speak Spanish. Good position for suitable person. Apply Box or, San Mateo, California.' I saw that," admitted Juanita when she had read it, "but I didn't know what a social secretary was. Would it be in an office?"

"A social secretary, for a woman, is a young lady who answers the telephone, writes notes, makes herself agreeable, is stepped on whenever her employer is out of humor, and gets paid about seventy dollars a month."

"But this," Juanita submitted doubtfully, "this doesn't say it's a woman. Don't men have social secretaries?"

"The reason I call your attention to this," Kent answered, "is because I know all about it. I know who put that in there, I know what's required, and I think," he added, with suddenly

rising enthusiasm, "I think it's the very job for you! That is," he broke off to say seriously, "if you're sure of your Spanish? That's all-important. You might just as well give up now "My Spanish?" Juanita interrupted in bewilderment. "But

"You could fool Miss Russell," Kent was musing aloud, "but you certainly couldn't fool Mrs. Chatterton—long."

"Who is Miss Russell," Juanita inquired, "and who is Mrs.

Chatterton?"

"Mrs. Chatterton is a very beautiful lady, and my present employer's wife, and Miss Russell is her present social secretary, who is about to be married," Kent explained. "Mrs. Chattertor is in the East at the moment, expected home in about ten days. And Miss Russell, who has been desperately trying to get sone-body to take her place as social secretary, put that advertisement in the Argonaut last week. The difficulty is the Spanish. She can get lots of nice girls who can social-secretize, and lots of fusty old woolly women who can social-secretize, and lots of fusty old woolly women who can speak Spanish. But there seems to be no combination of the two. She never," Kent added, with his handsome face brightened with a whimsical smile, "thought of getting a sea-gull!"

"But could I do the rest of it?" Juanita asked anxiously, con-

ceding his pleasantry only a fleeting smile.

"Could you," he asked concernedly, almost sternly, in his turn, "do the Spanish? Mrs. Chatterton is determined to learn to speak Spanish, and to learn it in about five months," he added. "She will want conversation, about two hours a day."

"But nobody could learn a language in four or five months,"

Juanita objected dubiously.

"She can," Kent said confidently. "You don't know her."
"Is she so clever?" the girl diverged to ask curiously.

KENT was sunk so deep in his big chair that his linked hands ALXENT was sunk so deep in his big chair that his linked hands dangled between his knees. He did not look up from a half smiling contemplation of the little wood-stove, where flames were sucking gallantly upon stout madrone logs. "I think we may say she is," he said, in a slightly constrained tone.

"Is she young?" Juanita asked, unexpectedly even to herself.

"Thirty-eight—thirty-nine, maybe," the man answered.

"And pretty?" said some hitherto unsuspected impulse moving

in Juanita.

"About that at least," Kent said briskly, raising his head and smiling, "there is no doubt! She is beautiful. She is the old smining, "there is no doubt! She is beautiful. She is the old man's—you've heard of Chatterton, the newspaper man?—he owns the San Francisco Sun, you know, and the Los Angeles Record—she is his second wife. The first one died. He's got a son by this marriage, a nice kid named Billy who's in Berkeley, at the University. Mrs. Chatterton is twenty years younger than her husband."

"And she wants the social secretary?" Juanita was straighten-

ing it all out.
"She's had this very nice one, Anne Russell, for five years. But Miss Russell is getting married now, and—as I say, they've had the deuce of a time getting another. It's the Spanish."

"And does Miss Russell speak such beautiful Spanish?" "She doesn't speak Spanish at all. It's only of late months that Spanish has figured in our calculations," Kent explained, with a smile Juanita did not quite understand. "You must know that Mrs. Chatterton is socially ambitious, like most women,' the man went on. "The Chattertons met the Illinois Senator, Babcock, traveling with his family in Albania last year, and it seems that they were all held there together by some railway tieup, and the Babcock child got ill, and the mother too. Chatterton got right in and nursed them both, though it was

typhus or something like that."
"It's exactly what she would do!" Kent interrupted hims! to say under his breath, with an admiring shake of his head and a brief laugh. "And you can imagine that her social pathway in Washington was made pretty smooth by the Babcocks after that. She's in Washington now," he resumed. "And I gather that when the new administration goes in next spring, there might be a diplomatic appointment for old Chatterton, who would be tickled to death with it—or she's made him think he would," Kent amended, grinning, "and the Chattertons might go to Spain. So

amended, grinning, "and the Chattertons might go to Spain. So that's the explanation of the Spanish social secretary. You're pretty sure," he ended, frowning, "of your Spanish?"

"It's the only thing I am sure of," Juanita answered simply.

"Then I don't see why you shouldn't get it!" Kent exclaimed in satisfaction, and in a final tone. "And it's a good job, too!"

"Will you speak to this—Miss Russell about it?" Juanita asked. It seemed so small a thing to ask that she was surprised

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and

C,"This girl," thought Billy Chatterton as he stood talking idly to Juanita, "is an absolute knock-out!"

and hurt to have him glance at her with a rather startled expression, and purse his lips dubiously. He had a fashion, she thought resentfully, of offering and then withdrawing his friendship that was maddening; that must make "people" not like him, Juanita decided.

"Ud heter ret have it." he said fash. "Batter not have it."

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exclaimed job, too!"

Juanita

surprised

"I'd better not do that," he said flatly. "Better not have it come from me at all!"

"Very well," the girl agreed proudly. She felt a wave of actual hate against him; he made her feel that her own suggestion had been crude and raw.

"Say that you saw the advertisement in the Argonaut," Kent suggested; "you won't have any trouble. It will be easy enough. And now put your hat on, Juanita, and come for a walk," he finished abruptly.



"The reason I call your attention to this," Kent told

She wished she might decline, but she had had small heart for walks of late, and the windows were brimming with bright sun-The first color that had stained her cheeks in weeks bloomed there as the sweet fresh breeze touched them.

Beyond the cliffs the ocean brimmed bright and blue, eternally clean. Cows moved slowly among the shelf-like paths of the rising ground; now and then the air was puzzled by a troubled lowing. Over the whole ranch, wrapped in wide, high winter sunlight and stillness, curved a sky of pale blue-white.

To Juanita, who knew every inch of this ground, these days of parting held a heart-ache that made even the thought of exile actually easy. When they turned, on the high bare ridge, to go back to the farmyard, she said, with sudden memory:

"Why didn't you come tell me, that night of the big wind, that you were caught on the rancho?"

There was a pause, and she knew just what surprised and shamed path his thoughts were taking, before Kent answered:

"I'm sorry. I didn't want to frighten you. I never dreamed you knew that I was here."

"It wouldn't," the girl said quietly and coldly, "have frightened me. We're not afraid of guests at the rancho."

"I know. I'm awfully, awfully sorry," Kent said humbly. "I slept in the hay, and a good bed too, and got away so early in the morning that I hoped, until this minute, that I had made no trouble at all."

"I saw you go away, on a motor-cycle" Juanita told him. And

"I saw you go away on a motor-cycle," Juanita told him. And now she saw real concern and astonishment in his look.
"Then you saw——" he began.
"That woman with the veils? Yes. Didn't you?"

"Her car, of course. But not her face," Kent said, after a

second's pause.
"Nor I," Juanita added. "Her voice, and my mother's, woke me. Or rather, it was the car-but then I heard their voices. I was up on the porch, under the pepper tree. But it was only an Juan

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Juanita, "is because I know who put the advertisement there. I think it is the very job for you."

instant, and I didn't see her face at all. It was just dawn, you know, and I had had a bad night. I had seen you," she added accusingly, "the night before."

"Well," Kent said, after a pause in which he had stared at her,

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"Well," Kent said, after a pause in which he had stared at her, stricken, "all I can say is, I'm sorry; I wouldn't—you know that?—have frightened you for the world."

"It was my mother who would have been frightened," Juanita said simply. And for a few moments they walked along in silence. "How far did you follow that woman?" the girl asked then.

"I stopped for breakfast down the highway, and after that didn't pick the car up again."

Kent stretched a hand for hers as they came to a bad bit of road, and she felt the strength and firmness of his big fingers, and liked the feeling. When she came to this miry puddle again tomorrow, she would remember it.

"But what did your mother—what explanation did the Señora give?" he asked naturally.

"None!" Juanita answered, with a rueful smile. "I imagine the woman was some old friend in trouble—my mother never told me things. I never thought of pressing it. All these old haciendas have their secrets and their mysteries. For all that we talked every evening, almost, my whole life long, there were vital things my mother never told me—things like my own history, and why I am not to inherit the rancho! Who gave me to her when I was only a tiny baby, who was my father, and what's my name? I don't know. Our people love mysteries and intrigues—the very servants do.

"My mother was Spanish only by marriage," the girl presently added, "but she was New England too, reserved, reticent; she never talked to anybody freely. It would never have occurred to me to ask her to explain anything she didn't tell me willingly."

"And she never spoke of her visitor?"
"Except when I did ask her outright, and she said then—well, practically—that it wasn't any of my (Continued on page 149)

## WASDYING

I Made It My Job to Get Well Alice Rohe

The train for Denver-the mo-

ment of parting—not good-by but tearing out one's heart . . . . a mother's face . . . brave words of encouragement . . . lips 1 could not kiss because I was tubercular

Now when I look back and visualize that little group of six trying to hide the belief that I would never come back, I think with unbearable sorrow of the mysterious ways of fate. Five of them are dead! The mother whose prayer that I return was answered only when I returned to see her die; Nixola Greeley-Smith, most brilliant of all newspaper women; Mme. Bressler-Gianoli, Oscar Hammerstein's famous Carmen; Roderic Penfield; W. G. Cornell-gone. And as the Editor says-look at me now.

Such frantic thoughts as the train for Denver tore me away from New York. Foolish, futile eyes pressed against the window. seeking a last glimpse of the gold dome of the World Building, symbol of five years' work from the green Kansas University graduate to a real live New York newspaper woman.

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Unfair-just when my feet were

attainment! Already my face looked out from the big third page features and from the editorial page of the Evening World. Yes, and joyous realization, I did "second" dramatic criticisms for Cheeles Darreton Second for Charles Darnton. Several stories written in those night hours after hard days' assignments were appearing in maga-Yes, I was arriving-and now-unfair-I had worked zines. so hard!

C.Alice Rohe, journalist—then.

HE other day the telephone roused me suddenly from the sad and serious contemplation of my reflection in the mirror, at the point of determination to rout the demon Fat. Said the voice of a friend: "I want you to go up to the Hotel Ansonia and let Rose

Blank look at you. She's crying her eyes out—"
"Well!" I gasped. "Will a sight of me stir her risibilities?"

"Listen," persisted the voice, "the poor girl's got tuberculosis and has to go to Colorado. I've been telling her parents about you and how you were dying of consumption and went to Colorado; how your death was even published in a New York paper .

Of course I went, for behind the facetious comments there came rushing, like a devastating memory out of the past, the words which had terrorized me as they did that girl in the Ansonia:

"You've got tuberculosis. You must go at once to Colorado!"

Yes, and I was especially glad to let this suffering girl, who had everything money could buy-trained nurse, private cottage at the Springs, freedom from economic worries-see that tuberculosis can be beaten even by one who has none of these material helps to win the fight. Because it can; I have done it.

Did you ever ride through the streets of New York, across Herald Square, past the Waldorf, up Fifth Avenue, over to the Grand Central, your eyes clinging frantically to the familiar buildings with the desperation of one who looked at them for the last time? Did you ever pass through the station gates as though invisible letters wrote above them, "All Hope Abandon, Ye Who Enter Here"?



COutdoors in Colorado, and on the road to health.



Photograph by Campbell Studio

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CAlice Rohe, journalist—now.

The train relentlessly tore westward. New York, the city of all possibilities, was gone. A chaos of thoughts—panic—the stopped pay envelope—no longer able to work—the Evening World Editor, his brusk sympathy: "Here's a ticket for Chicago. Try and write something so we can keep you on the pay-roll." But I couldn't write. Oh, the things worth while—each week's salary spent to the last penny—Doctor Colby's "Don't worry. The only pay I want is a letter saying you're getting well'—people's kindness—Park Row—leaving it all to go into exile!

I tell all this because the terror which strikes to the hearts of those told they have tuberculosis reacts so upon their ultimate cure. Today I have no fear for those similarly stricken when I know they can receive proper care. I would rather take a chance with tuberculosis than with many supposedly less devastating diseases. For it can be cured by intelligent, persistent care when taken in time. But there is no compromise.

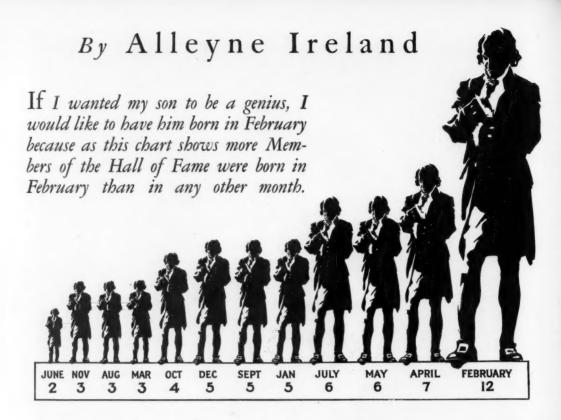
It is the despair, the homesickness, the loneliness, the consequent upset of appetite, the frantic attempts at adjustment, the hopelessness that crush the exiled "lunger" into the abyss.

Although I was later to learn my mistake, I thought then life held no greater desolation, no call for greater courage, than to stand alone at the station in Colorado Springs and face the street leading into town. Strange I do not remember that street in detail. All that still stands out stark and cold and immutable as destiny is the snow-crowned head of Pike's Peak.

The prayer for strength to go through with it all—the loneliness—the lies—for one must not confess to having T. B. when seeking shelter in private homes. As if they didn't know! The pretense of it! There was an address from an acquaintance in Denver—Denver where I was offered a newspaper position I could not accept. At last the place—no room—but I could board there. Where could I go? More lies—a nervous breakdown—bad case of pleurisy—the search—twilight, when all the sadness of the world descends upon the exile—at last a room, its windows framing that upward pointing finger of Pike's Peak with its warning: "You must go on, you can't quit!"

There is a well-known characteristic about lungers. They never realize how badly off they are. It was (Continued on page 158)

35



# The Month of His Birth May Influence Your Son's Future

HE best month to be born in is February. Why? It took me two hours a week for ten years to find out—say a thousand hours of research.

Let me put the matter in a nutshell. In "The Hall of Fame for Great Americans," on University Heights, New York City, there are inscribed the names of fifty-six men and of seven women. In respect to two of the men—Robert Fulton and Roger Williams—the date of birth is not known. This leaves fifty-four men and seven women whose birthdays are recorded.

Now, if these birthdays were distributed equally among the twelve months of the year, each month would have five of these illustrious people to its credit, and one month would have an additional one. But these birthdays are distributed very unevenly. January has 5, February 12, March 3, April 7, May 6, June 2, July 6, August 3, September 5, October 4, November 3, December 5.

Thus, as between a child born in February and one born in June the chances are six to one in favor of the former getting

into the Hall of Fame, and six to one against the latter getting in. Furthermore, April is the only one of the other ten months which gives the non-February child a chance better than two to one against him to get into the Hall of Fame.

Therefore February is the best month to be born in!

How absurd! Only a crazy man would make such a statement on the basis of sixty-one births out of the many millions of births which have taken place in 36 the United States since the foundation of the Republic. Well, it does seem ridiculous at first sight; but it was precisely because I thought some other things ridiculous that I began to investigate the hirthdays of persons of high distinction.

thought some other things ridiculous that I began to invesugate the birthdays of persons of high distinction.

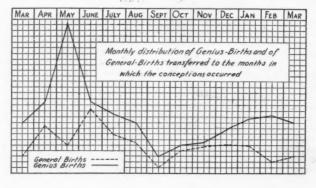
I was living at the time in New York, busy at agreeable work and decently prosperous. A year or two of that taught me, however, that all I was getting out of life was high living and no thinking. Being a truth-hound by profession—a seeker after all kinds of twice-two-make-four, despite the optimists who think they make five and the pessimists who think they make three—I came to the conclusion that taking the jazz where I found it and letting the tantalizing trail of truth get all mussed up ahead of me was—well, ridiculous.

up ahead of me was—well, ridiculous.

So I took myself off to some mountains not very far from Albany, bought twenty acres of land lying along the edge of a precipice in one of the mountain fastnesses, and began to build a stone house. The Boston child was right, I said to myself, who defined a mountain fastness as a place where people lived who

had been living too fast somewhere else.

Well, I built the house bit by bit, summer by summer. As its last crowning glory I made an ell, a room the like of which I had always yearned for as a place to study inforty-two feet long, twenty-five feet broad, ten feet high, walls of field-stone eighteen inches thick, paved floor, beamed ceiling, large bay windows, and an open fireplace about the size of the bathroom in my New York apartment.



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To insure the seclusion, quiet, and freedom from interruption that are essential to happy and clear thinking, I put myself out of the reach of the telephone wire, and there was no road along which anything less sedate and leisurely than a farm wagon could reach my gate.

So, my cynical friends may say-those to whom home means nothing but the last refuge of the dissipated-so, the mountain was in labor, and behold as result the ridiculous mouse of a

heaven-born February child. Not at all; but far otherwise.

One summer evening, the purple hills backed by a sky of orangegold, I was pondering one of my pet theories—namely, that, to quote from a book written on the hilltop, "To whatever phase of

human development we turn, history fails to furnish a single instance in which an accomplished step in human progress can be referred, ultimately, to any other cause than the quality of greatness in the individual. It is this quality which has given the world all that has ennobled man's character, elevated his culture, and extended his mastery over the material elements of life."

In other words, human progress does not depend upon the number of the many but upon the qualities of the few.

This is not a very popular opinion, because most people are so hog-tied to their worship of numbers that the pattern of their thought is molded on the principle of "Nine peanuts are more than eight elephants." So they are; but they are So they are; but they are not more elephants, only more peanuts. My own view, that one Lincoln or one

Shakespeare is more than one hundred million Mr. Zeros, has led me to spend a good deal of time during the past twenty years in studying the lives of persons of

genius and of high talent.

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Thus on the evening of the purple and gold sunset I was working over the list of distinguished Americans in the Hall of This was in 1914. At that time only forty-seven names had been placed in the Hall. I went over the list and looked up in a biographical dictionary the year and month in which each of these men had been born. Omitting Robert Fulton, I got forty-six records. To my surprise, February showed nine names, whilst only one other month of the year showed more than four, and four of the months showed only two.

This stimulated my curiosity; and in order to see if this uneven distribution of the births was anything more than mere chance I drew up a list of forty-six of the distinguished men whose names came first to my mind. Here is the list:

Philosophers: Bacon, Kant, Schopenhauer, Philosophers: Bacon, Kant, Schopenhauer, Rousseau, William James, Locke. Musicians: Bach, Beethoven, Handel, Wagner, Brahms, Chopin. Writers: Shakespeare, Goethe, Milton, Hugo, Ruskin, Voltaire, Emerson,

Meredith, Balzac. Scientists and Inventors: Newton, Darwin, Galton, Pasteur, Haeckel, Copernicus, Faraday, Edison, Kelvin, Havelock Ellis, Simon Newcomb, Albert Michelson. Rulers and Statesmen: Caesar, Washington, Lincoln, Cromwell, Hamilton, Napoleon, Gladstone, Salisbury, Disraeli, Root, Talleyrand, Queen Elizabeth,

William III of England.

Tabulating these names according to their birthdays, I found February with 17 and December with 7, and no other month with more than 3. Of course some one else might have made a different list and got a different result; but the list was fair in the sense that when I made it I knew the birthdays of only three of the men listed-Shakespeare, Washington and Lincoln-each of whom would have to be included in any list of the world's greatest men.

Adding my own list to that of the Hall of Fame I got 26 names for February, 11 for December, 10 for April, 7 each for January and May, 6 for September, 5 each for July and August, 4 each for March, June and November, and 3 for October.

Ridiculous, I said. If I get more names the months will even up. The more I thought of the matter the more ridiculous it seemed; but my curiosity was keenly stimulated.

The matter was still in my mind when, in 1915, a new list of

nine names was added to the Hall of Fame. I looked up these names and found that February had two of them to her credit, being equalled in this respect only by July. Since then the 1920 list of seven names has been added. This gives us to date a total of 63 names, of which two of the birthdays are unknown. Taking the remaining 61 names, the chart on page 36 shows the relative standing of the months as sources of American genius.

But to return to my quest as it stood

in ro14.

Every now and then for weeks the query "February? February? Why February?" formed itself on my mind. The thing became an obsession. The largest tree on my place became a February tree, the largest porcupine a February porcupine, the most impudent lie told me by the plumber a February lie.

Something had to be done about it, something heroic. There was only one way of settling the question; I must get the names of all the historically acknowledged persons of genius, find out their birthdays and thus, as I hoped, lay the ghost of a twenty-eight-day month which was strutting intolerably up and down my mind.

So confident was I that the full figures would put this undersized month in its proper statistical place that I began to think scornfully of February. I recalled with pleasure the snub administered to February by Gilbert's Pirate King:

For some ridiculous reason, to which, however, I have no desire to be dis-

Some person in authority-I don't know who-very likely the Astronomer Royal, Has decided that, although for such a beastly month as February, twenty-eight days as a rule are plenty:

One year in every four his days shall be

reckoned as nine and twenty.

I could not wait another minute. I seized my dictionary of international biography and copied out on separate cards the names and birth dates of 10,181 people. It took me ten years, working, as I have said, an average of two hours a week at it.

Whilst copying these names I soon found out that most of them belonged to people who, though they might properly find a place in a comprehensive biographical dictionary, had no claim to be considered persons of genius or even of very high talent-the only class I was concerned about.

There were hundreds of mediocre monarchs and thousands of public officials eminent only for their ability to secure official posts. I went through the list and pruned it down to 2.650 names.

I sorted these names out according to their birth months; (Continued on page 160)



C. Alleyne Ireland



(I,"I couldn't bear to hurt you, Burke," said Gretchen. "I thought you need never know."

The man's eyes—fine, clear, gray eyes that were just a little stern—rested upon his wife for a moment, and then went back to the pages of his book. He simply could not sit and stare at her, because she had obviously forgotten him and it couldn't be fair to violate her privacy like that.

But, though he was no longer looking at her as she sat there, taut as a wire that has been stretched and stretched little by little to the breaking-point, he could still see her. His eyes could not strike through the memory of her face to the printed words that he tried to find—her face that was so small and sweet and secret. And he could still see that gallant struggle of hers to keep her firm, tight mouth from twitching, and the way her bright color lost ground and wavered to a moon pallor along her high cheek-bones.

The glass had fallen from her hand upon the Bokhara rug—a rug they had once chosen together in their happy rambles about the world. And it was plain that it had fallen because the hand trembled so it could no longer hold it.

She was not reading. Lately, she had ceased to read on these evenings when they stayed home together. Instead, she sat

quite still in the big velvet chair that was her favorite, her dark blue eyes fixed half angrily upon some phantom in the fire. When his eyes glimpsed her in the brief space of turning a page, it seemed to him that her jaw, always too sharp and powerful for beauty, was etched raw against the darkness. For when he own reading-lamp was off, her corner of the room lay in shadow. And yet, she used always to read. In those days, if she put

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And yet, she used always to read. In those days, if she purdown her book, it was to caress and maul the great Dane, who always lay as close to her small feet as he could get, in the hope that she would remember his existence and vouchsafe him a word or two. Or to come and sit upon the arm of Burke's leather chair and indulge in one of her whirlwinds of talk—colorful, pungent, witty talk, full of a bright malice and a gay sophistication. But



Illustrations by Charles D. Mitchell

The Drama Behind Front-Page Newspaper Story

# Haunted Lady

usually he had to take her book away from her, when the fire had quite died down and he himself was the victim of one prodigious yawn after another.

But now-these silences in the dusk of the lampless corner. This broken glass.

And on the nights when they did not stay at home together-Gretchen, who had always been so aloof, so easily bored, so impersonal; Gretchen, who had disdained so much and so many; Gretchen, of whom lesser people were wont to say: "Personally, I do think that young Mrs. Burke Innes is an awful snob. does think herself grand, doesn't she?"

But young Mrs. Burke Innes didn't think herself grand, nor was she a snob, though she had some slight justification for being socially a little exclusive; after all, she had been Gretchen Hunt-Douglass, and Burke Innes's money, which allowed him to spend his life in the pursuit of sport upon the tennis-court and the bolo field, was at least three generations old. It was only that Gretchen looked upon the multitude with a clear, cool gaze and too often found them wanting in everything worth while. A selfsufficient woman, Gretchen Innes.

But now-this sparkling, incessant talk, almost gushing, with people she had been wont to forget existed. Almost as though she were bidding for favor, for popularity. This surrender of her cool, aloof disdain. This broken glass.

But he went on reading or trying to read, pretending to read. It was part of his code—and men who had met him in the heat and danger of a polo game or in the strain and high tension of a championship tennis match declared that Burke Innes was the finest sportsman in America—it was part of his code that a man must never interfere with another man's game. Even more particularly a woman's, and that woman his wife, whom he loved.

DUDDENLY she said, "Burke!"

The great Dane got up, rigid, his eyes fastened upon her. But she put him down with a firm little hand on his swelling neck.

The man laid down his book with a smile. He was almost good-looking when he smiled. The sweetness of it softened the stern lines of his tanned, lean, sharp face. The gray eyes lifted under the line of black brows that met above his nose and that, without a smile, made him look a little fierce.

Yes, my darling?" he said.

"I can't stand it any longer," said Gretchen, and she pushed back the lion-cub mop of hair from her forehead.

30 .

her dark e. When page, it verful for when her shadow. she put ane, who the hope

m a word her chair pungent, on. But At the tone of her voice, the man opposite, who loved her better than all the world, felt his heart turn over within him. For as a rule Gretchen had the most charming of voices, low and crisp, with a thousand dainty lights and shades.

He had first fallen in love with her voice, that day almost ten years ago when she had come out on the tennis-courts just as he had finished a hard set. He had heard her voice before he saw her, and it had struck deep into his heart, telling him that the woman with such a voice might possess all those things he had been seeking in a woman.

Now, tonight, her voice was raw and panic-stricken and it broke because the breath back of it failed. But that was not what made Burke's heart quail and almost stop beating. It was the shame and guilt with which the voice was laden.

He didn't say anything. He could not look at her. To see Gretchen's eyes—those dark blue eyes that were so full of pride, so secret of inner thoughts. To see shame upon that brave, imperious mouth.

"I can't stand another night of it," she said swiftly, as though she wanted to be rid of them, those shameful words. "I can't. I shall go mad. I sit here—I sit here—night after night, thinking about it, strangling with it. I go to bed and lie there, suffocating, haunted with it. I am haunted. I tell you, I shall go mad."

Burke Innes got up and stood half turned from her. There was something inflexible about him—something inflexible besides his lean, hard strength. A man of honor, a man of principle, a sportsman playing life's game according to a rigid code. In no way did he betray his thoughts, his feelings.

The voice went on passionately. "I should have told you then. But I couldn't. I thought it would kill me to tell you. I think I was living in a mist. And, Burke, though I know you love me and I love you, I do not always know what you will think. Besides, I didn't want the decision to rest upon your shoulders. I couldn't—couldn't bear to hurt you. I thought you need never know."

Burke Innes made a swift gesture of appeal. His iron control wavered just that much. The menace of this unknown shame and guilt that weighted his wife's voice, the menace which he now realized had been hovering above him for weeks, months, had



That strange chivalry in Maurice sent him to

approached near and become a monstrous nightmare. If she would only give a name to this horror. But he would not ask her. It was fair that she should be allowed to tell him whatever she had to tell in her own way.

"Do you know where Maurice Greer was between twelve and four the night his wife was murdered? Do you know? Do you want to know?"

He turned then and looked full at her. Amazement had sent him white beneath the heavy tan. Amazement. Nothing more yet. Just sheer, incredulous amazement.

Gretchen Innes had risen and stood facing him. Her face was working, but her voice sounded angry.

"He was here—with me."

The great Dane growled, deep in his throat, whimpered, began to whine dismally. Gretchen touched him with the toe of her silver slipper and he was quiet.

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The Greer. That sit, and of the beauty In was he what the

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his knees before this bedraggled damsel—he who might have married anyone.

The man and woman stood looking at each other. Maurice Greer. For an instant the man flashed before Burke Innes. That smooth, fair Greek head, with a touch of the faun about it, and the dark, smiling eyes, the wistful mouth. And the face of the wife who had been murdered, with its unwholesome, ugly

beauty, its heavy eyelids, its half open, painted lips.

In the still room, the man whose wife had said to him, "He was here—with me," tried slowly, painfully, to understand just what those words meant.

AT FOUR o'clock on a certain night in June now almost a year ago, Maurice Greer had telephoned to the police station. They had gone to the Greer bungalow in Montecito which the police knew well because, in spite of the tangled grounds that surrounded it, neighbors had sometimes phoned to protest against the hilarity and jazz which disturbed their slumbers.

It was a glorified bungalow, set well back the highway from rambling about among the live oaks and the yuccas and the stiff little palms, and on the long, uncovered ver-anda they found Maurice Greer, walking up and down, up and down.

Even as the car swung into the drive, they saw him make a swift turn and walk back, and turn again swiftly and walk, as though something drove him close.

He was hatless, and his blond hair was as smoothly groomed as though he were just starting for some exclusive little dinner party. His dinner clothes were immaculate and worn as only Maurice Greer could wear them. He was smoking a cigaret, with all the ease and nonchalance for which he was famous.

But for all that, he looked, in the half light from the porch lamps. haggard and desperate.

Inside, they found Veronica Greer.

"I—haven't touched anything," said Maurice Greer, in a desperate, nonchalant voice.

They had seen her often enough-handsome, black-haired Veronica Greer. Some of them had even known her before she was Veronica Greer, when she was little Veronica Talamantes, last of a distinguished old Spanish family, beautiful with that ripe, luscious beauty of the Spanish-Californian, noted already in her teens for her escapades and indiscretions. Already a little cold-shouldered. there where her fathers

had once ruled as kings over hundreds of thousands of acres. But on that June night she lay quite still, her black hair. that was her greatest beauty and that she still wore long, flung about her like some lace mantilla such as her grandmothers

might have worn. She had been shot through the heart and probably had never known that her swift, passionate, reckless young life was ending.

There was a gun—a gun that Maurice Greer explained he always kept in the house. The bungalow was distant from its nearest neighbors. He was away a great deal in the evening. His wife was nervous.

Followed, inexorably, those awful days after the tragedy, which for sheer horror and ugliness and humiliation always so far surpass the tragedy itself.

The coroner had fixed the hour of Mrs. Greer's death as sometime between two and three in the (Continued on page 185)

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By Mary Roberts

# RINEHART RED

The Story So Far:

HERE was something sinister and mysterious about Uncle Horace's death. In the first place, before they had heard anything of it, Jane had had a curious vision of the old man lying dead beside his desk at Twin Hollows.

Then there was the photograph Jane had taken of eight classmates of Uncle Horace. When the negative was printed, there were nine—one of them a shadowy figure resembling the old man. Professor Cameron, who was interested in psychic matters, saw the picture and said that it was undoubtedly a double exposure.

Jane refused to live at the main house at Twin Hollows for the summer, so that was rented, while the Porters with their niece, Edith, lived at the lodge. Warren Halliday, who loved and was beloved by Edith, came to live in the boat-house.

While preparing the main house for his tenants—Mr. Bethel, an old man crippled by paralysis, and his secretary, Gordon—

Mr. Porter found a letter which Uncle Horace had been writing when he died. The last words were: "I appeal to you to consider the enormity of the idea. If you go on with it, I shall feel it my duty to go to the police. I realize fully my danger. But—"

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What did it mean? Enormity of what idea? What danger. That evening Jane was developing pictures in the pantry of the main house. She used the red lamp, which because of its former use by Eugenia Riggs, a medium, was regarded with fear by the superstitious neighbors. Suddenly Porter heard Jane moan and fall to the floor in a faint. She insisted later that she had distinctly seen Uncle Horace's face looking in at her.

That night, too, a dozen sheep on a near-by farm were found with their throats cut. The natives thought the red lamp had something to do with it, but Greenough, the detective, bluntly asked Porter: "What do you know about the triangle in a circle?"



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House
Where
Ghosts
Walk

Illustrations by W. D. Stevens

The murderer must have hailed Maggie. knowing that nobody would pass a man caught out in a storm like that.

# LAMP

Porter remembered that he had jokingly recommended the magic symbol to some ladies at tea as a charm to drive away demons. And now, because the killer had left that mark behind him. Porter was suspected of the sheep-killing!

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shim, Porter was suspected of the sheep-killing!
Shortly afterward, at midnight, Jane had a clairvoyant warning that something terrible was happening at the float. Her husband hurried down, only to meet Greenough who had been aroused by Bob Carroway, a guard. Carroway had taken a motor-boat and gone in pursuit of the sheep-killer. But Porter realized that Greenough suspected him more than ever. The worst of it was, Carroway had completely disappeared.

Anxious to get away, the Porters went for a short cruise. But they were suddenly recalled by news that Halliday had been attacked and injured in their absence. Finding the mark of the triangle in a circle on his car, which Halliday had been driving when attacked, and hoping to right himself in the detective's eyes, Porter called Greenough's attention to it.

"It's there, is it?" sneered the detective. "If it is, it's been put

"It's there, is it?" sneered the detective. "If it is, it's been put there since I examined the car yesterday afternoon."

The Story Continues:

ND then I saw where I stood. They believed that, finding Halliday assaulted during my absence, I was attempting to link that assault with the sheep-killing and with Carroway's death, and turn it to my own advantage. In other words, to prove that the reign of terror had gone on in my absence!

A drowning man, swimming exhaustedly toward a log which sinks when he touches it, must have much the same sensation

43



tor's searching gaze.

of philosophical endurance. Even if Carroway's body is not found and no charge of murder can be brought, it is not hard to see what power lies in this detective's hands, backed by his conviction of my guilt. He may not

conviction of my guilt. He may not imprison me, but he can cost me my reputation, even my position in the university. He can hound me out of the only life I know and am fitted for, the warm place behind the drain-pipe. It is well enough for Halliday to say that we can assume a counter-offensive. When? With him temporarily crippled, and every act of mine watched and questioned? And, even with all other things even beau? other things equal, how?

Nor do I see, as he does, any possible clue in young Gordon's finding behind the lawn-roller in the garage the chalk with which the drawing was done—a fact which Edith reported after Hayward and Greenough had gone—or in the scrap of paper in which it was wrapped when found. For one thing, Edith's memory as to what was on the paper may be at fault. Naturally, not knowing my situation, she would observe it only casually. not knowing my situation, she would observe it only casually.

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According to Clara, the only persons visiting the car after it was brought back yesterday morning were Annie Cochran and Thomas, who were there when it was returned; Greenough, who spent some time there while the doctor made his call on Halliday; the doctor himself, who wandered in later to look at it; young Gordon, who she says showed particular interest in it and a sort of ghoulish amusement; and the Livingstones. Or rather, Livingstone only, who appears to have stood in the doorway smoking and surveying it while his wife carried up to the invalid jar of jellied broth. But as the garage door was unlocked all ight, such speculation is purely futile.
Edith suggests malicious mischief. "The village children are

Tonight I have had a long talk with Halliday. It appears that the time of Peter Geiss's apparition almost exactly coincides with the attack. This, however, does not impress Halliday as it does me.

You have to remember, Skipper," he says, "that old Geiss has been scared almost out of his wits the last few weeks. And the Carroway affair has carried the terror right out onto his domain, which is the water.

'Then why didn't he see Carroway?"

"Search me," he said, with a shrug that set him wincing.
"What's bothering me is why doesn't anybody see Carroway? Eight days, and nobody found yet.

When I left him a few minutes ago, he had Edith's memory copy of the paper found in the garage, and was propped up in bed with a pencil.

"If we had the original we'd be better off," he said. "It oughtn't to be hard to find the typewriter in the vicinity that wrote it. And if Greenough isn't crazy with the heat he's looking for it now."

I glanced at my own portable machine, sitting on the table, and he followed my eyes and smiled.

"You've got your best alibi right there," he said, "if this

turns out to be a cipher. And I think it is."

He has, it appears, some small knowledge of ciphers, and from the mixture of capitals and small letters he believes he recognizes this one. But it requires a key-word, or two key-words.

"Even without it," he says, "it could be solved, possibly, if I had enough of it. But with only this scrap—And I don't get the number added to it."

The idea of this type of cipher, I gather, is to take a word, or two words, containing thirteen letters of the alphabet, no one used twice. Written

thirteen letters of the alphabet. The same word or words repeated in capitals becomes the second half of the alphabet. Thus the words "subnormal diet" become a key in this fashion:

subnormaldiet SUBNORMALDIET abcdefghijklm nopqrst uvwxyz

But as "subnormal diet" was the only key phrase we could think of, and as it obviously did not fit, I left him still biting the end of his pencil, and came to complete this record

Renan said that the man who has time to keep a private diary has never understood the immensity of the universe. But I reply to Renan that the man in my position who does not keep a private diary and thus let off his surplus thoughts, is liable to burst into minute fragments and scatter over the said immensity of the universe!

JULY 15

OUNDAY—The one pleasure that never palls is the pleasure of . not going to church

Again, as I recorded once before, a quiet morning and I am still at large. Jane has gone.

Sometimes I suspect Jane of throwing a sop to Providence in this matter of church-going; almost, one might say, of bargaining with the Almighty.

"I will do thus and so," says Jane to herself. "And in return I have a right to ask thus and so.

Yet she asks little enough; a quiet life, peace, and if not active happiness, that resignation which after the hot days of youth are over, passes for contentment. And as she went out this morning. demurely dressed in the Sabbatical restraint which is a part of her bargain, I felt rather than said a small prayer for her; that she who asks so little may keep what she has. 45



chalking up circles with triangles all over the fences," she says, "and old Starr came out here yesterday with one between his shoulders. He almost had a stroke when I told him.

Her explanation of the paper found about the chalk and what was on it is equally simple. That in itself, she concludes, proves her contention: "It looked as if children had been playing with a typewriter," she says. And she had reproduced it from memory, as nearly as possible, Greenough having carried it off

It was done, she says, on a typewriter, in a curious jumble of capitals and small letters, and the paper was perforated at the side, as if it were from a loose-leaved note-book. Also, it had been torn, so that only a portion of the typing remained.

This portion was, according to her, as follows:

GEL Tr, K. 28.

(Note: As will be seen, Edith's memory was extremely good. She made only one error in the cipher. The final number, 28, should, of course, have been 24.)

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And Jane is worried. She knows nothing, but she suspects everything. By that, I mean that she is somehow aware, after her own curious fashion, that there is something wrong with her world. She watches me, when I am not looking at her. She has an odd, rather furtive, dislike of Doctor Hayward. And she is almost criminally forwarding Edith's love affair.

Since Halliday was brought here Jane and I have shared her bedroom, and this morning, buttoning my collar, I said:

"The sooner that boy goes back to the boat-house, the better."
"Why?" she demanded, almost militantly.

"Well, if you can't see what's going on under your eyes, my dear-"

"I don't see why it shouldn't go on. There's not too much love in the world."

"Nor enough bread and cheese."

"We didn't have very much when we started, William," she said, looking up at me wistfully.

"And we haven't much more now," I said and kissed her. But the plain truth is that Jane's nerves are shaken. She wants Edith settled; she would libe nothing better than a speedy marriage, if that would take us back to the city at once. All her old hatred and distrust of this place have been steadily reviving, and

the attack on Halliday has about eaten away her resistance. All life is the resistance of an undiscoverable principle against unceasing forces. And my poor Jane, after years of protected life, is only discovering those unceasing forces . . .

LATER: Poor Carroway's body has been found. The tide was low at two this afternoon and a yawl from Bass Cove, crossing the bay, saw it floating face down, and recovered it, not without difficulty. The poor lad had been tied with the end of an anchor rope, and the anchor thrown over with him. Thus for days the body has been only a few feet beneath the surface, floating at the end of its tragic tether.

From the doctor, making his afternoon call here, we heard the details. He was summoned as soon as the body was brought in, and made a hasty examination. From that it appears that Carroway was beaten over the head first and then thrown into

the sea.

"He was probably dead before he touched the water," is Hayward's opinion. "Of course the autopsy will tell that. If there is no water in the middle ear or the lungs, we can be certain."

But from Peter Geiss, who wandered in this afternoon after salvaging certain of his personal possessions from the sloop, we learned other facts. Thus, Peter declares that the man who killed Carroway was a sailor, or at least knew how to use a rope sailor-fashion.

And as Halliday said to me aside, this was cheering news, for my best friend could not accuse me of any nautical knowledge.

The body, it seems, was tied with two half-hitches around the wrists; from there the rope extended to the ankle, with similar half-hitches, and to these ends again the anchor had been affixed. To my query as to whether such a proceeding would not take considerable time Peter says not.

"Two half-hitches is about the quickest and easiest tie there is," he assures me, "and the best to hold. If it slips one way it

holds another."

There is, it seems to me, a certain relish in Peter's account of these gruesome details; a gusto in the telling. Like the ancient Greeks, Peter's literature is purely oral, and he has by accident stumbled on an epic.

But the recovery of the body has roused the neighborhood to fever heat. There have been those, up to now, who have half believed that Carroway had been the victim of an accident, had somehow stumbled and fallen overboard; and to prove this they

brought out the fact that, like many of the men on the waterside, he could not swim.

There were others, too, who still inclined to the belief that some supernatural influence had been at work; that Carroway, indeed, had been the victim of some other-world foul play. But even these superstitious folk cannot now blame the red lamp. Carroway has been murdered by hands which wielded the oar that struck him, and which tied the half-hitches which "if they slipped one way, held the other."

The anchor presents the only possible clue, and that is a feeble one. There was no anchor in the boat Carroway took out.

On the other hand, there is a sort of half-hearted recognition of it by Doctor Hayward as one stolen from his small knock-about sometime in June. "Of course, all those anchors are as like as peas," he said this afternoon. "But the boys down at the wharf

say it's mine, and they can tell two fish-hooks apart, same size and same kind . . ."

The county authorities have finally roused themselves and the Sheriff, Benchley, is in Oakville. Under the excuse of examining our float Greenough brought him out, and Halliday dressed and went with them, to show where he had found the knife. On their return they stopped in and looked at my car.

When Halliday came back he was grave and quiet. In vain did Edith try to coax him into his usual light-heartedness. While I have no idea as to what happened, I can make a fair guess, for he announced at supper that he was through with playing the

invalid.

"It's time for me to be up and about," he said.

Benchley has increased the County's reward to twenty-inch hundred dollars, and this with Livingstone's makes three thousand As a result, until twilight frightened them back to their hearts, the vicinity was filled this afternoon with amateur detectives. According to Annie Cochran, one of them was skulking around the hedge of the main house, when Mr. Bethel saw him and drown him off.

Just what that irritable and exclusive gentleman makes of the situation, I do not know. He must have learned through Gorden of our trouble here, but he makes no sign. Now and then, but no often, I see him on the terrace, and if he acknowledges my fingulation of the property of the prop

He is so consistently unpleasant that one must respect it as

consistency of any sort is respected .

My own position is rather strengthened than weakened by today's developments, and I imagine Greenough himself is somewhat at sea. Not only am I no sailor, and obviously no sailor, but I am not a physically muscular man. In the pursuit of English literature the wear and tear is on trouser seats rather than on muscles; in ten years my one annual physical orgy has been putting up the fly screens each April.

I could no more strangle a man than I could bull-dog a steer. And, unless Greenough is more beset with prejudices and theory than I think he is, he must know this. He has, in addition, a surely growing list of qualifications all of which the murder must possess, and few of which are mine. Thus:

The murderer is physically strong. I am not. The murderer (or at least Halliday's assailant) wore a soft dark hat, well pulled down. I have here in the country a golf cap and a summer structure. No other. The murderer had a sailor's knowledge of a rope. I haven't the slightest knowledge of a rope, except that it is used on Mondays to hang out the washing.

On only two points do I plead guilty, and there with resertations. For the murderer shows a knowledge of the country of the country of the car as would a man of middle life, rather than youth. I am middle-aged—if that be not the next period just ahead and never quite reached, until some day we waken to find that we have passed it in the night and are now old, and taking an ingenuous pride in that age.

AM facing an unusual quandary, which is: Shall I or shall I not attend poor Carroway's funeral tomorrow? What is the customary etiquette under the circumstances? Does the suppected agent of the death remain decorously absent—the only one in the entire neighborhood so missing? Or does he go, with a countenance carefully set to show exactly the polite amount of concern, and he suspected of the dog returning to his vomit?

concern, and be suspected of the dog returning to his vomit?
There is an old theory—I would like to question Greenough about it if I dared—that your true murderer has an avid curiosity as to the work of his hands; that, against all prudence, he returns to it. Under these circumstances, what shall I do?

Compromise, probably. Send more flowers than I can afford, and stay at home. The same sort of compromise which I affected with my soul yesterday, when I gave Jane a rather larger amount then result for the collection plate.

than usual for the collection plate

One of the reporters who have been hanging around the vicinity since the recovery of the body approached me today on a possible connection between the murder and the attack on Halliday. I found him coming out of the garage, but as Greenough had carefully erased the symbol on the seat cushion, I doubt if he had found anything valuable.

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He pried me with polite questions, but I evaded him as well

as I could.

"But don't you, personally, believe there is some connection?" he insisted.

"I should have to have some proof of such a connection." "And you have none?" he asked, eyeing me closely.

II, There Edith and Halliday found the murderer's infernal symbol—the triangle enclosed in a circle—carved on a tree.

"I imagine you know at least as much about it as I do. Have you found any?

Perhaps my attitude had annoved him, or perhaps he merely had the discoverer's pride in achievement, for he put away the handful

of yellow paper, on which he had made no notes, and smiled.

"I haven't found any connection." he said. "But I have found something your detectives missed, Mr. Porter. I have found where the fellow hid after the crash, when the other car was rescuing Mr. Halliday."

But the odd part of that discovery to my mind is not that hiding-place, nor Greenough's failure to locate it. As a matter of fact, I doubt if Greenough has ever looked for it. He seems

to have taken for granted that Halliday's assailant merely escaped the wreck and made off in the dark.

No. The point that strikes me, and struck Halliday when I told him, is the intimate knowledge of that location shown, and the quickness with which he took advantage of it.

(Note: In view of what we now know, I imagine this is an error. The chances seem to be that he was thrown near the mouth of the culvert, and that the lights of the on-coming car chowed it to him.) showed it to him.)

Showed it to him.)

Crossing the road, according to the reporter, and about fifteen feet from where the car was ditched, is a small culvert. Hardly a culvert, either, but a largish clay pipe (Continued on page 167)

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July 16

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# Women Are Natural Thieves

A study of some of the 14,000 Women who in New York alone have signed confessions as shoplifters

IN A period of about five years a small group of department stores in New York, organized to fight shoplifting, secured confessions from approximately 14,000 women.

Whenever a woman was caught she was given a severe lecture and forced to sign a confession and a promise to steal no more, the alternative being arrest, prosecution and public disgrace.

Publication of that list of offenders would shake the foundation of New York society. These 14,000 were set free only because they were first offenders. Their friends knew them as good wives and mothers, respected girls in business and school, women in the professions, educational and religious work. And each of these 14,000 women is going through life with a signed confession hanging over her—a confession which will some day come to light to confound her or her loved ones if she steals a second time.

Shoplifting, or kleptomania, or whatever you wish to call the crime of stealing from shops and department stores, is almost exclusively a woman's crime.

As a judge in the criminal courts of New York State I've seen women from all stations of life—rich and poor, cultured and ignorant, married and single—brought to trial, "caught with the goods on them." Out of the number of women caught every year only a few are professional thieves.

Why women steal is one of the most perplexing problems confronting modern society.

Take for instance the case of the woman at the bar. She is a young woman of culture and breeding. She has health, youth, intelligence and good looks. On the wall of her bedroom back in the Middle-Western town where she was born hangs a Bachelor of Arts degree from a well-known university. Next June she will receive a Master of Arts degree from the university where she

is now doing postgraduate work.

She has just pleaded guilty to the charge of shoplifting. She is not a professional thief. She's just one of the alarmingly large army of women who steal; a victim of the three handmaidens of shoplifting—Desire, Opportunity and Impulse.

Listen to her story:

"There is a psychological reason why I did this thing, Judge," she tells the court in an even, well-modulated voice. "I'm not a thief! I never stole anything before—not even a pin. It was this way: I was on my way to catch a train. Seeing I couldn't make it, I went into this department store to kill time. While walking around looking at things on display I saw a pair of cuff links I liked. I wanted to buy them, understand. I had the money in my hand. I asked three different clerks to wait on me but they were too busy. I still held the article in my hand—the article I wanted to buy.

"Next to me stood a woman who also made several attempts to get service. After a final attempt I saw her snap her teeth together, put the article she wished to purchase in her purse and walk away. I saw that. Then I saw another woman do the same thing. Each had tried to buy the thing she took. I wanted to buy the cuff links—I had the money in my hand. Up to the instant the second woman walked away I hadn't the faintest thought of stealing. I had held the cuff links in my hand so long now that it suddenly occurred to me that they belonged to me. It seemed that way. Then came an impulse—a spontaneous impulse—to do what the other two women had done. I put the cuff links in my pocket and walked away.

"I went to the counter across the aisle and picked up a bracelet. Again I took out my money and tried to get a clerk to wait on me. I tried several times. By this time the thought came to me that this was a place where everybody helped themselves. I put the bracelet in my pocket. I didn't sneak it in; I just put it there as if it really belonged to me. I didn't consider it stealing. "There is still another psychological reason why I took these things. We were born with the instinct to take things. We've had it ever since the dawn of creation. The cavemen and the cliff dwellers were forced to take things in order to live. It's wrong, of course. Modern society recognizes that!"

This girl's attorney whispers to the court that she threatens to commit suicide if her name is given to the newspaper men. We fix a date for sentence. In the meantime we learn that her story thus far is true: that she comes from an eminently respectable family in the Middle-West; that she is a good, conscientions student; that she is amply supplied with money; that there is not the slightest reason why she shouldn't have bought the few dollars' worth of merchandise she stole.

Her case seems incredible, doesn't it? Well, it is part of the court record in Special Sessions where anyone may examine it. Her explanation of the crime as given above is almost verbatim. Some of its detail is omitted in the interest of brevity.

In this girl's case birth, breeding, culture and environment stood squarely opposed to dishonesty. In the psychology of their her dishonesty differs as greatly from that of the male thiel as the general psychology of woman differs from that of man.

DISREGARDING whatever else may be charged against the honesty of women, they are inherently honest where other persons' material possessions are concerned. In the business world, where women occupy almost as many positions of trust and opportunity as do men, we rarely hear of a woman stealing. In fact, it is so unusual for a business woman to default that the newspapers invariably "play it up" when it does occur, although in the same issue there may be half a dozen cases of men whose peculations are much larger dismissed with a few paragraphs.

Yet shoplifting—a crime so widespread as to defy belief—is distinctly a feminine crime. And, strangely enough, out of the 14,000 women mentioned above caught with stolen goods on them in New York stores, only a few were professional shoplifters.

How then does this wholesale orgy of feminine dishonesty conform with the theoretical presumption of feminine honesty? The answer is paradoxical: Woman is both honest and dishonest.

Woman, I think most of my readers will agree, is a creature of impulse. Indeed, she is never more so than when she steals. And it is because she responds to spontaneous impulses that her thieving takes such strange courses and results in her stealing things which she does not need, does not want, does not know how to use. This is especially true of first offenders.

When caught and brought into court these women say: "I don't know why I stole. Something came over me!"

That something was a spontaneous inclination—an impulse. There was no premeditation, no planning, no cool calculation of the possibility of detection, no thought of the punishment if she were caught.

And because shoplifting is, generally speaking, essentially a crime of impulse, women of all sorts and conditions engage in it.

Why should any wealthy woman of fashion who fritters away enough money to support a modest family resort to stealing trifles?

Frequently a woman of that class is caught. Her case supplies a newspaper sensation. Her intimate friends refuse to believe that she would stoop to such a thing. Men and women of prominence rush to her defense. She simply *couldn't* be guilty, they assert. And, as a clinching argument, they tell the prosecuting official, "Why, she had absolutely no cause for stealing. She has money, position, everything she needs!"

C. Judge John J. Freschi of the Court of Special Sessions. New York. Sessions, New

And when the evidence against the woman proves conclusively that she is guilty, these friends rationalize the offender's action with the old explanation—"kleptomania."

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A nice word that, but altogether too exclusive. The socially obscure seem never to have added it to their vocabulary. They call it shoplifting. But the general result is the same, for back of both is the same explanation, or lack of it.

Take the case of a prominent society matron arrested as she left a department store with a silk waist she had stolen. The story she told differed from the story of her predecessor in the prisoner's dock only in degree.

"I had thought of getting a new waist to go with a new suit," she said, "but I really didn't need it so I had dismissed the matter from my mind. But there was a bargain sale on and I stopped

to look although I realized I shouldn't. All the saleswomen were busy and as I waited I picked over the waists. And suddenly the impulse to take one came over me."

The crime can be charged to impulse only once. If the woman goes back a second time it is because there is a dishonest streak in her. She has larceny in her soul. Thereafter she will not steal the first thing she puts her hands on but will go to a store with a definite object in mind. If she be a woman of limited means she thinks she has discovered a method to obtain the hitherto unattainable. Into this category fall the women of limited means who purloin expensive furs and jewelry.

The psychological processes of these women probably are similar to those which affect an inherently honest person who finds something of value. In the latter case, (Continued on page 128)

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ALCOLM MACINNIS had reached a decision. Consequently it was definite and irrevocable. Had such a decision been arrived at by his assistant, Daniel J. Downey, it would in all probability have been subject to change, since the right to shift his mental base, with or without reason, is ever a treasured right of a member of the Celtic race. Malcolm MacInnis, however, being Gaelic, came to his decisions slowly and carefully; once reached they were the best of the entire crop of thoughts his clear-thinking brain might have harvested on that

subject.

'Yes, Tuan.

"Bring two whisky sodas and then go out and kill that gecko lizard. I think he's in the durian tree. His infernal monotonous croaking would sear the soul of a Tamil, not to mention that of a white man." He tossed a stream of Malay gutturals over He tossed a stream of Malay gutturals over his shoulder and Kin Foo grunted affirmatively and departed upon his errand.

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"How did you know that lizard was getting on my nerves,

"The fact that you're in command of this concession doesn't give you a monopoly on nerves, Mac.'



"Speaking of reptiles, Mac, I repeat that you're going home tomorrow. "Before we start that argument, suppose you tell me what

reptiles have to do with my home-going.

"I was thinking of that good-looking Eurasian daughter of old Bahu Nedang. That damsel is out to land you, boss. You've given a splendid imitation of the late St. Anthony for lo, these three long years, but now you're about to be tempted beyond your strength. The damned little snake is standing yonder under the durian tree listening to our conversation. She doesn't prowl around here to vamp Daniel J. Downey-not since I caught her with my best shaving mirror in her possession."

You shouldn't have struck her, Dan."

"Why?"

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"She's a woman."

"She's a wanton, devilish, half-breed Malay, a born thief and a potential murderess. I warned her off the premises and in order to prove to her how hard-boiled I am I larruped her with my razor-strop. Malay women are accustomed to being beaten.

If you don't beat them they think you don't love them."
"It's devilish lonely out here," MacInnis protested.
"And this girl, Selun, is too devilish attractive to be tolerated around a lonely man, Mac. Physically, she is a glorious creature. I understand her mother was an enormously pretty French woman from Saigon.

"She-MacInnis ceased speaking abruptly.

"She what, Mac?"

"Nothing."
"She can't help being a corker for looks,"

Downey went on, as if he had divined the other's thought.
"Bahu Nedang is a mighty handsome Malay, and I've heard her mother was prettier than a hummingbird. Has Selun outlined her proposition

as yet?"

MacInnis nodded. "All the grub she can eat," said Downey, "a monopoly on the stinking fruit of that durian tree, three new sarongs, six brass armlets, thirty Straits dollars a month, three hundred dollars when you weary of her and a promise to efface herself in case white men visit youstrange white men. She doesn't mind me.

How do you know all this, Dan?" asked MacInnis.

"She made me the same proposition, old innocent, but I told her I thought I'd remain white for another year at least."
MacInnis was si-

lent. Presently Dow-

ney continued: "You were born and raised a gentle-You're still man. one-only your selfrespect is a bit frayed and you're clinging weakly to what's left. You've been on the job too long. You should have gone home at the end of three years-and you've stuck four. You have malaria, you're the color of a sick Chinaman, you've lost thirty pounds, you're tired and irritable and depressed and you can't think any more—you can't remember anything. You require more and more whisky to sustain you. Better go out tomorrow or the

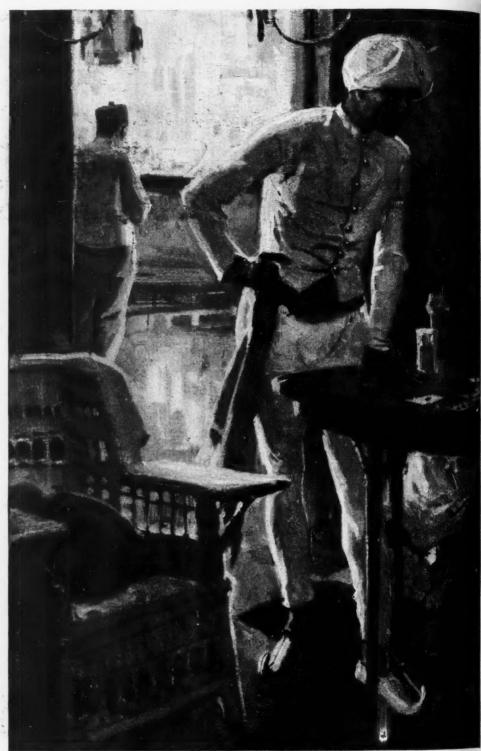
day after. Then, six months or a year from now, you can come in again all strong and fit and full of noble aspirations—and rescue me from that she-cat coming up into our veranda."

A girl came up the stairs and crossed with regal stride to the side of MacInnis. She reached for his hand and he surrendered

it to her weakly.

"Tuan," she murmured musically, "I am lonely tonight." "You'll be lonelier tomorrow night," Downey cut in brutally. "Tuan MacInnis goes home tomorrow morning."

The girl—she was, perhaps, twenty years old—drew her gaudy batik sarong a little tighter around her erect, lithe, beautiful



II "Oh, what a reckless fool I've been," the white woman

body and bent upon Downey a haughty, imperious glance that was full of hate.

While she stared at him, wondering what epithets would fit him best, Kin Foo arrived with the whisky and sodas and placed one on the arm-rest of each man's chair.

"Kin Foo, bring me my razor-strop," Downey ordered firmly.
"Pig! Dog! Infidel!" Selun flung at him and disappeared into the night. Daniel J. Downey's mocking chuckle followed her for a moment than between the best for a moment than the best for a moment that the best for a moment that the best for a moment than the best for a moment that the her for a moment; then he turned to his chief.

"How would you like that tigress to mother the heir to the MacInnis millions?" he asked banteringly.

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cried piteously. "I have not only ruined myself but my husband also.

Pandit Guru, you must help me."

Malcolm MacInnis came to his second decision that night. "I'll depart tomorrow, Dan." He hoisted his whisky and soda and regarded it critically. "The Irish are a virtuous race," he continued. "I've often heard others say so too. They're particular about their women—seems to be no unbearable strain on them to remain one-woman men. But why do you take such pains to daddy me? I am able to manage my own morals." "You bet you are, but just now you need a little help. I like you well enough to proffer it and insist that you accept the gift. However, there's a deeper reason than that, Mac."

"Name it."

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"That girl back home-the one with the audacious smilethe smile with a hint of deviltry in it—and the cool, innocent eyes that seem abashed at nothing. The girl whose photograph you carry in a silver frame—in your trunk."

Macinnis sipped his whisky and soda. Then: "I should like to know how you happen to be so familiar with the contents of my trunk." The Gaelic chill was in his voice.
"Caught Selun in your bungalow recently. She had been rummaging in your trunk—really, you (Continued on page 207) 53



### ear CUBS and Dweller in the Out-of-doors

EVERAL years ago my old bear-hunter guide, Babe Haught, wrote me from Arizona about a couple of bear cubs that had been captured when their mother was killed. They were three months old and had been fed on the bottle. The owner, a hunter acquaintance of Haught's, had raised them from tiny babies, and wanted to dispose of them to some one who would be good to them. He had learned to love them, but had neither the time nor the money to give them further care. He claimed these cubs had never been hurt or frightened, and were as gentle and loving as kittens. So I bought the cubs and had them turned over to Pyle, one of Haught's neighbors, with instructions that they have every care until I came for them.

Pyle named them Topsy and Teddy, and informed me that they were thriving most wonderfully, and were so playful, funny and affectionate that he would hate to part with them. It was October when I got down into the Tonto Basin, and I lost no time riding with Haught and his sons after my bear cubs. The stories they told about my latest addition to the ranch were highly amusing, if somewhat incredible.
"Wal," said old Haught, "I been a bar-hunter all my days, an'

reckon I've seen nigh onto a hundred cubs, but never none like Teddy an' Topsy.

"What's the difference between these cubs and others you've

known?" I queried, with curiosity. "Reckon it's disposition," he replied. "No kittens or pups we ever raised hyar could hold a candle to these bar-cubs. nigh on to human."

Teddy and Topsy were six months old when I first saw them. They looked like twins and were plump, shiny, black, with long silky hair and bright, keen little eyes. One of them made a good armful. Pyle said he penned them up only at night, and that because wild bears often passed by the ranch. Teddy and Topsy had the run of the cabin, to the despair of Mrs. Pyle, who evidently prided herself on her housekeeping. And it was impossible to keep house while the cubs were awake. Fortunately they slept a good part of the day. Pyle had twin daughters and when they came home from Payson, where they attended school, they spent all their time playing with the bears.

We packed the cubs on our horses to Haught's ranch and turned them loose inside the wire-fence enclosure round my cabin. Fortunately this was high and close enough to keep out Haught's These were bear hounds, and apt to take unkindly to my dogs.

Teddy and Topsy proved mightily curious about their new quarters, and they pried into every nook and corner. There were a number of young pine trees in the yard and one large oak with a big branch growing at right angles to the trunk. The bears took an especial liking to this tree.

We found presently that we could not eat supper on the cabin porch, as usual, for the simple reason that Teddy and Topsy thought the whole proceeding was meant for them. They climbed into our laps and onto the table. Finally we had to move indoors to eat. Whereupon the bears began to paw at the door and cry. They actually cried like spoiled children.

Later, outside round the camp-fire, and after they had been given all they could eat, they became appeased. The bright blaze evidently was new to them, but they liked it. Neither of the cubs would sit or stand quietly on the ground, but would lie

contented in our laps.

RESENTLY Haught and his son Ed came over to visit us. They brought Rock, the leader of our pack of bear hounds. Now Rock was a noble, dignified dog, seldom playful, though always friendly with us, and he bore scars earned in battles with many mean old bears, some of which perhaps might have been related to my pets. Rock must have scented the cubs before he entered the circle of

light. The hair on his neck was bristling.
"Now see hyar, you Rock," said Haught severely. He talked to dogs in the same way that he conversed with persons. shore ain't agoin' to fight these bars."

Rock did not know what to make of the situation. He understood his master, but his large clear eyes had an insulted expression. A low growl attested to his resentment. Topsy saw him from her couch on my lap, but she did not seem impressed enough to get down. Teddy, however, ambled round the campfire, and without the slightest sign of fear, went directly up to

"Behave yourself," ordered Haught, dropping to one knee beside Rock, and placing a hand on him. "Hyar's Teddy wantin' to

make friends

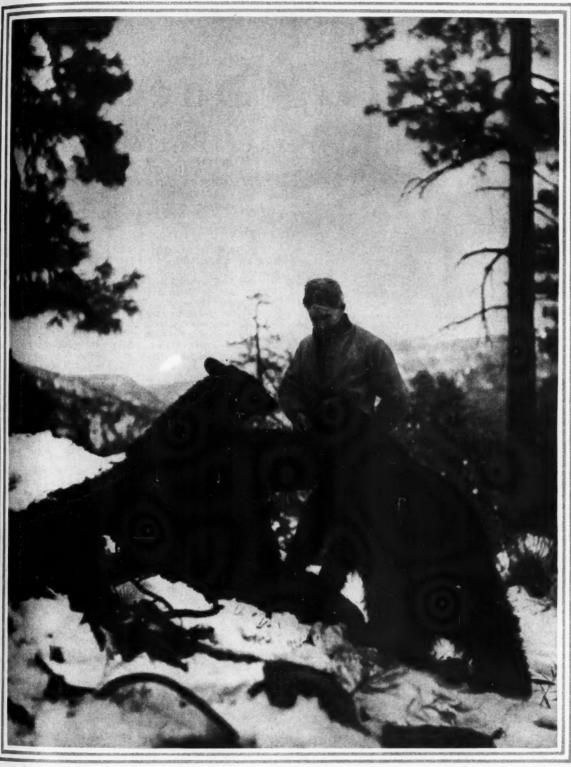
It was indeed a singular sight to see Teddy approach Rock. I doubted not that this was the first dog the cub had ever seen. He was curious and friendly, but he halted short of trying to rub was curious and friendly, but he halted short of trying to the noses with Rock. He stopped to look. The firelight shone fulloon his face and into his keen dark eyes. It seemed to methat a dormant instinct roused in Teddy. This white and black animal with the long ears and big eyes sent out a subtle force of antagonism. Teddy caught it, and then he ambled back to my brother and climbed into his lap. In the succeeding year Topsy grow friendly with the heaving but Teddy never grew friendly with the hounds, but Teddy never.

That night we put the bears under the cabin, where we had made a warm nest of leaves and pine needles. I expected them to

cry and whine all night, but they did not annoy us.

It would take a volume to tell all Teddy and Topsy did next month while we were in camp. We grew greatly attached to

them. becam where, there. had an big bra



LZane Grey with Topsy and Teddy—still pets, though risky ones to play with.

them. George Takahashi, my Jap, had the care of them, and he became exceedingly fond of them. They followed him everywhere, and upon most occasions would obey him. But sometimes they would hide from him or climb into the oak tree and stay here. No coaxing or commanding or offer of something to eat had any effect upon them. Topsy would lie at length on the big branch with her nose between her paws and gaze solemnly down at George. Often I fancied I saw her eyes twinkle.

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Once George, who did not like disobedience in pets, climbed the oak after them. The result was a circus. George himself was more like a squirrel than a man and he could climb anywhere. But he could not catch those cubs. Teddy ascended to the top-most dead snag of the oak and Topsy backed out to the very extremity of the branch, that swayed alarmingly with her weight.

eight.

And there they stayed unmindful (Continued on page 136)

55

### What it Cost ME To Score One Big Success By Ellis Parker Butler

who is never allowed to forget that he wrote "PIGS IS PIGS"

HEN I was a young fellow I knew just what I wanted would get out of the wholesale grocery line and give up selling navy beans and canned corn and currycombs, and then I would give all my time to writing. For a while I would write pretty good stuff and he able to make my living at it. Then I would good stuff and be able to make my living at it. Then I would write mighty good stuff, and I would feel as if some one were putting a plush-lined hat on my head and I would look up and see that the eager populace was pressing on my brow the crown of

And when I had got that far I would cock the crown of Fame over one ear and bend over my desk and dash off some of the greatest novels and essays the world had ever seen and, all of a sudden, I would feel something soft and pleasant on my shoulders, and when I looked up I would see that an admiring world had

placed on me the garment of Glory.

Then I would stick a big cigar in my mouth and walk down Main Street with my crown of Fame on my head and my robes of Glory trailing out behind me and the people would pick me up and carry me to the Opera House and give me seven million dollars and elect me Ambassador to England while the band played "Annie Rooney."

Well, up to date I've managed to stop selling navy beans and to win a crown of Fame of the Ninth Grade, Class C, that looks a good deal like a \$1.98 straw hat in its third season in a town that has no hat cleaners. And, incidentally, I've nearly worked my head off winning it, so that there is hardly anything left but a nubbin to wear the crown on. I have about as much chance of getting that robe of Glory as I have of buying the original Noah's ark for a house-boat. And I'm just about that eager to get it.

I've turned a little sour on this Glory idea and I'm about ready to desert Fame on the roist ballot and cast the entire vote of the delegation for Money in the Bank. As I feel now I wouldn' go across the street for a robe of Glory unless it was made of turkish

toweling and I could wear it as a bath-robe.

Fame, you understand, is the favorable celebrity that is handed to a man who has made folks think he has done something better than the ordinary; Glory is the widespread praise and honor accorded to anyone by common consent. They are two of the most widely advertised articles ever put on the market. If, in a general way of speaking, Fame is the red seal of merit pasted on a man's brow, then Glory is three coats of scarlet paint, rubbed down and varnished and touched up with gold leaf.

Robert Fulton, who ran the first steamboat, for example, is famous, but Christopher Columbus is a glorious character Steve Brodle, when he jumped off Brooklyn Bridge, won fame,

but the Light Brigade at Balaklava won undying glory.

In some respects it looks as if the higher you flew the harder you fell; Steve Brodie took his fame and started a saloon with it and made a good living, but when the Light Brigade had finished its charge and had won glory it was to a large extent deceased and ready to be buried. And about every ten days for twenty years or so, I read in the papers that the last survivor of the Light Brigade was now an aged man and begging his bread in the streets of London.

Fate seems to think, somehow, that if she gives you enough glory she need not bother to give you food. That is one reason why I think Glory has had far too much favorable press-agenting that might better have been given to sawing wood. As a lot of its wearers know, a crown of Fame, whether broiled or stewed, is

mighty poor feed for a hungry man.

What I would like to know is this: If you happened to be going along the street and saw a red flag hanging out, and the auctioneer was just yelling, "Step up! Sale is just beginning! Now, folks, what am I offered for this elegant robe of Glory and crown of Fame?" what would you bid?

You know what you have to offer, and I don't. Maybe you have a quiet and obscure life as the local dentist over the First National Bank, where you can pull teeth till the cows come home, and nobody outside the town will ever know you are alive and some of those inside will wish you weren't. Would you trade that for the Glory of Bonaparte and the Fame of Wagner? What is Fame worth to you? How much is Glory worth?

My advice, and you can take it or leave it, is that if anybody offers you Fame or Glory, or both, the thing for you to do is to turn your back on him and get as far from him as you can just as soon as you can. If anybody offers you Fame or Glory and offers to deliver it at your house free of charge and carry it up-stairs and put it in your bedroom absolutely without expense, tell him to get away from you before you give him a poke in the eye.

N MY own line of business Fame is worth a little something, because if it is handled right a bright writer is able to cash in on it to some extent, but Glory is not so good because no author is ever glorious until he is dead and by that time his copyright has run out. And I don't know that Fame is worth so much to a writer,

When I began to write I paddled along in a pleasant, easy-going way and for years nobody knew me but the editors. Wh sent in a story and it was good, an editor bought it, and if it wasn't good, he sent it back. For all the public cared the story might have been signed "Ethelbert Persimmons" or "Amelia Overshoes Blatz." If it was a good story they liked it, and if it

Wasn't good they didn't like it, and that was all there was to it.
Then, unexpectedly, I wrote "Pigs is Pigs" and the next day
I received by express, charges collect, bill attached, my Class C,
Ninth Grade, tin-plated crown of Fame. Instantly I was one of the minor celebrities and as famous as the runner-up in a county

golf championship.

Instantly, also, the editors began sending back better stories than I had ever written before, saying, "We like this but prefer something like 'Pigs is Pigs' from you." When I published in book form a story written three years before I had ever thought of "Pigs is Pigs," the reviewers said, "This is another example of a poor fish who has gone absolutely wrong. This is another example to write decent stories but this one is nothing but a sickly attempt to imitate his 'Pigs is Pigs'."

Until you are famous nearly everyone is eager to help you; the minute you are famous one-half of the dear old crowd can't be happy unless it is taking a slam at you. Blessed is the frog that stays under water, for he doth not get a whang on the top of the head. The only thing I am thankful for is that I have never become really famous; if I had, some one would have tacked a new amendment on to the Constitution of the United States making it a crime for me to write anything whatever; when I had to get a little short story out of my system or bust, I would have had to go down cellar with a fountain pen hidden in my hair and bootleg the story in the shadowy depths of the coal bin. And there is no nourishment in that.

I am inclined to believe that the man who is getting along fairly well in obscurity is the lucky man, and that Fame and Glory are the laug him on



Photograph by Robert H. Davis

CEllis Parker Butler

the laughing-gas Fate lets a man sniff when she means to knock him on the head with an ax. The Roll of Fame and the Garland of Glory are crowded with the names of men and women who rose high in order to be easy marks for trouble. It is a thousand to one shot that if you know the name of a man who became famous or was glorious, you know the name of the man who got just about the worst the world could give him before his light went out.

Back in Rome, in the year 54 B. C. there was a man in the fruit and vegetable business, just around the corner from Main Street. He had begun as a banana peddler, carrying a basket from house to house, and presently he had a little two-by-four shop with the name "George the Greek" over the door. No one knew him

except the people who lived in that neighborhood. A matron would say to her daughter, "Aurelia, take a dime out of the tea-pot and run down to the Greek's and get a head of lettuce," and George the Greek would make six cents profit and not have to deliver the goods to the home.

By the time 50 B. C. arrived George the Greek, who had come to the country as a poor emigrant, was able to let his eleven children wear sandals every day and his wife had a real hat.

By 48 B. C. he had quite a little money in the bank and owned

a second-hand tin chariot and two half-horse-power horses, and on Saturnalia and other holidays he could be seen taking his on Saturnalia and other holidays he could be family out for a ride and be heard telling (Continued on page 134)

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kinda familiar looking head, and I realized where it was that darn kid of mine with a real devoted little girl—I suppose he has inherited my sex appeal. "Hey, you two kids, come right out this minute!" I says.

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### By Nina Wilcox Putnam

## Some Boloney!

A Story of the Boy who Made His Father Famous

Itlustrations by James Montgomery Flagg

HERE is a sweet old song that says "a man is known by the clothes that he wears, if the coat's a full house and the pants is two pairs." And personally I consider that a very wise crack, on account if a feller don't dress good, why it's gonner hurt him in business. What I mean is this. A guy whose executive ability is their strongest point,

such as myself, why if they are not a snappy dresser, they ain't got no more chance in business then a neck of lamb in a stew. Clothes helps a feller over

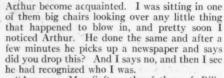
many a weak point. Oh, I have got the ability to judge human nature! And that is why I got the right dope on that feller Arthur DeGrant, the very first time I met him.

Arthur was one Class A gent, from the windshield in his left eye to the white carnation in his buttonhole, and the white buttonholes on the spats he would sometimes wear in spite of me explaining where they couldn't be necessary, not in our California climat :. And he did take a lot of trouble to get acquainted

Of course from the very minute I come out here to Hollywood intending to match the big stars for first place on the screen, a lot of folks had run after me. And I don't mean only my landlady or the common feller which sold me my big Crane-Simplex on time, neither. Any handsome young widower, the same

as myself, has naturally got to expect that sort of thing. But as soon's I realized where that darn kid of mine could make big sensation with a bunch of nuts in the picture business that didn't even have sense enough to try me out, well, of course after that I wouldn't hamper my wonder boy any, not at the salary he could get, especially with me as a added attraction in the capacity of personal manager for the young 'un, he being only around six years old. Well, as I was saying, ever since the Silvermount commenced starring that darn kid of mine, various kinds of people had been running after me a lot, and even after that sister-in-law of mine, Mary McCree, the one which had been keeping house for ne since my wife died.

Mary, she didn't bother about anybody running after her. She kept all her interest in her business, which was a big public stenography place down in Los Angeles. And so it fell upon me, see, to meet a lot of strangers that wanted to know us, and Arthur DeGrant was the first one that I took any real fancy to. It was in the lobby of the Alexandria in Los Angeles that I and



"Are you Mr. Softer, the father of Billy Softer who's in the pictures?" he says.

"Billy certainly is my wonder

boy!" I says.

Arthur moved right over then. "By Jove, but that's interesting!" he says. "I've been arxious to meet you for quite some time,' he says. "I understand you are

he says. "I understand you are his personal manager?"
"Correct!" I says. "He's working out to the Silvermount lot this very minute," I says. "And I am merely down-town looking out for his interests. They don't insist on me remaining over to the lot a great deal." ing over to the lot a great deal," I explained, "so I just attend to his big outside affairs."

"That's what I'd been told," says Arthur. "I say! This is simply ripping! I'm one of your great admirers, Mr. Softer, and this is a big moment in my life, I assure you!

Well, naturally I didn't say nothing only pish-tush or some thing equally modest to that, but more abundance! I did wish that sister-in-law of mine could of heard him. She was always henning the life out of me with cracks about people working and some guys had it easy and so forth, and I sure would of been glad for her to see where a regular swell like this bird could recognize my real worth in a minute. anyways I and him got to talking

and he mentioned where he knew a lot of prominent people, and I realized that would be a good thing for us and so forth. And first thing you know, why, we was real pals.

One reason why we got intimate so rapid was that Arthur didn't haf to work unless he wanted. He didn't happen to have no car just then, and so I and he used to go around in my Crane-Simplex A lot. But he owned some fine oil lands out towards Santa Monica so he should worry about toiling! He even mentioned where he might be willing to let me have a few lots out there, they would be a fine investment for my kid.

Well, more abundance, that is just the kinda thing I believe in. There was one drawback to his proposition, however, namely that I didn't have no proposition. that I didn't have no control over Billy's salary, Mary having insisted upon me making her the kid's trustee. However, that was something my business judgment told me wouldn't be good sense to advertise. So I merely told Arthur I thought the oil lands would be a good buy, and I would take the matter up a little later.



After I and Arthur got to chumming around considerable, one Sunday I took him out to our home in the Golden Gables development, which I had bought for the kid out of his money, with Mary's signature. But something give me a feeling in advance where Mary wasn't gonner feel the same towards Arthur as I did, and sure enough, as usual I was right. Hardly had we got in the place then Mary hauled me out for a conference in

the hall.

"Where did you get the lizard?" she says. "I thought you was scared of snakes?" she says. "Take it out right away, please."

Well, as a fact, I had been down to Haas's jewelry store in Los Angeles looking over a diamond pendant for Mary's birthday. At this date the deal itself was pendent. I didn't exactly see where would I get even the first payment much less the money for it, on account Mary had me all signed to contribute to the support of the house, which naturally I would of suggested that if she hadn't But I do like to encourage business, so I would go in this store onct in a while and have them lay something aside for me, just to keep up their interest in their work, and naturally I had taken Arthur in there with me a coupla times.

The next day after he was out to the house we dropped in Haas's again. And who would we run into but Carstairs, the great director. It was a funny thing, too, but only a few minutes before Arthur had been mentioning to me where he knew the feller.

"Hello there, Softer!" says Carstairs. "Did you get a message from the studio?"

"Why, no!" I says. "What was it? I been out on business most all day.'

"Well, I know the office wants to see you about something very important," says Carstairs, "and you'd better show up at once. If you're headed that way now, I'll ride back with you."

"Sure!" I says. "Mr. Carstairs, you know Mr. DeGrant, don't you?" Well, more abundance! by the time I had this said Arthur was 'way over by the door, chatting with a clerk about watches or something. And when I went over to get him, it

seems he had a important engagement.
"Well, sorry, old man!" I says. "I'll see you soon."
"I'll call you up later," he says. "Too bad, but I must run now, really!"

CARSTAIRS got into my big special body boat with me and we headed for the Silvermount. "Funny looking character man, your friend," he says.

"What did you say his name was?"
"DeGrant!" I says. "Arthur DeGrant. You know him, Mr. Carstairs."

"Oh, quite possibly!" says he. "I haven't a very good memory for people."

When we reached the lot there was big Benny Silvermount his own self, and his secretary, Mr. Cohen.

"Sit down, Softer, please," says the big egg. "A couple of situations have arisen that I suppose we must come to you about since you are the boy's father, after all!"
"Yes?" I says. "That wonder boy of mine is

very close to my heart, Mr. Silvermount-he means

a great deal to me."
"I got no slightest doubt of that," says the president. "Now as you know, the boy's contract reads that he shall not be obliged to make more then four pictures a year, and the idea in that was for him to get a good rest in between whiles. Now our situation is this. Our quarters are too cramped We are going to buy land and build the biggest and best studio on the coast. Also, we have arranged to sell this lot to the Goldringer Pictures Corporation. We expect to close for our land very shortly now, and in the meanwhile, before Goldringer commences using this place and

the new one maybe ain't ready for us, we should clean up all the work possible. I want you to agree to let Billy start his new picture two weeks after he finishes this one."

"Sure," I says. "I'll allow him. I personally don't believe in

kids hanging around idle. "Well, you understand, Mr. Softer," says Mr. Cohen, "that your contract does not state at exactly what intervals Billy's pictures shall be made. I just wanted to point out to you that if for some reason you changed this plan, we could, technically, break the contract.



"Aw, go tie up a noodle!" I says. "He's a friend of mine. And he knows all the best people in the pictures, Mary. "Who told you?" she says.
"Why, he did, of course!" I says.

"Naturally they wouldn't of!" says she, sarcastic.

Then she done a bounce up the stairs and wouldn't come down no more. But Arthur, he was above noticing that kinda play, and he merely says to me, charming girl, your sister-in-law, charming girl, no wonder you are figuring on such a handsome birthday present for her.

"Oh, see that Silvermo Well are hopi Billy. O been fail and all w a real big

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"Oh, I am a business man," I says. "I understand; and I'll see that he works, all right! What will his next picture be. Mr. Silvermount? Have you decided?"
"Well, Mr. Softer," Mr. Cohen says, "as a matter of fact we are hoping to have a big name attached to this next scenario for a start of the control of

Billy. Of course you realize we have sunk considerable money in the pictures we have put him out in, and while none of them ain't

been failures by any means, still and all we want to establish him as a real big star in order to warrant the investment. So we are hop-ing to get Mrs. Anne Rutherford Rainsford to write a special for him. She is a very hard woman to approach, Mr. Softer, she is so successful she can afford to be independent. I understand where she has come out here merely for the winter climate, she ain't looking for work. But we got her pretty near talked into doing a story for your kid, and if she does we will put him over with a

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"Well, gents," I says, "what style of a dame is this Mrs. Rainsford, anyways? Of course I know her name, and I give my full, enthusiastic consent to that wonder boy of mine acting in anything she writes. But how is she -what is her speed?"

"Terrible exclusive!" says Mr. Silvermount with feeling. "She's a rich widow, I understand, but she didn't get nothing from him, she made it all herself."

she made it all herselt."
"Well, boys," I says, "I'll
think it over, and if I can dope
out anything to help you get a
contract with her, I sure will

"By no means, Mr. Softer!" says Mr. Cohen. "Don't put courself out. You ain't expected to work too heavy on this lot. Now I think we understand each other clear. Don't let us keep you any longer."

Well, of course I felt that was very considerate of them, so I says where I certainly appreciated their realizing I was a very busy man, and then I got my kelly out, collected that darn kid of mine and started for home.

HADN'T been in that place long before the phone rang, and who ould it be but Arthur DeGrant.

"Well, old bean," he says, "and what did they want you out at

"Oh, nothing much," I says. "Say, do you know Mrs. Anne Rutherford Rainsford? I seem to remember you mentioning it." "Oh, yes, indeed!" he come back. "She's an old friend of mine.

"Well, that's great!" I says, "on account the principal thing the studio wanted to see me about was for me to help them get her to write a special for that boy of mine. I been thinking it over and I realize where I have always been able to get women to do anything I wanted, and probably the best thing is to see her personally a wanted. sonally myself. So will you fix up a introduction right away, old

Well, for a minute I thought central had cut us off. But she hadn't, it was merely Arthur sneezing or something, and then his voice come back.

"Good heavens, is she out here on the coast?" he says.
"Sure," I says. "She's taken a house, they tell me. Could you fait in p for tonight? Maybe she'd come on down to Marcel's Café for dinner."

"Well, I'm afraid I can't tonight very well," he says. "I've got an important engagement."

"When will you shake me down to her?" I says. "I'm scheduled to do a little fast work. We need that picture, Mr. Silvermount and myself!" "Well, my dear chap, you can't rush that sort of thing!" says Arthur, kinda upstage. "Be reasonable—it may be a week before Mrs. Rainsford sees me!" And we hung up.



But hanging up, in the business sense of the word, don't never appeal to me. Once my executive ability gets aroused, nothing can stop it except hard work. So the next day after this I took that darn kid of mine off on a location and then I

hopped in my bus and beat it over to the studio to see could I find out Mrs. Rainsford's address without exactly asking the office. I felt the office might try and cramp my style.

The chief trouble in my mind as I walked up to that blond dumb Dora at the gate was, who to ask for Mrs. R.'s number? And then just by luck I noticed a big car stop out in front. It was sure Ritzy, with an extra chauffeur on the front deck, and out of it got one of these grand dames, like the Empress of Park Avenue or something. She was a classy dresser, but no chicken, nor trying to be one, neither. Yet she was really a beauty, and if lorgnettes was used nowadays, she would of. But she didn't

really need one, she give the effect without.

"Holy fishcakes!" I says to that dumb Dora on account it's her business to know everybody. "Who is the panic that's approaching?"

"Hush!" says she. "Don't you know? Why, that is Mrs. Anne Rutherford Rainsford, the great (Continued on page . 78)

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Where is the joy of walking?

The City Where People Forget How To

Illustrations by Ralph Barton

HE stood at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fortysixth Streetof a girl, waiting for the sluice-gates of

traffic to fall so she could cross. There was a jauntiness to her cloche hat, a rather cruel smirk about her brilliant red lips and a face that at nineteen had grown coarse and hard.

It so happened that I saw her two years before when she came to me upon her arrival in New York with a letter of introduction from a relative. Then she epitomized the vivacity and purity of fresh young maidenhood. It was quite easy to picture her the central figure in a scene of pastoral simplicity—ginghams and the garden gate waiting for a lover strong and true.

Two years—and New York had exacted its toll. Her eyelashes were beaded with cunning, sheer stockings showed to her knees and her expression was that of the wanton.

In a way she symbolized the ruthlessness of this roaring metropolis. It seems to feed and fatten on such tragedies as these.

They come, young men and young women by the thousands. thrilling to hope and ambition. and are soon broken on the wheel.

New York is America's gayest city-and saddest. Back of the tinseled glitter is ever the muffled note of despair. We who are caught and held in its glamourous web are always conscious of the futility of lives around us.

It is a Promised Land strewn with blasted hopes. For one success we see a thousand miserable failures. And nowhere is failure quite so tragic.

I see the yellow lights of Broadway and the gay young creatures, as bright as flamingoes, drawn to its flame, and I think of the python with button eyes gleaming yellow, charming the dove.

I see the towering canyons of Wall Street where men one day ride the crest of the financial wave and the next begin the heartbreaking travail to the

Bowery.

I see the benches in Bryant Park with its rows of the ruddled and beaten sitting all day long and far into the night motionless and staring.

I see the aged and lonely, with bowed heads and mumbling lips, trudging the paves as though in dreams. I see the cerise-lipped and curiously coiffed creatures in limousines bowling to beauty parlors in their last desperate fight against age-and oblivion.

I see young manhood debauched in those sinister parlors and cases where fiery poison is served in tea-cups. I see the feverish animation of thousands enslaved to drugs. I see young men and young women who came here hugging their colossal dreams buttering out lives in obscure jobs. I see

thousands with a stinging longing for home who will never go I see lone hearses on their way to the Potter's Field. I see all this pitiable misery and more. And shudder. For no city exacts

so much and gives so little. Walk along any prominent New York street and you see a sea of tight-lipped faces—the last laugh squeezed out. Even New York's smile seems to have become a grimace.

По то those midnight havens where the city tries to jazz up life with song and dance and you find no froth of merriment such as you see in London or Paris. Instead a lethargic atmosphere of boredom so stiff it almost crackles.

New York does not know how to play. Its chronic pleasure seekers are like so many sheep on

a treadmill. They roam to this night club and that-following the bell-wether-and try to drown ennui with lethal libations.

So small and stuffy are the dance floors that even those who want to dance cannot without being stepped upon, poked and jabbed. Yet in this atmosphere they will remain until dawn trying to turn the wine of remembrance into a stupor of forgetfulness.

Poems have been sung and novels fashioned about the dash and gaiety of the Gay White Way. This gaiety reminds you of an abandoned merry-go-round in a vacant lot-paint-peeled and tarnished.

There are lights, yes, jazz, color, rush and hurry, but the spontaneity that comes with happy hearts is lacking. There is more happiness in one peaceful cottage out where the pavement ends than there is in the whole of

Broadway.
A study of Millionaires' Row reveals that gaining millions has not brought happiness. gloomiest homes in all the city are to be found in this district.

They are mansions but they are boarded up most of the time and are given over to a scheme of butlers and caretakers while the owners are chasing the elusive bluebird at Palm Beach or the



II. The atmosphere of boredom is so stiff it crackles.

# McINTTRE

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Even the little children of the rich along the Mall in Central Park seem affected by the suppressed gaiety. Their ancered by the suppressed garcty. Their hundred dollar toys litter up the green-ward unused. They do not shout and tomp as is childhood's wont. They stand about rather pathetically with their prim white-capped nurses as starched and stiff as a white shirt-front.

Visit the smart tea-rooms in the late afternoon and you see fashionably gowned and bejeweled wives clandestinely meeting those suave young blackmailers with brilliantined hair and meticulously polished nails.

These are not women of doubtful virtue. They are merely those who seek any escape from the unutterable monotony and the unmeasured air of fatigue that come with idleness and luxury. They are left alone most of the time while their husbands are grubbing away in the money marts. Contact is casual. They have no neighbors and so they seek the false joys of the tea-

Even the joy of walking has become impossible because of the jangled street traffic. Fretting and fuming mobs surge about every crossing, entirely lost to ordinary courtesy.

It is not quite fair to say New York intends to be aloof and cruel. But its overwhelming bigness has blotted up the milk of human kindness that makes life so worth

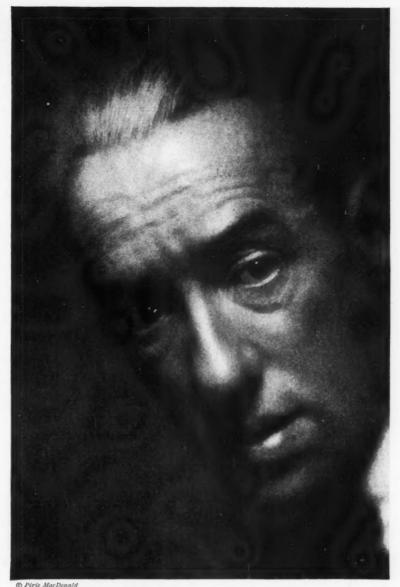
Greed somehow begins to corrode sympathy.



The laundry had not sent back his favorite white vest.

And I believe the compelling motive of this greed is to get away-to store up enough wealth to seek the simple pleasures to which every true heart responds.

I have been searching my mind for the happiest man I know in New York. He is not rich save in He is friendships. not infused with a lust for power. He is a cobbler on Sixth Avenue with a fringe of white hair and eyes that beam merrily at you over the top of half-spectacles.



Q.O. O. McIntyre, who knows his New York inside and out.

In the rear of his shop is his home—a single room which also houses a dog, a parrot and a singing canary. He cooks his own meals, mends his own clothes and during the day pegs away at his bench and has a smile or friendly nod for the passing throngs.

On Sunday he roams the tree-girt hills of Jersey with his dog. Three nights a week he goes on a round of visits to shut-ins, cheering them with his pleasing presence and giving them the benefit of his pleasant philosophy.

He has man knows nothing of Broadway and its voices. He has never been to a theater.

He has wrested peace and content where others all about him are finding only despair.

Not so long ago I stopped in to chat with him. He was trying to ease the pain of a pigeon struck by an automobilist in the

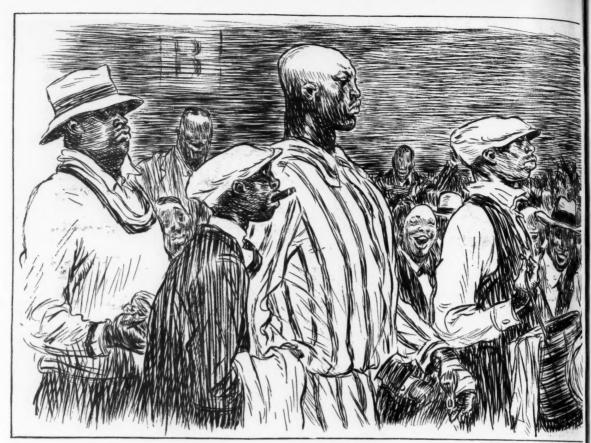
From his dingy, dim-lit shop I went to the blazing ornate

apartment of an eminently successful man.

He was in the throes of a violent rage, heaping malediction upon New York and its people. His personal valet and butler stood dumbly by, fearing even to offer polite sympathy.

The master had discovered that his favorite white dinner vest had not returned from the laundry.

Is it any wonder that New York makes you cry?



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# By Irvin S. COBB Parker Illustrations by J. W. McGurk The Parker

N THE whole, the fawn-colored stranger had dash and sprightliness; still and undeniably there was something about him. Marking him from a place among the bystanders on the edge of the group clustered over the crap table in the inner room of the Idlewild Chile Parlors on West One Hundred and Thirty-fifth Street, 'Stallmints Stickney remarked inwardly that there certainly was something about him.

It wasn't that the party under observation lacked for assurance. Of that he had a-plenty and then to spare. Nor was his conversation open to criticism, nor yet his general bearing. Even so, he somehow betrayed that he wasn't altogether city-wise. A seasoned metropolitan, such for instance as 'Stallmints Stickney was, could tell without being told that this engaging young man had not quite the New York manner. There were unsophisticated touches to his wardrobe, there were words in his vocabulary which marked him for one lately arrived out of the provinces.

The dark watcher kept on watching. The stranger kept on shooting. He faded no bets but when his turn came to roll the dice he backed his plays with smallish sums. So doing, his air would indicate that it was the sport of the thing which interested him rather than the trifling amounts involved. But beneath that jaunty indifference the observer was sure he detected an undercurrent of nervousness as though the haunting wraith of a financial stringency occasionally rose to breathe through this airy surface.

stringency occasionally rose to breathe through this airy surface. "Risks six bits," chanted the alien. "Who's cravin' to ride wid me? An' kindly git yore side-bets down befo' the harrycane starts." He blew on the cubes and addressed that ardent habitué on his right who had staked against him.

"You don't know how lucky you is off," he said. "S'posn' l'd been playin' big money instid of this yere chicken-feed—what would you be w'en I flang the magic points, w'ich I'm now fixed to do so?"

"Go on an' th'ow 'em," urged his skeptical opponent. "Ineverseen you befo', that I knows of, but you don't seem lak to me you's so many."

"I guess you ain't counted me lately. An' don't hurry me, black boy. Lemme cuddle these lil' playmates an' warm 'em an' breathe on 'em till they reckernizes the master's te'ch. Lissen—they's whisperin' to me—they says they's right. Here they comes—bam! Read 'em, friend, read 'em an' moan!"

But when the bones stopped rolling they showed six multiplied by two. The winner scooped in the cash. The loser made his next cast. On the second trial he ran a half up to a dollar, the dollar to a brace of dollars, the brace to a quartet, then fell of. This had happened before.

"Look like these yere wall-eyed babies don't aim to acknowledge their own dear popper," he admitted. "But, gen'elmen the evenin's young. They's bound to quit goin' ag'inst orders befo' long."

But they didn't quit. As once more the ivories went the creuit and were passed to him, he glanced down at his own flant and spoke in a tone of whimsical apology: "'Scuse me, Mister Pocket, I got to trouble you ag'in."

A solitary quarter came forth and at the first disastrous cast was transferred to other custody. The stranger wriggled out of the ring of devotees.



conqueror, and he but slightly bent to acknowledge the welcome of the multitude.

# House Roll Bark Hope

"Somethin' seems to tell me 'tain't my night," he confessed.
"But, gamboliers, I gives you fair warnin': Ef ever I does git rightsome, you better git the wimmen an' child'en to a place of safety in the cyclome cellar—tha's all." He set his tan fedora on the extreme left slope of his dome and went out sauntering.

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At the cigar stand by the street door he halted. 'Stallmints Stickney, who had followed, checked at the partition which divided the public business department at the front from the private social department at the back. If the departing one knew he was being stalked he gave no sign of it.

knew he was being stalked he gave no sign of it.

"Lemme have one of yore best ten-centers," he commanded.
His mien was opulent; it bordered on the lofty.

The owner of the Idlewild produced a box from within a showcase and the patron made a choice and paid. He lighted his purchase and drew deeply on it, then puffed forth the intake with a cough.

"An' so in this town they gits a dime apiece for these yere things?" he commented softly, as though in a revery. "An' the Great War been over nearly six yeahs, too."

Defore the outraged caterer could frame a retort 'Stallmints Stickney had waddled down stage, projecting his pachydermic bulk between these two and making a broadened group picture of it. He laid a hand of the size and general color of a well-cured venison ham upon the shoulder of the smoker. If the latter secretly was pleased by this—and secretly he was—he chose not to admit the fact. His glance was oblique.

"'Scuse me," he said, "but seems lak I don't place you."
"Quite sich is most doubtless the case," replied the overstuffed man, employing stylish language, "but tha's a misfortune
I'm aimin' to git corrected. I been overheedin' whut's jest went
on yonder"—he flirted rearward with a baked plantain of a
thumb—"an' I lak the cut of yore jib. You is my kind of folks."
He extended the haunch-like hand. "The name is Isaiah
Stickney, better knowed ez 'Stallmints Stickney. I don't know
ez I ketched yourn?"

"Git yore ketchin' mask on then an' yore laigs spraddled.
Mine's Royal Arcanum Watts."

The large man jerked so that several of his chins quivered slightly. "Tha's—tha's a name fur a secret order, ain't it?"
"I knows that fully well." The visitor's manner still was dis-

"I knows that fully well." The visitor's manner still was distant. "But my mammy didn't w'en she wuz namin' me it. She wuz great on fancy book-names. Got a sister named Filet Mignon . . . Wuz they anything else?"

"Well, Mist' Watts, I jest wants to say I'm much pleased to meet up wid you. Jest furgit the Isaiah part. 'Cause, ez I wuz sayin', I'se better knowned ez 'Stallmints Stickney account of me bein' sole perprietor of Stickney's Strictly One Price to All Installmint Store. Motto: 'You Furnishes the Bird, We Furnishes the Nest.' Yere's one of my perfessional cards. You muster heered of my 'stablishment even ef you ain't heered of me?''

The debonair Watts regarded the card casually. "Well, Brother Stickney, any time I sh'd be needin' a few nestin' materials I'll try to remember yore number." He made as though to go.



"I lak the cut of yore jib," said 'Stallmints Stickney. "You is my kind of folks. I don't know ez I ketched yore name?"

"Hold yore hosses." The smile of the ponderous merchandiser was wide and winning. "I ain't hopin' to git you on the books. I sorter got it in the back part of my haid that you mout he'p me git other folks' names on the books an' keep 'em there." "Meanin' w'ich?"

"Come over yere w'ile I specify." He drew the other aside.
"I tek it you is a newcomer yere?"

"Well, natchelly I has passed th'ough New Yawk-seve'l times.

counterfeited.

"Oh, I could tell soon ez I seen you that you'd done a heap of travelin' pro and con. But the main notion wid me is, you ain't

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"Oh speak weight Tenne He's Champ only je w'ich by me whilst "W] swell e "Yo Whut jaw an Memp

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"Most doubtless." Tone of conviction on this point was well

"But I never stopped off befo'."

been yere long 'nuff to git gine'lly acquainted. You's still whut we mout call a transom—ain't it so, now?"
"In a way of speakin'—yas."

"Well now, tha's kinder whut I'm lookin' fur-a live wire that ain't got tangled up yit wid too much friendliness in this part of our city. I requires sich a live wire in my business, w'ich it seems lak frum whut I seen standin' off studyin' you tonight, that you mout fill the bill. I ain't needin' somebody so much fur the sellin' end. Sellin' the stuff is my main holt my own se'f. But wen it comes to goin' round collectin' the Easy Weekly Paymints. wenit comes to goin round collectin the Easy Weekly Paymints, tha's wherein I been goin' shy lately fur a feller that kin keep 'em in good humor wid his funny sayin's an' all, an' yit at the same time bring home the change. 'Cause, confidentially, 'tween you an' me, Watts, them Easy Weekly Paymints seems a heap mo' easy to 'em w'en they's contractin' fur new household plunder then they does w'en the 'stallmints starts fallin' due.

"So I jest now sez to myse'f that ef you could prove to me you is dependable in money matters most doubtless we mout hook up together. Speakin' of money, you yo'se'f ain't none too well upholstered wid ready cash at this present moment, is you?"

"How come you come to think that?" A cleverly simulated

"My son, don't git huffy. In the 'stallmint furniture line you got to be a mind-reader. You got to look right th'ough a thick pair of wool, britches an' tell how much coinage the pusson that's wearin's ame is got in his britches pocket. Wattsy, whut say we goes off to some quieter place then whut this is an' tawk it over? Cause tha's me frum who laid the rail—once't my mind is made up I acks speedy."

'M 'BLIGE' to you fur yore interest in my privacy but, ez things is, I ain't in no position to consider yore application.' "Don't say it till you heahs me fu'ther.

"Wait an' heah me. I has lately give up jest plain business.

I'se come yere to this town ez a sportin' permoter."
"Whut kinder sportin'?—they's many diffe'nt kinds."

"The best kind they is. You is now tawkin' wid the 'sclusive manager of a prize-fightin' pugilist name of K. O. Broadus . . . Well, wuz they anything else you wished fur to know bout my pussonal affairs?" Again he appeared politely desirous to pussonal attains: Again the appeared pointery desirous to terminate the interview, seeming not to have noticed the start of surprise which stirred the elephantine shape alongside him. "Well, ain't that estonishin'!" exclaimed the instalment dealer. "Tackle a man on one angle

an' lo an' behole, it turns out he's got some other angle w'ich it mebbe'll lead to mo' or less real doin's." shifted so as to block the route of exit. "Pardner, detain yo'se'f a lil' bit longer. My reasons will be made manifested shortly. Tell me somethin' mo' about this yere—this yere K. O. Broadway.

"Broadus is the name-Knock-Out Broadus, but K. O. fur short.

"Whom is he?"

"Oh, practically nobody much to speak of. He's only jest the Middle-weight Cullid Champion of Kintucky, Tennessee and Nawthe'n Alabama. He's lonly jest the oncomin' Cullid Champion of the Ontire South. He's only jest the Black Hope of Dixieland, wich has now been fetched up yere

by me to mop up wid some of these yere local pufformers whilst the moppin' up is good. Tha's all he is.

"Whut's he ever done an' whut's he got to justify them

swell entitlemints?"

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"You asts me whut's he done? You asts a mouthful! What did he do to the Memphis Kid? One biff on the aw an' they wuz takin' the sad news home to the Memphis Kid's folks 'count of him bein' still sound asleep. Whut did he do to Gingersnap Gentry, the Fightin' Waiter of the Pendennis Club, Loueyville? Changed that side-steppin' fool to a soft snap befo' the openin' round had went one-ha'f minute. Whut did he do to Home Brew Hennessy, the Demon Hebrew of Evansville? Only he had to crost the line to New Albany, Indiana, to do it, Hennessy bein' a w'ite boy. Whut's he done to ever'body that wuz reckless 'nuff to trust theyselves inside the same ring wid him?

"Then you asts me whut's he got? Ever'thing, tha's all. Speed an' the wallop! A right lak a mule kickin' an' a left lak the Judgmint Day! Foot work an' haid work! Bag-punchin' in all its branches an' insomnia cured in one easy lesson!"

"Well an' good," quoth his audience as this well rehearsed orator paused for a fresh breath. "You tawks prize-fight poetry frum the soul. But how 'bout tekin' punishment 'long wid givin' it out? Kin yore entry stand up an' swap 'em?"

"You wants to know kin he?" Scorn for the ignorance of one

who would put such a question appeared to dam the gush of memorized eloquence. "Huh! Tha's all I answers, huh! . . . Well, confabbin' is pleasant pastime but I got to be gittin' 'long back to the hotel where we's stoppin' an' see ef ole K. O. ain't gittin' lonesome. I ain't interested in the 'stallmint business and you natchelly ain't interested in the pugilism business.

"How you know I ain't? You's smart, yeller boy, I kin tell that, but you don't know ever'thing on earth. Say, has

you ever et a mess of this yere chop suey?"

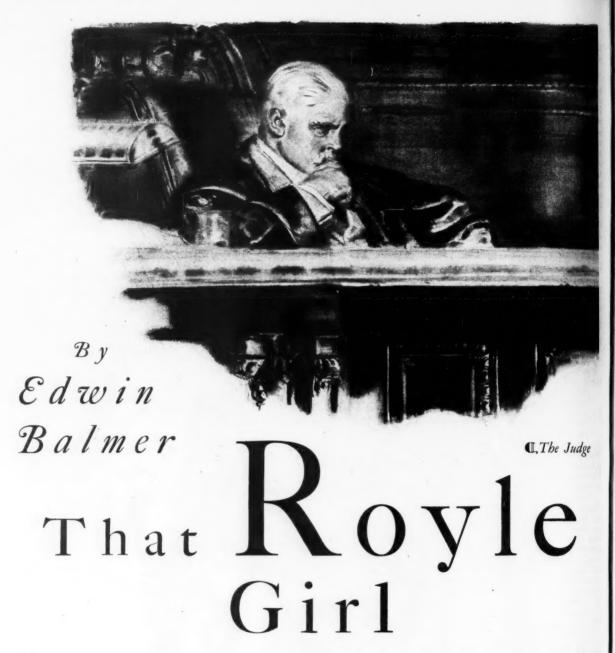
Not right recently." "An' not right never, I bet vou. Come on wid me acrost the street. Wattsy-yere's where yore chop suey education gits started off right. An' w'ile so doin' I'm goin' tell you somethin' w'ich it'll prove to you a kind Providince must 'a' directed this yere meet-in' betwixt us tonight."

An hour and a half later and six blocks distant, on farther



Leven in his agony, Knock-Out heard a taunt: "Nothin' only a shell! But the shell's loaded with high exploserives, ain't it?"

67



The Story So Far:

OAN DAISY ROYLE lives in Chicago. Her adopted father, Dads, though charming, is a thorough rascal. Her mother is a drug addict. Joan feels that their life, moving from hotel to rooming house and frequently being "kicked out," has been a disgrace. Yet she herself has grown into a fearless, independent, intelligent girl, with a great capacity to dream. And especially does she dream of

FREDERIC KETLAR, who is now on trial for murdering his wife Adele, with whom he has not been living. Joan is the principal witness for the defense. The uneducated son of an unmarried manicurist, Ket has made himself into a famous jazz band leader. But popularity and women have spoiled him. He does not understand Joan's dream of making him a second Mozart; on the night of the murder, for instance, when they were together in his apartment and hers talking over his new jazz composition, he spent most of his time trying to kiss her. Joan has a sound alibi for Ket, and she has seen another man (who looked very much like him) in Adele's apartment on the night of the murder; but

MAX ELMEN, the shrewd defense attorney, will not let her tell the entire truth on the witness stand. He says the truth is too contradictory, and he builds up a consistent story, which involves many lies. Meanwhile

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CALVIN CLARKE, the Assistant District Attorney, has proved to his own satisfaction that Joan is a bad character and Ket is guilty. He is a New England blue-blood and despises the "many-bloods" of the Middle West anyway. Yet, strangely and dramatically, Calvin has gradually fallen in love with Joan. He has tried to fight down the feeling, uselessly. But his New England conscience drives him to do his duty, and he goes into the trial determined to show up Joan for what he believes her to be, and to convict Ketlar.

The trial is now on. Elmen has won the first skirmishes by getting a jury to his liking. Calvin has presented his own witnesses to corroborate his straightforward, simple account of the murder. Everyone is on tiptoe to hear the witnesses for the defense, and especially that Royle girl.

The Story Continues:

HE State," said Calvin, at eleven o'clock in the morning of the third day, "the State rests, your Honor." And he turned slowly from the Judge to the table of the defense.



Max Elmen had relapsed into his seat at the table with his elbows upon the bare board and with his big bald head bowed between his hands in a devout posture of petition. Visibly his lips moved like the lips of a priest at solemn meditation.
Calvin stared at him with surprised disgust. Elmen raised

his head

"Take the stand please," he said to Anna Folwell and whispered, as though only for her, but so that everyone heard, "for your boy's sake

Anna Folwell looked straight into Elmen's eyes; from him, she gazed straight into the eyes of her son, who turned to her; then Calvin found her gazing into his.

He turned and stepped back and sat down at his table beside Ellison and did not watch the witness again until she was sworn.

Elmen took a step nearer and spoke in a low tone.

"What is your name, please?"

"My name is Anna Ketlar Folwell," the witness replied in a low voice, which also was distinct.

"You are married?"

"Yes; I am married."

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"You are also employed?" "I have a list of ladies whose hair I shampoo."

"When were you married?"

"I married John Folwell on the seventh of September, three years ago.

"Before that time, what was your name?"

"Anna Ketlar."

"You had never been married before three years ago?"

Behind him, Calvin heard the shuffle of feet which told him that the people on the crowded benches were bending forward. The jurymen bent closer to her, every man staring into her face; and a tinge of red mantled her cheek and throat.

"No," she replied, with her eyes steady upon her questioner's.
"You always found employment shampooing ladies' hair?" Elmen led her on.

No; I have done that only since I became older."

"When you were younger, what was your employment?" "I was a manicurist in a hotel barber shop."

"Are you related to the accused in this case?" asked Elmen.

"I am his mother.

"How old is he?" "He was twenty-four years old on the twelfth day of last May," she replied, keeping her eyes and lips still steady, but her bosom relaxed and swiftly filled again with the gasp of her breathing.

'Where was he born?"



"In a rooming house-it was on Indiana Avenue in Chicago."

"What name did you give him?"

"Frederic Ketlar.

"Your own surname, that is? You never gave him the name of his father?'

"I have never," she replied and touched with her tongue her dry lips, "told to anyone the name of his father."
"Has be aver soon his father."

'Has he ever seen his father?'

"Never to my knowledge. When Fred got his band a few years ago and was doing so well, I wrote his father that Fred Ketlar was his son and where he could see his son if he wished to. I do not know whether his father ever went to see him; my son could not have known his father if he faced him. "Did his father ever reply to you?" asked Elmen.

"Get up!" ejaculated Ellison to Calvin and when Calvin did not immediately respond, Ellison was on his feet. "I object, your Honor!" he cried to the Judge; and the witness was silent.

The Judge waited before ruling and gazed at the State's ttorneys. Calvin arose and with Ellison advanced toward the Attorneys. Judge with Elmen stepping beside them.

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"Your Honor, this question is irrelevant and immaterial," Ellison protested vigorously and turned to his associate to re-

"The State," said Calvin slowly, "has made no point of the circumstances of the defendant's birth, much less of the relations

between his parents. This is simply a play for sympathy—"
"To which, your Honor," interrupted Elmen eloquently, "the defendant is surely entitled. The learned counsel for the State have made no point of these circumstances because they are well aware that these be in our favor.

"I bring them out to show how my client, by his own talent and character, made himself famous and honorable from a most unfortunate beginning for which he can be held in no way to blame. Therefore, evidence to show the father's neglect of him is competent."

Calvin started back to his seat even before the Judge ruled that the witness answer. "Never," she replied; and Calvin realized that the objection had served merely to increase sympathy for her and for her son.



"You brought up your son by yourself?" Elmen proceeded.

"Yes. "You may relate to the jury incidents which you have observed and distinguishing traits to show his

nature and character," said Elmen, "so that the jury may be aided to decide whether or not he was a boy likely to murder his wife and the mother of his child, as has been charged by the State.

"From the time when he was a very little boy," said Ketlar's mother, "he wanted to do all he could to help me by making money, running errands for patrons of the hotel . . . He begged the manager to employ him as a page when he was much younger than other boys . . ."

CALVIN listened and watched her, unwillingly, as she told of

"He always had a liking for music and wanted to be around when the orchestra was playing . . . I missed him early one winter morning in the room where he slept on a couch. It wasn't his way to make me worry by going off, so I waited and about four o'clock he come in. He didn't know I'd missed him

and I didn't let him know I was awake. But the same thing happened next early morning Soon I found out.

"There was a basement restaurant, with a piano, which could be played without disturbing people who were asleep; Fred was down there playing at the piano when the scrubbers were cleaning up. By spring that boy could play-fine; in a couple of years he could play anything—the violin or cornet or saxophone. He was just a natural genius, my little boy. The whole city heard about him and just flocked to hear him play and to see him, too, tossing his head in time to his music and smiling so .

Tears blurred her eyes but she maintained better control of herself than did some of the jurymen, who wiped their eyes again and

'At this time," asked Elmen of his witness, "how was he toward you? Did his attitude

toward you change? "I'd never have worked in years if Fred had his way. I worked because I'd be lost without it; that was all. No; that wasn't quite all, either," the witness corrected. "I guess the truth of it was that I worked because I couldn't believe way inside of me that what'd come to Fred—to my boy, born the way I've told you—could be true, gentlemen." She faced for the first time toward the jury. "Somebody or something would take him from me, I knew; not for anything he ever would do, not because he ever would be bad, but because I was bad. gentlemen, to get him. It was the fear in my heart that my joy in my son couldn't be given

Silence, except for sobbing, ensued in the court-room.

HE State," Calvin heard in Elmen's voice, "the State may cross-examine this witness. And Calvin's mind warned him that Elmen's purpose in putting this woman first upon the stand was not only to start the defense with a tremendous emotional appeal but to dangle bait before him for cross-examination. Besmirching must be done this day, Calvin knew; but the mother was not the one to take the first

attack. How well Elmen would like it!
Calvin quietly arose. "We have no questions," he said; and almost instantly he won confirmation of his belief that Elmen had built upon his taking the bait. The hour of the morning was enough to prove it; for the clock hands stood at half past eleven, too early for adjournment and not early enough to allow unbroken presentation of the first and most important part of the testimony of the next witness.

Elmen recognized this; but he had been sure that the State would strike at the offered bait because it was a lure at which others so fre-When Clarke refused, quently had struck.

there ran through Elmen's competent brain the reproach that he himself had known very well that Assistant State's Attorney Calvin Clarke was different. He discerned, however, that he had not plumbed quite the full depth of the difference.

His witness looked at him and Elmen arose, smiling as if very well pleased.

"Since the State does not venture to cross-question, that is all, Mrs. Folwell," he said. "You may step down," and Elmen advanced with elaborate courtliness to give his hand to guide her; and immediately, as though it was as he had intended, he sent his chief witness to the stand.

Joan Daisy stepped up, alone, and repeated the oath in a low, faced the court-room, she remained standing.

"You may sit down, Miss Royle," bade Elmen.

She put behind her the hand which she had just raised for

the oath and, feeling the back of the (Continued on page 137

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### By &D HOWE Best Cook I Have Ever Known

An article for Every Woman who wants to Please a Man

HAVE long been a widower but have kept up a home, as I much dislike hotels and restaurants. I am probably a crank

about commercial cooking.

Fifteen years ago my housekeeper left to become a caterer, and my brother's wife, living next door, said I might have her daughter Adelaide until I could find another. Adelaide has had charge of me ever since. Usually kin pick at each other, but my niece has managed to satisfy my three married children, one of them a rather particular and capable daughter.

Adelaide began doing the cooking as soon as she arrived and has continued it. We have servants who clean, wash dishes, and do other rough work, but the meals are prepared by the

best cook I have ever known.

Where did this farmer's daughter learn to cook so well? Her mother says she could cook as a child, but she has since spent months with me on steamships and at great hotels, and been in noted restaurants everywhere. And here and there she has picked up knowledge, as we all do, or should. If a new dish attracts her attention or mine, I observe that in a day or two we have it. That's the way E. H. Gary learned to be a leading steel man; thus George F. Baker became a noted banker.

It has been the good fortune of my niece to meet many worthy men and women, and these are always saying to me:

"How lucky you are that you have Adelaide!"

I always humbly acknowledge that I am; and everywhere we go people delight in predicting that I will lose her: that some handsomer man will appear and carry her off. They all seem to find pleasure in the joke that I will be left miserable and helpless in old age.

A handsomer man may appear—there are millions of such, as I am no beauty—but I doubt if one with more appreciation will turn up. Many women have said to me, with a bitterness indicating they have lacked praise in their own lives:

"If more men would show the appreciation you do, there

would be more capable and happy women."

I do no more than my honest share in the partnership. Every day I work to provide the food we eat, the clothes we wear, and the roof that shelters us. And as Adelaide knows I dislike servant cooks, she looks after my simple wants herself.

My relations with servants have never been satisfactory or even tolerable. Servants are all dissatisfied and expect more than they are fairly entitled to. I think that of all classes, they

are the least fair.

And I am not without experience with them. When I was a young married man with a family of children, we had three or four servants at a time, and they were always my greatest discomfort and problem. Now that I am old and living quietly, I am uncomfortable the moment a servant walks into the house. I dislike the "fusses" they inevitably create. I am not particularly stingy, but should prefer to do my own housework rather than submit to their insolence and incompetence. Some of my neighbors have servants I wouldn't permit in my house; they are so unreliable, unclean and ill-behaved.

I particularly dislike servants occupying positions where tips are expected. The most insolent human beings I know anything about are male waiters in cheap restaurants. I never go near them; I would rather starve than be subject to them. But this wouldn't be necessary; I believe I could quickly learn enough about cooking to take care of myself. Adelaide does it easily

and with little trouble, and I believe I could.

Adelaide is not less a lady because she is the best cook I have ever known, and makes my home pleasant. She takes Good Housekeeping but Vogue also. She knows not only cooking and housekeeping but dry-goods. In fact, when I got her from a farm, I hoped she would not learn so much about dry-goods as she has since learned. Women consult her not only about cooking, but about hats and wraps, and how to drape things. And she is not a slave: I don't believe she ordinarily devotes any

more time to her duties than I devote to mine, and I have retired from business. She has a car, drives it better than I can, and 'goes" as much as a nice woman should. She lately went to Florida on a special car to spend the winter. I was along, and noted that she was much admired by the other passengers. I have seen her, as hostess, with Cyrus H. K. Curtis on her right and George H. Lorimer on her left. If you doubt me, I refer you to these noted men.

I cannot believe it is unbecoming in a lady to look after her household affairs. In fact, I believe she is more of a lady if she does this. Women should assist in smoothing the rough places in

life, and one of the roughest places is the kitchen. I have heard women proudly declare they never cooked a meal in their lives, and I blushed for them. Any woman who believes she will be admired if she boasts she never goes into the kitchen, is mistaken. Men are always expected to be gallant to women in public, but in their private thoughts they estimate women with the merciless accuracy they employ in estimating each other.

So far it has been mere assertion that Adelaide is a good cook.

I now attempt to prove it.

John Golden, widely known theatrical manager, has lived in New York many years. He doubtless knows the best cookery to be had on Broadway or the side streets. Mr. Golden and his wife were once our guests, and, after dinner, wrote in the guest

I, John Golden, being of sound mind and body, hereby declare that I have within the hour consumed the best dinner of my life. (Signed) John Golden

Heartily endorsed. Margaret Golden

This is strong evidence, but I have more. H. T. Webster, cartoonist, and C. D. Williams, magazine illustrator, were guests at my home on another occasion. Mr. Webster made a picture in my guest book showing appreciation of a shortcake which was only one feature of the dinner Adelaide prepared. The picture is produced herewith with Mr. Webster's familiar signature. Mr. Williams also placed a well-known signature in the book following similar appreciation.

These are the only New York witnesses I have, but I can produce Barton W. Currie, editor of the Ladies' Home Journal, who attests that Adelaide makes the best angel's food cake he ever tasted in his life. I would reproduce Mr. Currie's testimony in facsimile, out of the guest book, but his handwriting is so bad you couldn't read it. He once told me his wife says that when he writes her a letter, she can't tell whether he addresses her as "My Dear Wife," or as "My D—— Wife."

THE natural tenderness of women is easily the greatest blessing of the race. I was in a home the other day when a boy baby nine months old was brought in. I looked around presently, and found five women—all there were in the house—on the floor playing with the baby.

Women have the same natural tendency toward other home things that they have for babies. A woman begins loving children early, and her joy in feeding them is part of it. The best cooks are women. Oscar, famous in New York because of his connection with the Waldorf, isn't a great cook: he is a great manager of a hotel commissary. He couldn't provide the simple meals I enjoy as well as Adelaide provides them.

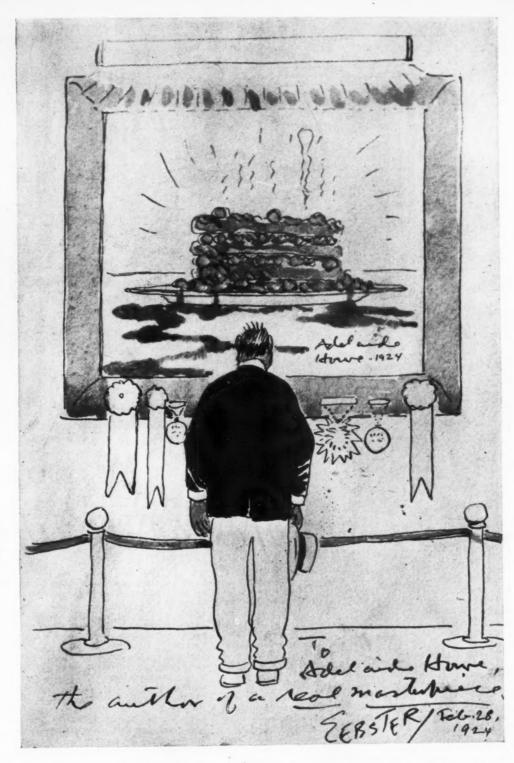
Being a great chef is a business; really good cooking is in

gentler hands.

A New York critic once astounded me by saying that in not one American home in a hundred are appetizing, sensible meals prepared. The day after reading this I attended a celebration in a country community called Prairieview, near my home in the Thirty-three families were represented in the general dinner, and there wasn't a bad thing on the table. And in not CH. T. the ca drew t just of Ad

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Q.H. T. Webster, the cartoonist, drew this tribute just after be bad eaten one of Adelaide's shortcakes.

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one of the families represented was a servant employed; the

cooking was done by mother and the girls.

This New York critic was probably brought up in a home where hired girls prepared the meals—a new one every two or three weeks, as is the rule in this country. Inquiry reveals also that he is a bachelor; since becoming a man he has no doubt lived at hotels and restaurants. That explains his mistaken comment about American homes. His experience is not the general experience.

I do not recall a meal cooked by a servant as good as meals cooked by mother and the girls. When I visit a home and know the meals are prepared by a servant, I feel safe; I know I can resist them. There is something about commercial cooking that

condemns it. The great bakeries never turn out as good bread as the home-made I get every day, and no one ever saw factory butter equal to really good butter made at home.

There are millions of women attracting applause in American homes as good cooks. I recommend that other women try it who have failed of appreciation in what they call Higher Endeavor. I have heard many more compliments for Adelaide's gift as a home-maker than I have heard for any of our local women piano players or those who are devoted to other arts leading away from the home.

And such tribute as I pay the best cook and home-maker I have ever known is also an honest tribute to womanly qualities admired, I sincerely believe, by all who know her.

Close-up

of

Professor

George

Pierce

Baker,

the

College

Teacher

who

helps

thousands

of us

to pass

a pleasant

evening



#### By NORMAN

### A Professor With A

HE stage is a far more interesting part of American life than it was when I came to New York. Also plays written by Americans are on a higher plane. A startling number of the dramatists who have acquired the most distinction in this national improvement have had some training under one man. That man is Professor George Pierce Baker. His dramatic workshop at Harvard has won fame through the whole nation. Beginning in October it is Yale that is to have the advantage of so vigorous a center of interest, as Professor Baker moves his work to that University.

Why should one man have had this far-reaching influence for the improvement of our stage? What has he done to the young men and women who, eager to be dramatists, have been traveling from east and west, and north and south, to prepare for stage

success under him?

He has conceived an idea and carried it out. The idea is that play-writing can—and should—be taught in a university, and that a necessary part of the teaching is practise. Now that the idea is planted it is taking root in other places.

My own knowledge of Professor Baker, his personality and

My own knowledge of Professor Baker, his personality and his methods, covers a stretch of many years. More than thirtyfive years earlier my literary career was begun through Mr.

Baker's intervention.

This is the way it happened. I had gone to Harvard from a small place in the Middle West, Alton, Illinois, on the banks of the Mississippi. I had not the usual college social associations or tastes, and cared more than anything else for literature, particularly the drama. I longed to write, and had a hungry eye on the Harvard College publications. I tried in turn for the daily paper, the Crimson, the comic journal, the Lampoon, and the less serious of the two literary publications, the Advocate.

In each of these three efforts I failed. The remaining magazine, the Monthly, was so high in its standing that I never dreamed of trying for it.

One day Mr. Baker, then a young instructor, reading argumentative essays—"forensics," as they were called—came to one written by me, called "Carlyle's Estimate of the Eighteenth Century." He turned it over to the editors of the Harvard Monthly and advised them to get after me. Soon I was an editor, and soon after that Mr. Baker and I were members of a small club, the Mermaid. Mr. Baker's interests were already tending to concentrate on the drama. He used to act in the Cambridge Dramatic Club, an organization outside the college.

We both used to go to Boston regularly to the theaters. The first row in the balcony in those days cost fifty cents. From the beginning, then, Mr. Baker combined intense interest in the actual stage of the day with devoted enthusiasm for those plays which marked the eras when drama flourished luxuriantly.

As the years have gone by and I have noticed how Baker's success has continually increased, I have said to myself: "There is an example of how a life should be managed. George has always been an enthusiast. He has been clear in his choices. He has followed through." Nobody has been more eagerly attentive to the plays actually being put on, but his attention has not been limited to the fashion of the moment. No youth is a more enthusiastic fan of the theaters, but how much he has by way of background! The shades of Molière and Shakespeare, of Aeschylus and Ibsen, go with him.

Something over two years ago my wife and I were sitting in the Al Jolson Theater, waiting for the curtain to go up. By lucky chance Professor Baker was seated directly in front of us. It was to be a momentous evening for us all. Before the

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Ourse will perhaps be the best way to illustrate its influence. Among the playwrights we may include Edward Knoblock, author of "Kismet" and "The Fawn," and Percy Mackaye, author of "The Scarecrow," although they studied with Mr. Baker before Workshop 47 was established. This is likewise true of Josephine Preston Peabody, author of "The Piper," and Winthern Among the well known manager. Winthrop Ames, the well-known manager.

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The list of the Workshop proper includes Eugene O'Neill, the most distinguished of American playwrights; Edward Sheldon, author of "Romance," "The Nigger," and many other successful plays; Sidney Howard, who has risen rapidly, reaching the top of American comedy with "They Knew What They Wanted"; Wanted"; Herman Hagedorn, known both in the drama and in verse; Frederick Ballard, author of "Believe Me, Xantippe"; Philip Barry, author of "You and I" and "The Youngest"; Lewis Beach, author of "The Square Peg," and "The Goose Hangs High"; Hanbridge

Among find Walter Heywood

Dixon and Rachel Lyman Field. critics who have taken the course we Prichard Eaton, Kenneth Macgowan, Broun and Van Wyck Brooks. On the pro-

ducing side are Theresa Helburn and Maurice Wertheim.

Naturally not all of these young writers agreed with Mr.

Baker. Some of them disagreed emphatically on essentials. But intelligent disagreement is often the most valuable part of education. Inspiration and opportunity are what matter.

Any man or woman who wishes to enter the course must furnish letters of recommendation and also must submit a oneact original play. Only about a quarter of the applicants are

admitted. Some sixty apply each year, and about fifteen are judged promising enough to make the experiment worth while. If your one-act play gives no indication that the Lord has gifted you with that kind of story-telling faculty called the dramatic instinct, you do not carry out your dream of joining the brilliant army who have emerged to the bright lights of public triumph from under Professor Baker's care.

He has, in short, no formula for making silk purses out of sow's ears. His first step is to make sure he has material out of which playwrights may be fashioned if they are handled right.

When they arrive-formerly at Harvard, henceforth at Yale they have to make good also on their background. If they already know the English drama, from before Shakespeare to Galsworthy and O'Neill, all right. But Mr. Baker is no believer

in the popular theory that you are more likely to turn out works of genius if you do not know anything.

I asked him a lot of ques-

tions intended to find out why his students do well. I am afraid I expected to find among the equipment a set of principles for making plays that please us and our cousins and our aunts, as we find in the Sunday newspapers sets of moral aphorisms by leaders of finance about how to be happy and how to get on.

What actually happens is that after "Abie's Irish Rose" is produced the managers hunt for plays just like it. Dramatists try to write plays just like it. But they don't. Or at another time it is a string of crook plays. Years ago Dan Frohman told me that he once commissioned Paul Potter to work seven of the most popular known and tested situations into one play. The play ran just one week. Baker believes a good play is a good play, and there is no formula for it.

"The students frequently ask me questions that I refuse to answer," he said. "Often a man new in the course wishes to know what kind of a play is most likely to succeed on Broadway. Romantic or realistic, for example. I tell him not to worry about Broadway until he gets to it, but to write a good play and I will put it on.

"We seek-my associates and I-to find out what the man really wants to do, and then help him to do that. We discourage him from trying to guess at what type of play is popular, or at what the critics will say, or at whether he is going to be famous, and induce him to express what

he really cares about.
"Eugene O'Neill was a joy in that way. No outside considerations affected him. Something took possession of him and he put it out. Then he worked at it ruthlessly until it was right as he saw it. In the real sense he was as one possessed. He was possessed by his vision. Occasionally people have accused him of modifying his story to please his audiences, as in the ending of 'Anna Christie,' but it is never true. That ending was to him inevitable, and certainly not a happy one."

This does not mean, of course, that the playwright must not consider his audience. Mr. Baker is insistent and clear on the distinction between giving up your own convictions, on the one hand, and failing to study your audience on the other. One is a

question of fundamentals. The other is a question of method You must stick to your own ideas of fundamental truth, but you may have to make any number of changes in detail before you can present your story as you see it, in a way that will make the audience see it and feel it in the way you do.

From my emphasis on the general education side of Professor

Baker's training, do not take in the notion that it runs away with the practical stage aspect. Indeed, what criticism there has been of him has been in the opposite direction. Some members of the body that governs Harvard thought there was too much practical stage enthusiasm and saw no place for such emphasis in a university.

On the frontispiece of his book, "Dramatic Technique," Mr. Baker has put this, from Colley Cibber: "A good play is certainly

the most rational and the highest entertainment that human invention can pro-But Colley Cibber meant a stage duce." play, not merely a piece of literature, and from the days when I first knew Baker he has always seen the drama and the stage as the same thing.

ERE are a few of the principles taken

Il HERE are a few of the principles taken from "Dramatic Technique" which is used as a text-book in the course:

"'From emotions to emotions' is the formula for any good play."

"Actions speak louder than words."

"Comparatively few people are capable of sustained attention when their emotions are not called upon."

"The greatest drama of all time, and the larger part of the drama of the past twenty

larger part of the drama of the past twenty years, uses action much less for its own sake than to reveal mental states which are to rouse sympathy or repulsion in an audience."

"We of the United States care more in our plays for elaborate stories than do our English cousins . . . Both Americans and English care more for plot than do most of the Continental nations."

"It is not the great poetry, the subtle characterization, nor the fine thinking of 'Hamlet' which give large audiences: it is the varied story, full of surprises and suspense."

Only a few months at the beginning of the course are given to general principles of play construction. Then the work is concentrated on the tendencies of the in-dividual members. The first task set is an adaptation. Each student must pick out three stories published in the magazines. These are read by Professor Baker and his assistants.

One of the three stories selected by the student must be turned by him into a one-act play, but the one selected for this purpose by the instructors is not the one best suited to adaptation for the stage. On the contrary the story selected among each three is the one least suited to the stage—a character sketch, for example, or one with much talk and little action.

Thus it is easier to see what the student himself brings to it; and on the basis of this knowledge he is set to doing an original

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play. When I was most closely in touch with the stage Mr. Baker's work was only just beginning to take its definite shape. When I made a certain trip back to Harvard I had not realized there had been founded an institution through which dramatic instinct could be discovered and developed so much earlier than it is by the old process of peddling plays slowly around among the managers. I had gone back to attend a dinner of the Harvard Monthly, and I found myself sitting next to a young man with pink cheeks and much enthusiasm. He was from Chicago and after a while our conversation took a turn like this:

He: "What do you think of my going to New York to live?" I: "That depends on many things. (Continued on page 221)



FONLY it were possible for us to know in advance just how many people would want to buy our magazine each month, and just where each buyer would be at the minute he wanted to buy, this publishing business would be such a cinch that I could spend most of my time enjoying borseback riding.

The fact that, before long, so many of you folks will be going on vacation or going away for the summer complicates our problem in the spring. We don't want you to miss the magazine -not only because we like to have your 35 cents, but because we want your continued interest—but unless you tell us we can't know just where you are going to be.

Last year we worked out a handy coupon for summer subscriptions. More than six thousand of you used it. Which means that it worked well for both of us.

Therefore, we are doing it again this year. You'll find the coupon on page 195. As the editors of Life always say, Follow That Impulse. [R. L.]



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bank for that lower Father of Waters region. He brought back his D. S. C. with him from France—and everyone wondered how he stayed serious long enough to win it. The time the mob was breaking into the jail Sheriff Jim Hawley gave Tarleton a deputy's badge, a prisoner, and a car; and after the danger was past, fumed and waited while that young man stayed over for a dance.

No celebration was complete without Tarleton-and no hazard. No wedding was regarded as quite legal if he were not a Denny's sobs were hushed while she weighed the offer. "Aw " she accepted him; and henceforth considered herself an

When she was six she went into a tantrum and had to be spanked for sticking out her tongue at Fanny Jackson for walking with Tarleton. When she was eight and Tarleton came home from college for the Christmas holidays Denny saw him bending attentively over another girl. Her face convulsed with fury. Her flaxen hair stood out belligerently. Her eyes blazed. "You—you!" she panted. "You let Tarleton alone! He—

he—I'm going to grow up and marry him!"

As she grew older Tarleton continued to flit gaily from flower to flower. Within the year he had another girl; and before Denny was eleven there were half a dozen others. Admission to the bar meant that he tried one or two cases a year and spent the rest of his time making love, or getting up week-end parties



C,"Yas'm!" said Unc' Zeke.

on the plantation his grandfather had left him. But the little girl never wavered. Her constancy and her determination were the delight of the surrounding country. "Wouldn't it be funny,"

the surmise ran from Memphis, Tennessee, to New Orleans, "if Denny Mathis did grow up and marry Tarleton?"

Denny Mathis, however, had quit saying it—aloud. She had chopped off both her hair and the length of her dresses. Many a young fellow suddenly discovered what a pleasant place the Mathis front veranda was; and when the check lists for

dances were circulated divers were the growls when the young blades found some other fellow had put his name opposite hers before they had a chance. Yet Tarleton was still just Tarleton: before they had a chance. Yet Tarleton was still just Tarleton, the standby of the Delta débutantes. Each year he helped show to the marveling eyes of a new crop of them that the world is a wonderful, wonderful place, and that man was made for love.

Just as it was a proposal that started Denny off the first time, it was a proposal that set her off again. There was a dance; not for any especial occasion, but because it was spring, and they

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were young, and there were many dark nooks preeminently fitted for sitting out dances.

With the dance well under way Denny went with Jane Roberts and Ned Wharton to help Billy Lynch find something he had left at home. Privately she was of the opinion that it would prove to be neither gaseous nor solid. They waited outside while he went in and returned with hands empty and soul full of ire. "Doggone the man that'd take a fellow's last bottle!" he muttered. "This was real stuff—not corn from Ike Sledge."

"Better let Ike Sledge's bootleg stuff alone," cautioned Ned.
"Some fellow up the river's about to die from some of Ike's corn.
Tell me they're goin' to indict Ike if he dies."
"They ought to!" grunted Billy, swinging his car around to park it among the others at the dance. The headlights passed across a low, heavy roadster. Jane giggled.
"Lordy, Tarleton's gone to robbing the cradle!"
"Was that Tarleton?" asked Billy. "Who with?"
"You'd never guess. Betty Rivers!" (Continued on page 214)

#### By Helen Bullitt Lowry

### My Baby Made Me A Sister of All Women

HAVE just had a baby-and my outlook on the world is thereby changed. Henceforth I must write more deeply beneath the amusing surfaces of life where my typewriter in the past has loved to gambol. For having a baby is a de-sophisticating experience. Instead of being one with a limited group of themore or less-intelligentsia, I have become one with all the

We journalists do not enter over-lightly into the entangling alliance of marriage. It represents neither a living to us nor yet a job. We of the typewriter and the pencil have already provided ourselves with these two basic luxuries. Rather, we fear marriage and motherhood because it represents the "normal." Cynically we have decided that normal is only another name for average.

But married I was in good season. I managed to squeeze it in on a Friday afternoon. I delivered a story at three and the marriage was set for four. "I won't take time for a bath," I remember deciding as I sat down to my typewriter to make some

unexpected alterations on the story.

Then up rose a parent out of the nineteenth century who had not asserted her authority in seven years. "No daughter of mine goes out of my house without a bath—and a tub bath at that," she commanded. So came I to the altar "normally" bathed as a bride should be-but fifteen minutes late. That's the way biology has to get squeezed into the lives of professional women for that bath was the one concession of my married life to Things as They Have Been—to the normal—the average.

As I look back over these three years just past, there is something ridiculous and something brave, and something inexpressibly pathetic, in my struggle to avoid the common lot of women—afternoon Mah Jong and the servant problem and telephone conversations that interrupted my business hours.

I was an ardent member of the Lucy Stone League-the society, you remember, for the preservation of a woman's own name. So my Minneapolis mail-box bravely flaunted the labels of R. G. Allison and of Helen Lowry-to the indignation of a

neighbor, who reported the scandal to my landlord.

I had held a man's job. I had drawn a man's salary. the competition of men to meet in the writing world of professionals. The amateur sports of women not only interrupted me but irritated me. Their "causes" and their charity benefits for the real benefit of Society. Their petty struggles to control this and that committee. Their luncheons and their fattening and that committee. Their luncheons and their fattening mayonnaise dressings. Their snapshot album records of Junior's "First Year." For three years I did not sew on a button—though by accident I happen to be an excellent seamstress. One button, I felt, would break down my reinforced morale.

Little wonder then that, each time I wrote an article for one of the women's home magazines, I had to rewrite it before the editor could publish it-to work out the satire and to work in the sympathy that I did not feel for the sisterhood of women. I had become the most usual type of our American feminist-a feminist

who does not go in for females.

It was the same story when the time came for me to have No traditional sentimentality here. go through with that business as systematically and as efficiently and as publicly as horses are bred in my native state of Kentucky-and as little like the way other women do the job as I knew how to do it. With a smile of superiority I meditated how never, never, never would I find time to send out a wee engraved card tied to a father-and-mother card by a sweet little ribbon. Instead I would make my announcements at once to my various magazine and newspaper editors-quite casually and as all in the day's work.

Nonchalantly I began my preparations for as un-average a summer as ever an expectant mother expected. With the serene

assurance that the longer I could trot about offices inconspicuously the more money I could make, I purchased a cleverly draped costume by Callot for four hundred dollars and wrote down the expense as "business overhead." I took my wedding ring out of the bank lock-box. I reckoned it would make things a bit more graceful as the summer proceeded for "Miss Lowry" to be wearing this badge of wedlock. Next I had an X-ray plate made of the very young generation so that I could count "it." Fanny Kilbourne made twins, all of us writer folk have grown

After these preparations I was ready for business-as-usual over a newspaper and magazine "beat" that was to stretch from Long Island's millionaire polo fields to the mortgaged farmlands of North Dakota. Humor too I was to find in plenty in this business of manufacturing a baby in office hours. As on the day when a few railroad presidents who had gathered together to inspect a new gasoline rail car insisted that I have my motion picture taken

"I'll stick my head out of the window," I suggested brightly. Lord, how my dark secret would have been flashed by news red from theater to theater! I worked through that summer with a chuckle up my sleeve as I put one over on the established order.

But not on the women!

I might think I was beating the game. They showed me. "Remember, you are eating for two," they told me archly.
"When I was carrying Junior . ." they reminisced glibly. The companionship of women beat down my morale. I felt my feet caught in the sucking mires of seething humanity.

DENYING the sisterhood of women, I sped back to the world of men where I loved to labor as an equal. I was not as other women sewing on "little things," I told myself in my insolence. Trala-I had purchased a layette in two hours. Even in my last two months wasn't I writing a play? My concern was with a third act. My baby and that third act were racing each other neck and neck. It was a sporting bet. I could tell at each nightfall just how far the third act had progressed that day—but I could never be sure whether the baby had put on her finger-nails that afternoon. I manufactured that baby with one hand tied behind me. A system, by the way, that I can highly recommend to the domesticated sisterhood.

Well, as things turned out, the third act got finished exactly thirty hours before Mistress Margaret Allison got started.

Then I too went into the valley of the shadow of the unknown where no man has ever walked before me. And there I met up with many strange women. In those dark shadows of the unknown I touched hands with the mother who had borne me and with the mother who had borne her-with mothers who patronize department store trimming counters and with mothers who patronize grand opera and art museum permanent membership.

For ten days I let the waves of humanity's commonest experience wash over me, too weak to struggle against my heritage. For ten days I lived the life of woman and learned her wisdom. Came evenings when the awful thought stole over me that the "three of us" were posed exactly as mother and father and baby get posed on women's home magazine covers for the April issue that follows upon the June bride issue. Recklessly I tossed the thought from me. I was "living" to the uttermost reaches of my being and might as well get a run for my money. For in those dark shadows I had realized the inevitable—that there is not one sophisticated touch that can be introduced into this whole primitive business.

To my amazed surprise too a passion of love swelled in my heart for that little tag-end of a human being that was mine

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Love overflowed. It enveloped her and me and all the world of women who suffer. I found that I had conversations for her.

True, it wasn't "baby talk." The line I developed was rough stuff and tender abuse. Yet now I know the urge that makes other women murmur "Muvver's 'ittle tootsie wootsie."

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I know now why other women tell anecdotes about Junior's cute sayings. I know now why that Roman matron, Cornelia, who ought to have known better, bored her afternoon callers by bringing in her "jewels." I know why the other women, whom I had thought inept in the arts of holding husbands, wear cotton crépe "kimonos" instead of the chiffon negligée of the mistress. I know that the drab lives of "average" women have not been as drab as I thought they were in my childless ignorance. I know too that, when I swing my papoose over my shoulder and launch once more on my checkered career as a reporter, there'll be more contacts with the women I meet on the road and in the Pullman dressing-rooms.

My baby has done for my conversation with just any woman exactly what my car did for my conversation with just any man.

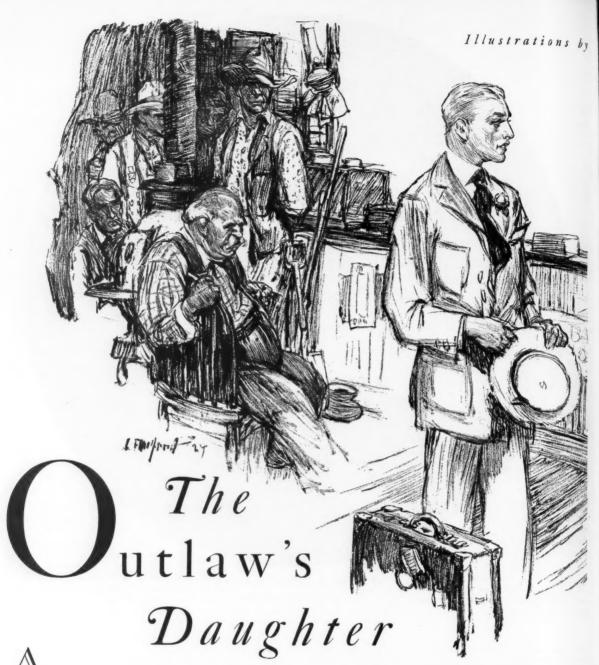
I have found the greatest common divisor. Worldly knowledge came too as I walked in the shadows. I know now why the world changes so little either for good or for bad. I too want the world to keep on being as it was ten years ago. I want pink hair-ribbons for Margaret. I want parties for her and beaus for her and a nice allowance for her at boarding school. I don't want the world made safe for democracy. I know now that wars aren't fought to make the world a better place to live in. They are fought to hold on to the old world that we have, such as it is-that our children may inherit it. This world is incurably conservative because this world has babies in it.

One baby per head would scatter the staffs of the radical magazines as hats are scattered on a windy day on Broadway. A staff might even remember that it is hereditary Presbyterian and go round town shopping for a Presbyterian Church as I am doing. For I would have my Margaret inherit not only this world, but also a bit of real estate up there in Heaven.

Nor is that the only feat that a new deal of babies would accomplish. Gone too would be the proud boast of an indignant young literary intelligentsia that insurgent youth has a right to live its own life without interference from a moldy old generation that has made a mess of things anyway. On my nurse's first Sunday afternoon out, at the end of eight grilling hours, he whose name I bear on passports and hospital records sank wearily down.

"This thing of children not owing their parents anything is the bunkum," he muttered. "'I didn't ask to be born!' Ye-es. But they ask to be *changed*."

Give 'em a baby per head and see what would happen to 1927's output of novels.



BAD horse, so runs the judgment of Mist Creek, argues a bad rider and there was no horse in the Mist Creek country so hard-headed and hard-mouthed and evil-hearted as Mark Warden's piebald pony, Rake. When Mist Creek wanted to criticize Warden within his hearing it was in the habit of criticizing his horse; sotto voce, for Warden was sensitive. He was a man good to look at but not good to look at long. Mist Creek discovered that he did not like to be looked at with any great fixity of regard, and in an unpleasant, not to say dangerous, fashion he made known his prejudice.

In fact, Warden was a dangerous man and the other inhabitants of Mist Creek were pacific people: homesteaders, traders, cattle-men with wives and children and sweethearts, eager for

civilization and athirst for progress.

When organized capital came into the valley with the avowed purpose of building a first-class summer hotel on the edge of Looney's Lake, Mist Creek community felt itself spectator to the dawn of real advancement. Unfortunately for its ambition the way to Looney's Lake was barred from development by Warden's property, a vast region, wooded and wild, the home of elk and deer, of porcupine and bear, of an occasional grizzly 82

as savage as himself, and Warden would neither sell nor grant a right of way through his domain. From being merely feared and shunned he became with dramatic suddenness—hated.

After a topic had been thoroughly considered, debated and discussed in the back, or spitting portion, of Nick Watt's store, it may be assumed that this topic, from the point of view of the social analyst, had been exhausted. It then became time for

Abel Saunders to pronounce his summary.

Abel Saunders was the only fat man in Mist Creek; therefore his word had weight. Merely by sitting in his chair and giving evidence of avoirdupois he had achieved importance. When the long growl and mutter of resentment concerning Warden's thwarting of Mist Creek's progress had reached its end, there followed silence. Nick, standing behind his bar, changed the angle of his hat, which he wore indoors and out, adjusting it according to the sentiment he wished to convey. It was a hat that talked, a small black dingy felt, soft, dimpled, wrinkled, capable of frown and smile, of threat and waggishness and deviltry. Nick shifted his cigar and, rolling his quick black eyes under an expectant hat brim, looked at Abel and waited.

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Saunders was ready: a New York magazine, and not his wife, had supplied his phrase. He was ready but he took his time. "What we need," he said at last, his red eye fixed on the red eye of the stove—"what we need in this here intermountain region is a two-fisted he-man."

The phrase, virgin to these listeners, fell with startling effect. Nick transferred his hat to the far back of his head where it expressed astonishment, indignation and dismay. Six or seven flushed faces hung upon Saunders's lashing epithet, the tongues revolved it, the eyes slowly kindled. A giant, Dewey Flower, at last gave voice.

"It ain't so much that," he said, and the others relaxed and drew freer breath-"it ain't so much that a man is scairt of Warden-or his gel-as that a man hates to get shot in the

back or to hev his eyesight lashed out of him."
"A two-fisted he-man," repeated Saunders, screwing his vast body more firmly into its overoccupied chair.

Dewey, redder than the stove-side, went on slowly. "It ain't so much that a man don't want to use his fists as that his two fists don't do no good to him as ag'in bullets-or a wummun."

"A gel of nineteen!" scoffed Abel Saunders. "If I laid my hands on her jest onct

"Ever you lay your hands upon a porcypine?" asked Holloway

"If I laid my hands on her jest onct, I'd——"
"Wimmun in Mist Creek," a profoundly solemn voice announced from beyond the stove, "is generally respected"; and there followed a silence as of shame, even Abel being seen to

"No offense meant," he muttered nervously and spat with less than his usual dexterity into the stove. Having spat, however, he recovered his aplomb.

"This here country will never take its place alongside of other countries in the march of progress if it allows its devilopment to be held up by one lone man. Here we have a fust-rate Eastern company with good money, ready and willin' to build a fust-class summer-resort at the head of Mist Creek, bringin' in capital and tourists and ready money, meanin' prosperity to Nick here and we storekeepers, and raisin' the value of the land of you other fellows and the value and prices of crops and stock.

"What's to hinder? . . . Warden. Warden who has never mixed with us nor done us a good turn; Warden, as says he owns that there stretch of country and he'll be damned if he sells a rod of it. Nor a right of way through it. No, nor let a surveyor examine his boundaries. What happened to that there gov'ment surveyor? Lost and starved? Humph! What lost him? What kep' him from findin' his way to food? One of them two fellers the hotel company sent up to Warden comes back-dead, shot in the back, carried in by the other man more dead'n alive. Is that an encouragin' reception to devilopment?

"The officers that goes up to investigate brings a report of 'arcidental shootin'.' The feller, it seems, got scairt of a grizzly and let fire his gun and killed his comrade. Slick story, eh? Clear case of bribery, to my thinkin'. Another feller, Lew Kenton, one of our own, goes up to expostulate, to present the country's viewpoint, you might say, comes back with his face laid open and one eye injured by the Warden girl's quirt. He'd paid her a compliment not jest to her taste, it seems.

"Well, the company has kind of drawed back. They ain't sent in an agent for a matter of six months or more. they've give up the notion of openin' up Looney's Lake. progress of this here intermountain region has been sot back fifty years. One of these days we'll be discovered-No, sir, I tell you ag'in-what we like a tribe of savages. need is a two-fisted-

"Ain't you kind of left me out of yer reckonin', Saunders?" a deep bass demanded, and the brooding company lifted its head in recognition of Lew Kenton's presence in their midst. He must have hung there cloudily above them for several minutes, unseen through the fog of their smoke and of their wits.

Lew Kenton seemed indeed the original of Saunders's phrasetwo-fisted and a he-man if the quality and quantity of he-ishness may be measured by height and brawn and bulk. The handsome large face was disfigured by a patch over the right eye and by a freshly healed welt across the great square jaw-bone. The other visible eye held a revengeful glare.

"I'm figurin' on another trip to Warden's," he went on, satisfied with Abel's silence and discomfiture; "I ain't through

with that gentleman yet-nor with his gel."

They all looked up at him pondering the scar, respect written on their faces

'Say, Nick," he demanded with a changed manner, business. like, impersonal, "I come in to buy me a new quirt." He flushed on the word but feigned to be ignorant of the slight, slight grin which went its rounds. "This here lash of mine's too heavy for a little filly I got to break. I want somethin' lightkind of a lady's quirt."

Again he ignored the wider grin and made deliberate choice of a slender riding-switch, paying for it and taking, immediately thereafter, his departure.

"He ain't usually so careful of how he breaks a colt," Dewey commented. "Likely now he's tasted a quirt himself he'll handle his horse-flesh gentler. I wouldn't wonder."
"Say what you like ag'in him," Holloway rejoined defensively,

"if he goes up to that there grizzly's den ag'in—he's what you say this country needs, Abe. I'll say he is."

The shop bell jingled and Nick, adjusting his hat to a com-

mercial angle, advanced to greet a second customer.

The store was dim, being ill-lighted by one dirty window, 50 that the newcomer remained for several moments a silhouette There was in its outline something that suggested the gingerly step, the alert and wary carriage of that masked outlaw of ro-mance who, rapier in hand, enters in approved desperado fashion the circle of his gaping enemies, and by sheer force of personality, of courage and dexterity, the timely overturning of a table and spitting of a foe, wins forth again in bodily safety with his

plunder or his girl. The lithe advancing figure stepped thus, and thus carried its quick head and shoulders. For rapier, however, there dangled, tightly gripped in the brown fingers of its right hand, a loaded quirt.

Nick faltered only for an instant, then advanced again. He spoke sweetly.

"And what can we do for you today, Miss Warden?" he asked, and the perfume of a drawing-room seemed to move with him as he moved.

The girl took off her wide sombrero and appeared a trifle less formidably tall in spite of the high heels of her boots, but she had a fierce young face, sundarkened under its rough hair, with the black glancing eyes of an angry witch, a long red mouth so tightened that it cut a slit by no means to be mistaken for a dimple in her thin high-colored

"Mornin'," she said without smiling. "Give me three cans of tobacco and a package of cigarets.'

She stood beside the counter, turned sideways so that she faced the group about the stove, her quirt swinging a little against her leather-covered leg, and stared fixedly into the eyes of Abel Saunders. All but Abel stared back at her; he fell into a sweat and moved his head uncomfortably.

She had a cruel glimmer of a smile in her wicked young eyes.

Dewey was deeply crimson, with a conflict of feeling. The man that had upheld the honor of Mist Creek in the matter of its proverbial respect for women was, in the secret places of his mind, figuring out how best a fellow could contrive to "lay aholt" of this proud and handsome creature for the summary breaking of her spirit to the desires of men. Nick served ner, busily



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They tell me, Barbara," David said, "that a man can hardly speak to you without being in danger."

whistling through his teeth, his hat moving about on his head as though bewitched. Two of the younger men had dropped their jaws so that they were hardly distinguishable from the ordinary farm-yard calf. So absorbed were they in the contemplation of this position of the probability of the probabil templation of this perilous, rarely visible lady, that nobody saw the new arrival until the startled eyes of the girl herself directed them. Then indeed they looked and saw.

There were young men in Mist Creek, a country of young men, but never before in its brief history a youth like this: a slight, not very tall young man in a thin gray sack suit, in light-soled Oxford ties, in a white collar and a blue silk tie, with a fair, soled Oxford fies, in a winte conar and a blue sink fie, with a lair, smooth face, with a pair of gentle, long-lashed, blue-gray eyes, with a sleek close-cut head of yellow hair . . . wearing in his button-hole a fresh-plucked canyon (Continued on page 161)

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# A Girl in CHINA

By

### ERNEST POOLE

F YOU like," he said, "I will take you to see one of the most interesting girls in China."

"Let's go," I replied. We were at a large dance in Peking but I had come to see the East, so I gladly left with my new friend, a young American who had been in China for five years and had

learned to speak Chinese.

In two rickshaws we were soon speeding off into the night—an Eastern night, with stars and planets hanging low; a silent night, the jazz all gone, and only the soft, swift patter and thud of the feet of our rickshaw boys and their short, quick breaths. A deeper breathing seemed to come from the vast old city all about us. On we went by a shadowy lane just beneath the city wall; and in a mile or two we came to a much brighter part of the town, bright with paper lanterns in the low houses on either side and in festoons close overhead—and noisy, too, with a hubbub of voices, the silvery clang of the rickshaw gongs and the sharp "Hoy-Hoy!" of the runners as they dashed through crowded streets. I glimpsed a Chinese theater, and near it was a "skyscraper"—a restaurant four stories high.

My friend took me up to a room at the top, and through an open window there we looked down into a region of tiny houses and garden courts, with countless lanterns and the sound of low gay voices, ripples of laughter and the tinkle of mandolins. The

red light district of Peking.

"The Chinese girl is there," he said.

We went down again and came to a house with three huge banners of white satin, inscribed in Chinese letters of gold. Each banner, he said, gave the name of a girl. As we entered, the air was close with pungent odors of cooking from a small kitchen to the left; I caught sight of an old hag in there, and to meet us came a middle-aged Chinaman with hard small eyes. With a gesture and a smile, he indicated the court behind—and in that diminutive garden I received a sudden shock. For two tiny little girls sat very quietly playing there.

They could not have been over four years old. Little yellow slaves, being raised for the trade. Surely here was the evil heart of the East that Americans read about! But the next moment I received a shock of quite another kind. For from a small house at the rear came a sound that took me back in a flash to a village

church in New England—the low, slow drone of a cabinet organ! "There she is," said my friend. "Come on."

As we entered her room, she turned from the organ with a quick smile, and the droning music ceased. She was slim and straight, of medium height; and her oval face, though rather plain, was attractive, because of her smile and her clear, alert, intelligent eyes; they danced as she greeted my friend in Chinese, and those quick animated smiles kept flashing over her features. No tawdry finery was here. She was simply dressed in a kimono of very dark blue, and the room was plainly furnished with a small table and three or four chairs. But my glance was caught in a moment by a picture on the wall, a large cheap chromo portrait, evidently of herself. And noticing my eyes upon it, the American pointed out an inscription in Chinese below. "This says," he explained, "that she is a leader of her guild, a

guild of all the daughters of joy in Peking. There are thousands, old and young. She is already one of their chiefs—though she's only twenty years old," he said. He smiled and added, "She's a kind of a feminist. She thinks that life is very rotten for ninetenths of the girls she knows, and so she's out for certain reforms. She's putting new life into a guild that was old when Columbus

was a boy."

"And the organ?" I questioned.

"That's quite a story, and I'm a bit hazy about it," he said. "But I'll try, if you like, and get her to tell it."

He turned and spoke to her again in Chinese.



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With an inclination of her head and a swift, graceful gesture, she seated us—and then began her story. He interpreted: "She did not choose this life, she says. It was chosen for her

"She did not choose this life, she says. It was chosen for her by the gods—by an old river god, to be exact, who grew angry with men and caused the Yellow River to rise. This was when she was very small. Her people had a little farm; and though of course they were quite poor, she had a very happy life. Then came the flood. The muddy water with a roar came sweeping over the rice-fields—and caught up her house—and there was a crash—and she found herself clinging to the roof. Alone she drifted about on the flood until, half dead with hunger, she was picked up by a man in a boat. In China life is very cheap, so he sold her soon for twenty yen to a man who took her to a house in Shanghai. She was ten years old."

He turned to her, and she talked on. All her vivacity was gone and her face grew stern.

"She does not want to speak of that house, except to say that many sailors and stokers came. She was only a little girl. She thought all Christians were like that . . . By the time she was thirteen she was like a sick old woman, she says—so they were not so careful to keep her shut up in there any more.

"She went out one afternoon for a walk, and as she passed a clean little house she heard an organ, one like this. She looked

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very terrible life, but she remembered how American rights, and she went to a girl in her guild for help.

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into a room through an open door and saw a tall man at the organ there. She was curious, and unconsciously she stepped through the doorway. He saw her and stopped, and turned and smiled; she saw that he was a Christian and quickly turned to go away. But he called to her in Chinese, and came and took her by the arm.

"You are a very sick girl,' he said, 'and I am a very good doctor. Come in.' Then she saw that in this room were many bottles and instruments; she felt so very sick that she let him examine her, and she took the medicine he gave. He questioned her about her life, and told her she had better let him help her run away from it. She said that she would think it over. 'Come again,' he said, as she left. 'For I can cure you.'

"So she did. She came to the mission several times; and not only did he cure her sickness, but he talked like a good friend and told her about a god named Jesus Christ. She had often heard the name before from sailors and stokers she had known, but she had thought that Jesus Christ was too evil to be a god. So she was interested now—and curious to learn about girls in America.

"The missionary doctor had a young sister back at home, and he showed photographs of her—first as a child on a big Kansas farm, and then at her school and later at college, and last he showed a picture of her on a wagon with many bright flags, making a speech to a crowd of men. Our friend here was astonished at this—that men should listen to a girl. So he told her a lot alout the rights that women have in America, and about the kind of lives they lead. Many times again he asked her to run away from the house where she lived. And now she was ready to do as he said.

"But all at once she found herself shut up in that house just as before—for she looked so much better now that all those other men, the sailors and stokers, wanted her too. It was several weeks till she had a chance. She did slip out, very lite one night, and came to the mission. But the door was shut, and on it was written in Chinese, 'Cholera is here.'

SHE did not dare to wait there long, and so she left Shanghai on foot that night. It would take too long, and be stupid, she says, to tell you what bad times she had. She went to the valley where she had been born, but could find nobody she had known. She came on to Peking, and here for months she had a very terrible life. But she remembered what the doctor had told her of how American girls got together for their rights. when she was near to death on the streets, she went to a girl who was in the guild of her profession and asked for help. This girl was very kind, she says, and gave her food and then loaned her such good clothes that she was able to get in here.

"And life in this house, in these last six years, has been quite different, she says. When a man comes here to see her, at first he is nothing more than a friend. If she likes him, she asks him to come again and bring her a present. And she may do this many times before he becomes her lover at last. She has only three lovers now, she says, and she hopes soon to have only one, and marry him and have a child, and a home of her own.

"So much for herself. Such conditions are not true, of course, in all such houses in Peking—but the guild, of which she is a leader now, hopes in time to make them so. She is proud

of that picture on the wall—it makes her think of the photographs of that girl in America, who also worked for women's rights," said my friend, with a poignant smile.

"She has never forgotten that doctor in the mission in Shanghai, she says: and once or twice in these last years she has tried to get acquainted with young Christian women here. But she found it was too difficult. She went once to a mission here, but she did not like the man at all, and so she never went any more. Last year she had a chance to buy this organ cheap in a bazaar, and she likes to have it here as a reminder of her friend.

"But to learn to play it is as hard as it is for her to understand the Christian ladies in Peking. For from what she has heard and seen of them, they are not at all like the women and girls the mission doctor told her about. The Russians and French are the worst, she says, but even a few Americans, too, drink cocktails from morning until night, and smoke and dance, and keep getting divorced. They do not seem to her to lead lives suitable for ladies who follow the god named Jesus Christ."

ladies who follow the god named Jesus Christ."

As my friend translated this, I had caught in the girl's intelligent eyes a look that was half serious and half ironical. With a ouick smile, she spoke again.

"They seem to be doing with their religion what she herself is trying to do on this organ—play jazz on it, she says."

# By Rheta Childe Dorr CAN'T AFFORD A Husband

A personal story from which Men may learn about Themselves

AT TOOK time to resign myself to this sad fact—that I couldn't afford a man. For twenty years, between my teens and my thirties, I told myself that I simply must have a man. Once I did get one temporarily, and several times before and since I have made what might be called payments down on an investment. But always I had to go back to the bachelor existence

which is the only one I am able to pay for.

It comes down to what I have really wanted out of life. If I had wanted a husband and home more than I have wanted other things, I should have had them. But I never have, no, not even when I was a young and romantic girl seeing in every man I met

a possible lover.

True, I began, as every girl does, with a dream of perfect lovea husband, home and children. Nor did I anticipate any difficulties in the way of achieving them. I lived in a Western community where there were more than enough men to go around. I was personally desirable, well enough born, very pretty and really quite bright. Any old resident of my home town, Lincoln, Nebraska, I am sure will verify this.

I began to have beaus before I was out of high school-perhaps not as many as the average, because I was not the honey-pot type of girl. Without being anything of a highbrow, I was an omnivorous reader. I thought much and I dreamed long dreams, and not all of my thoughts and dreams concerned men.

The average young man fights shy of a girl who thinks. On the other hand, unless he fights shy he sometimes falls very hard. Of those who liked me at all a few fell pretty desperately in love. But alas! If they fell in love they fell out too. When I was still in my teens I had been twice engaged and twice jilted.

What woman ever forgets her first lover? Mine was a young lieutenant just out of West Point, a big, lusty, handsome youth whom I met in the glamour of his graduation week. They do it very picturesquely at West Point. The military reviews and ceremonials, the distinguished guests, Flirtation Walk, the graduation hop, and oh! that last waltz of the evening, "Army Blue," the only ones privileged to dance to its sensuous strains being members of the graduation class and their best girls. Fluttering draperies of pink, blue and white, held close to those tight-fitting, resplendent, full-dress uniforms.

Fatal emotions! Fatal propinquity! Alvin and I traveled west together and we were engaged before the engines were changed at Buffalo. Both our families lived in Nebraska and his father and mine, in the early days, had seen military service together on the frontier. So we were not exactly strangers, and there was nothing to be said against the engagement except my extreme youth. Alvin came to Lincoln to spend a week with me, and for exactly five days we were rapturously We met at breakfast, for neither of us could wait more than an hour after rising for the first embrace. After breakfast we mounted our horses and rode as far as possible from humankind in order to make love and to bewail the months that must pass before he could save enough from his absurd salary to enable

The sixth day was Sunday and proudly I went to church with my young man, conscious as we walked up the aisle to the family pew that I was the most envied girl in town. After church and the usual noon dinner we went for a long walk and for the first time we had a serious conversation. I alone of my family that morning had not partaken of Communion and Alvin asked me why. It came out that I had never been confirmed. I hadn't

because my religious views were unformed and were, so far, tinged with heterodoxy.

But why, asked Alvin, should I have any religious views at all? Why bother my adorable curly head with such profound questions? Everybody belonged to a church. One was baptized and confirmed and that was all there was to it, unless one was a clergyman or an elderly person.

I explained that I couldn't be confirmed until I was sure that I believed every word of the Creed and could take my vows with

a whole heart.

"But where does that get you?" Alvin demanded, his features registering faint alarm. "Suppose you should—should have children. Would you have to believe every word of the service before you had them baptized?"

Certainly, I replied, I would never publicly promise and vow to do a lot of things I never intended to perform privately. But if my children's father wanted to undertake the responsibility, I At that moment I am sure that Alvin's should not object. imagination leaped ahead until he saw himself standing before a baptismal font, a frilled infant in his arms, and the colonel's wife or some other middle-aged woman as sole godmother. He saw himself an officer in the sacred United States Army with a wife who was the gossip of the post, an outlander. It must have been an appalling vision.

The next day we parted, he leaving to join his regiment in Montana. Our first exchange of letters was fond enough, but before many weeks he wrote me a stumbling, apologetic letter saying that although he would never, never forget me, he felt

sure that I would not fit into army life.

It hurt, and it mortified still more. Fortunately at that time I had so much on my mind that Alvin was soon forgotten. The chaotic thoughts and theories which had troubled my brain during childhood and adolescence now began to array themselves in some kind of order. I began to understand myself and to plan the kind of a life I intended to live.

It wasn't going to be the uneventful, limited and subjected life of the women I had grown up among. Very early I had revolted emotionally against the dominance of men in the world. Now that I was able to reason a little the whole thing seemed to me to be not only arbitrary and unfair, but unnecessary and out of date. It did not fool me one bit when I was told that women were subjected because they were the superiors rather than the equals of men, and that the limitations placed upon their lives were necessary because they were on a plane with the angels. argued, would not have to apply to inferior mortals for every dollar they spent, every independent move they made. Men were actually our superiors, I knew, and they always would be as long as they monopolized the right of earning money.

I made up my mind to become self-supporting. I got a job in the local post-office, first at forty dollars, then at fifty dollars a month, and as my mother refused to allow me to pay any board, I hoarded my money for a future exploration of life's opportunities. I did not know what I wanted to do, but I did know what I wanted to be—a complete individual, in some way expressing ideas. The ideas were as yet vague, but I felt that I had them. Sex curiosity more than anything else accounts for the succession of light affairs I carried on simultaneously with dreams of future

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CRheta Childe Dorr, author of "A Woman at Fifty"

One of these trivial affairs suddenly deepened into love, and during the second year of my career as a post-office clerk I became engaged to a keen young Canadian who had settled in Lincoln and was doing very well indeed in real estate. With Harry I am sure that I was perfectly square. I told him exactly

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what was in my mind. I warned him that keeping house, playing bridge and giving dinner parties were only a small part of my vision of happiness. I regarded love and marriage as a private affair which should not interfere with the development of whatever brains and ability either partner (Continued on page 116)



# ANCIENTE

LIFTON now applied every energy and thought to making preparations for the spring drive, and a subdued thrill of excitement and suspense began to possess those who would be responsible for its success or its failure. Hurd had his pulpwood piled high along the Mistassini and the tributaries which he was working, and there could be no secrecy in the efforts Clifton had made to get his own timber down to the shore of the big river in order to compete more favorably with his enemy when the first high water came.

On the first of April the Bolducs reported that the boundary line between the Laurentian and Hurd-Foy properties was patroled by Hurd's men night and day and that especial caution 90 was being employed along the river. Through a friend in the other camps Delphis learned that Hurd had seemed to be highly amused when he first discovered that Clifton was bringing down his wood from the back-timber and piling it along the Mistassini instead of waiting for spring to flood the creeks and do the work of the teams.

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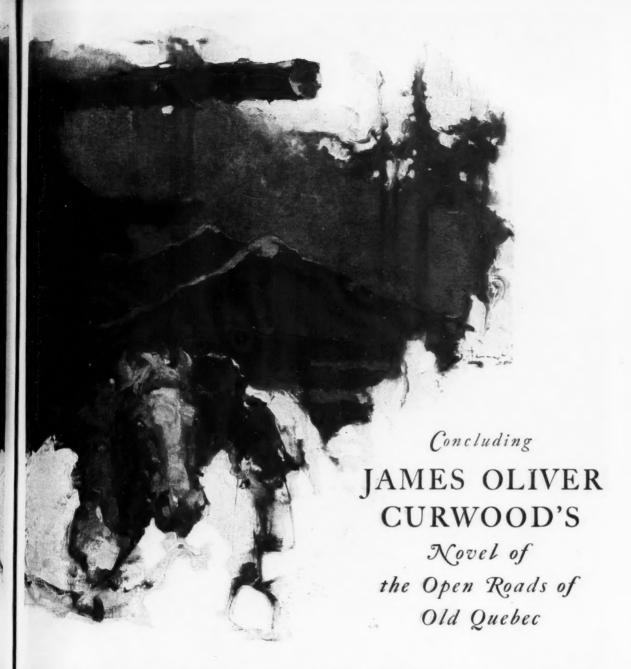
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"Hurd has something up his sleeve," Delphis declared up to the last moment. "I can't guess what it is. But it's something that makes him mighty confident."

Clifton personally went up and down the streams and into the back-country watching the progress of the days and marking the first softening of the snows



# HIGHWAY

One day Romeo Lesage came to him about the baseball bats. "I'm going to have them in handy places along the drive," he "If we need them it will be sudden—and no time to lose."

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With the tenth of April came softening weather, warm suns, a melting wind, and water began to run. Colonel Denis had reached Mistassini, and came up to Depot Number Four.
Suspense crept into every man's blood. The shadow of im-

Pending drama, and possibly of tragedy, hovered over the forests.

On the fifteenth Angelique Fanchon got Clifton on the telephone from Depot Number Three.

"Antoinette St. Ives is at Roberval," she told him. "She was just talking with me over the telephone. She will arrive at

Mistassini tomorrow. She said she must be here during the drive—with you and the men. She said with you. And she asked about you—if you were well, where you were!" For a moment Clifton found no words with which to answer.

"Do you hear me?" asked Angelique.

"Yes, I hear you." "And are you glad?"

"Yes, I am glad."

A triumphant little laugh sounded at the other end.

"That's all I want, Clifton. I wanted you to say that so I could tell Antoinette you said you were glad. Maybe I can do something yet! Good-by!"



¶, Twice Clifton and Delphis were almost carried over a rock-ramparted falls. Probably no one would ever guess what they went through, with a million logs racing shoulder to shoulder with the canoe.

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Then Delphis Bolduc brought him word that added to the thrill of Angelique's message. Alphonse the monk was in Hurd's camps. There was no doubt now. Delphis, spying like an Indian, had seen him. And his friend had told him that this strange little missioner was quite frequently with Hurd.

What could that mean?

Clifton slept not more than five or six hours out of each twentyfour now. He went up to the dam with Vincent. The lake was

Twenty feet of water waited to be released.

A light telephone wire had been strung during the past month, apparently running to an engineers' camp which the company had built three miles from the lake. Here Vincent remained, waiting for the word to blow up the dam.

When Clifton returned Antoinette was at Depot Number Two, on the edge of Hurd's concession. It was here, and below, that he knew trouble would come. And Antoinette had placed herself where the big fight would begin, if there was to be fighting at all.

Angelique and Catherine were with her.

The ice was breaking. That word, sent up first from Mistassini, and then coming down from Vincent on the upper waters, passed like an electric shock from heart to heart. Each springtime the women dreaded these terrible days that were coming, when their men-folk took their lives in their hands, but this year a more oppressive suspense and fear possessed them. But the word assing from lip to lip and from camp to camp inspired the men. Their blood ran restlessly. The great thrill which comes with the facing of a mighty hazard was in them.

The warm, gray night of April twentieth came without a moon. There were stars and a dull light in the sky. Until dusk not a soul but Clifton, the Bolducs, Lesage, Gaspard and Vincent up at the lake knew this was the night on which the great coup was to be sprung on Ivan Hurd. Even Denis, at Depot Number

Two, was unaware of the exact time.

It was a little after midnight when a pounding at the door of their cabin roused the three girls. A voice called from outside, "Colonel Denis wants you to dress and come to the office!"

In a panic of excitement they obeyed. Antoinette's curls smothered her neck and shoulders. Catherine's golden braid was half undone and she did not wait to plait it. Angelique failed to wipe the beauty-cream entirely from her face.

Denis was walking back and forth over the bare wood floor of the office when they came in together. His tense face twisted itself in a smile when he saw how evidently they had hastened to

obey his summons.
"I didn't mean to alarm you," he said. "But you have been three faithful goddesses to the cause, and I promised to let you." know the minute I received word that the final hour had struck. He looked up at the clock on the wall. It was a quarter after "Since nine o'clock last night Clifton Brant and three hundred men have been throwing logs into the Mistassini!" he added, and there was a strange tremble in his voice.

"God bless Clifton Brant!" whispered Angelique Fanchon.

The eyes of Antoinette St. Ives were like blazing stars. "Yes, God be with him and help him," she said, and in the pale lampglow her white hand made the sign of the cross on her breast.

Denis tried to appear calm. "In fifteen minutes—exactly thirty

minutes after twelve-Vincent will blow up the dam!"

A stifled sob came from Catherine Clamart.

"God bless him, too," Angelique said, trying to laugh a little. "And my Gaspard? I suppose he is pitching logs!"

"He is at the head of fifty men whose duty it will be to keep the logs moving and free from jams," said Denis. "Shall we move outside? It is a quiet night, and I think we can hear."

The camp was asleep when they went out. Stars gleamed dimly in the skies and under these stars the steady murmur of the river and the whispering of the forest was a soft melody of restfulness and peace. Denis wet his forefinger and held it above his head. The gently stirring wind was in the right direction to bring sound from the north.

The three girls stood in a little group. They seemed scarcely to move or breathe as the minutes passed. Denis struck a match and lighted a cigaret. The tiny flare illumined the set lines in his face. He looked at his watch before the flame went out.

"Twenty-seven minutes past twelve," he said softly.

Antiquete stood with American's warm ingers classed in her

Antoinette stood with Angelique's warm fingers clasped in her hand. Catherine was a step aside, her golden head high, listening, her eyes shining, an infinite pride and faith in her attitude. "Oh, Vincent," she whispered. "Do it! Do it!"

Denis could hear the swift ticking of his watch

"Listen hard," he said. "It is time!"

Every sound seemed to grow in volume then, the murmur of the river, the whisperings in the forest, the beating of their hearts and through it all at last came a sound that was like a smothered moan that disturbed the length and breadth of the night, a sound that rose through a second or two until the earth and the air seemed to tremble with it, faint, illusive, gone—a ghost of a sound that came and passed and left the stillness of the night heavier than before. . Set +

"Done!" cried Colonel Denis.

A sobbing cry of triumph came from Catherine. "I knew he'd do it! Oh, I knew he'd do it!"

They went back into the lighted cabin. Denis, even in his triumph, was amazed at Antoinette St. Ives. He had never seen the look that was in her eyes. Her cheeks were no longer pale but were flooded with a wild color and wet with tears. She made no effort to hide them or wipe them away. A strange pride and glory were in her face as well as in Catherine Clamart's. Angelique saw it, and wanted to cry out in her joy-cry out so that Clifton might hear, miles and miles up the river.

Denis looked at his watch again. "You'd better return to your beds, young ladies," he advised paternally. "The dam is out, but it will take hours for the water to get down to us. I am

going to set you an example immediately.

TALF an hour later his light was out, but looking from the darkened window of their own cabin Antoinette knew that he was not asleep, but wide awake, and that he was waiting for any word that might come over the telephone, and for the arrival of dawn.

"It is impossible to sleep," said Catherine. "I am going to finish doing up my hair." They could hear her brushing it in the "If I could talk with Vincent over the telephone I darkness.

would give—almost anything!"

"And if I could be with Gaspard, helping him shove logs into the river, I'd give more than that!" whispered Angelique, as the flip, flip, flip of her boot-laces told them that she was further preparing herself for action instead of undressing for bed. "Ugh!" she shivered. "Can't you see them?—three hundred men working like demons all through this darkness, while every cabin in the woods is lighted, and women and children are awake, listening, waiting-a lot of them praying! Dear Mother, it's almost like war! A quick breath came from Antoinette at the window.

"I was thinking of that," she said, and in her voice, low and soft though it was, came clearly a note that made Angelique pause in the lacing of her boots. "As we were riding in an automobile from Brantford one day Colonel Denis told me of another night like this, years ago, when the work of Captain Brant and three hundred men turned the tide of the next day's battle. He said they accomplished what it would have seemed impossible for a thousand men to do, and because they were three hundred then, as tonight, and were working against such odds-just as they are doing now-I was thinking, too, Angelique!"

There was a moment of silence in the room, broken only by the flip of Angelique's laces and the silken swish of Catherine's hair.

'That was in the winter of 1915, near St. Eloi," continued Antoinette in words as soft as the rustle of Catherine's golden tresses. "It was terrible-in the trenches. And ahead of those trenches Captain Brant and his three hundred heroes were digging through ice and snow-almost with their naked hands, with the German guns tearing at them through darkness that was like black pitch, Colonel Denis says. Thinking of that-"With him, you mean," said Angelique, but the words were

whispered only to herself.

And Catherine said, resting her brush for an instant, "Vincent "Yes, everything," said Antoinette. "And yet—

"Yes, everything," said Antoinette. "What?"

"Nothing. I was only thinking again."

"And so was I," said Angelique. "I was thinking. What if this night does end in failure, God granting that it gives back these men of ours! Ours, I said, Antoinette! Did you hear me?" She heard very faintly the answer from the window. heard you."

In the darkness Angelique's face-was afire with triumph and joy. But her lips were silent. She went to the window and took Antoinette's head in her arms, and kissed her. From one or

the other of them Catherine heard a little sob.

In the deeper blackness of approaching dawn there came suddenly the swift clatter of hoofs out of the forest trail. The girls hurried to the window and could faintly see the shadow of



Antoinette seemed to be looking at nothing,

a horseman passing. The hoof-beats stopped at the depot office. They heard a beating at the door. In another half-minute a light was burning in Denis's room.

"Something—has happened!" gasped Catherine.
It was Antoinette who groped her way first toward the door. Out in the night Angelique found her hand and it was cold as ice. "I think-if anything had happened-the word would come by telephone-

But they were dead white when they entered the office where Denis had made up Bolduc's cot near the telephone. Denis was already at the telephone, his back toward them.

He was at Cambrai and Sanctury Wood again! His voice rang out with military sharpness, sending a thrilling command

to the watchers who had leaped to their telephones along the

line.
"This is Colonel Denis at Depot Number Two. Captain Brant is get him immediately! Tell him it is a matter of life and death and that I must talk with him at the earliest possible moment! Send every available man after him-and hurry!"

Scarcely were the words out of his mouth when a dull tremor ran through the earth. The tremor was followed by a second, and a third; the log walls shivered; a roar swept out of the nighta roar that seemed to fill the whole world, tearing at the sky, upheaving the wilderness, shaking the earth, and sweeping of into distance like crashing thunder.

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caring for nothing but Clifton. "I am coming!" he heard her cry. "I am coming!"

A sharp cry came from the explosion—and that cry was in the cabin. It came from a figure standing in half gloom, a figure with a white and staring face and cavernous eyes whose sunken fame devoured Antoinette St. Ives as she stood in the yellow

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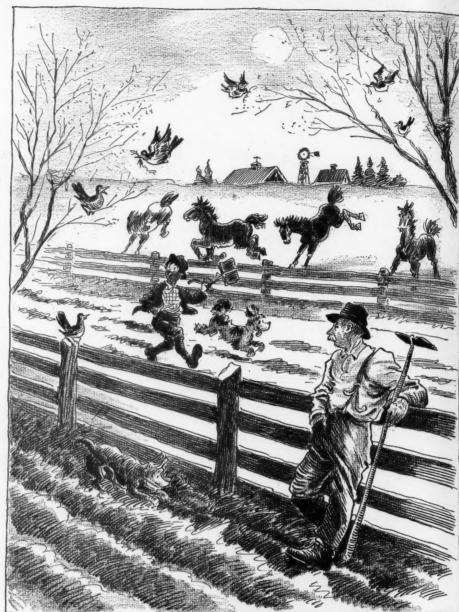
glow of the lamp. It was Alphonse the monk.

And before shock could give way to a word of greeting, before she could find strength to move or reach out her hands, Alphonse darted with the swiftness of an animal to the door and disappeared into the night. In an instant she followed and called his name. The abandoned horse whinnied. The last whisperings of the convulsion that had shaken the universe were dying away. A moment she listened-holding her breath-and then turned to confront the ironically smiling, deathlike face of John Denis. "What is it?" she demanded. "Alphonse riding in like that

—the explosion—"
"It is Ivan Hurd playing his last card," said Denis, the smile remaining on his white lips. "He has blown the top of Sandstone Mountain into the Mistassini down there a mile or so, where the river is shallow and scarcely two hundred feet wide. Alphonse only learned tonight that the mines have been laid for three weeks past. They were to have been fired when high water came and our logs were in the river, but in some way Hurd discovered the meaning of our activities and has sent an avalanche into the Mistassini at a peculiarly embarrassing moment for us. If his plans work out there will be the biggest and most impossible log jam in the river's history at that (Continued on page 201)

It's spring, and here's a future President of the United States on his way to school. But his thoughts at this moment are far from statesmanship. You can see now that it's going to be an active day for teachershooing the dog outdoors from behind the stove, among other forms of exercise. The hired man is omitting his daily dozen today. He's giving an imitation of a statue by Rodin entitled, "Man with a Long Row and a Dull Hoe. And perhaps he's build-

ing castles that might have been when he was young—castles with even a White House in them. Spring makes you think foolish things like that.



MEGITCHEON-

# By George ADE-Folks. Just

HE king who ordered the sea to back up, and fell down on the act, made the mistake of not waiting until the tide started out. He had not acquired the modern trick of riding along with events and pretending to stage-manage them. It has come to pass that many who ride lucky really believe that they organized the current which shunts them forward.

Last fall only about ten thousand chuckle-headed campaign managers puffed around the day after election telling how they had put over Coolidge. Every one of them could have gone fishing each day during the so-called campaign and the majorities would have been just the same. The drift of sentiment was like the movement of a glacier—steady, inexorable, irresistible. All the influential politicians between Cape Cod and the Golden Gate couldn't have braced themselves against that moving mountain of conviction and held it back for a single inch. And 96

likewise, those who rode on top, cracking their whips, did not accelerate the speed or excite anybody except themselves.

When the real estate boom is on, a man with a hare-lip and no vocabulary can sell corner lots. After the deflation begins, the Chamber of Commerce star, with a magnetic personality, who knows how to write ads, is a damp fire-cracker. Anybody can march at the head of a procession which is headed right and under way, but even a Napoleon cannot lead the crowd up a side street which does not lead to the picnic grounds.

Newspapers insist upon telling people what to do next, but voters have a way of electing a mayor who is opposed by all the powerful dailies. The number of people who refuse to be hypnotized is simply appalling. They begin to lay back their ears the minute they receive printed instructions. If trusted leaders cannot deliver the labor vote, and church members ignore the

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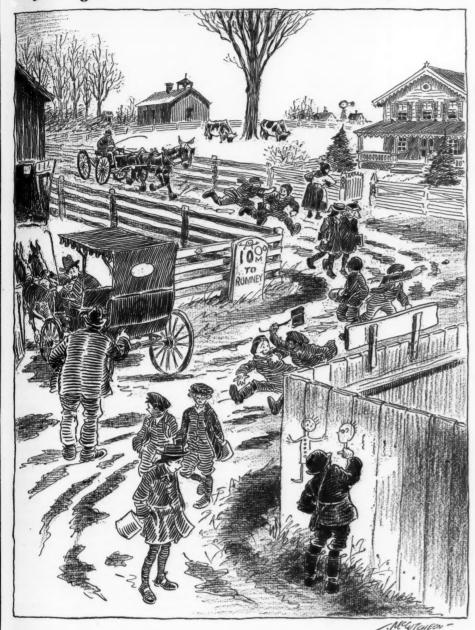
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## By JOHN T. MCCUTCHEON,



And here's the hope of America let out of school. After teacher sent him to the blackboard, he kept a piece of chalk, and the day is going to end perfectly for him. Ma Perkins won't be the only neat bousewife who'll find cartoons on her gate posts. That's a picture of Sally he has just dashed off. Alongside it be's making a fella-not that he'd admit it was bimself, gosh, no! But without letting on, he's thinking that some day maybe he and Sally will grow up and be married and have a house with a big radio and a big auto and-well, Spring makes a fella think foolish things like that.

# Won't Take Orders

advice of the bishops, while prairie agitators never have succeeded in putting all the farmers into one corral, what chance has the solitary exhorter to make a military organization out of a restless

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Our home folks simply will not take orders. All the book-page reviewers in America tell them that the new novel written by some tall-grass romancer is simply trash, so they go out and buy a million copies. Even as the derided play runs for 800 nights, so the much touted drama revealing our real motives to ourselves curls up and passes away of pernicious anemia if Smith tells Perkins and Perkins tells Robinson and

Robinson tells McInerny that it isn't a "good show."

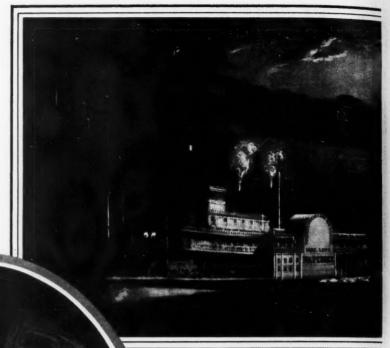
There was a time, only a couple of decades ago, when people could be swayed by anything printed on paper. They even fell for the patent medicines. Now they are all from Missouri. They

refuse to be spoon-fed. The only teacher exciting their en-thusiasm is one who has been accused of heresy. They have slipped the halter and got clean away from Brother Bryan and the Fundamentalists. They want to think for themselves and refuse to sublet the contract.

Every year the average citizen has a larger streak of mule in him. He is bridle-shy and backs away from a saddle. He becomes cantankerous the moment you try to mark him with a hotbrand. He jumps like a neurasthenic flea. That's why Congressmen have insomnia and church creeds have to be revised every six months. The popular author keeps looking out of the window for the ambulance to come and get him and the movie idol never knows whether he is going to get the spot-light or the gate. The demi-god of today is the discard of tomorrow. It is great stuff for nerve specialists and sanitaria.

### ByOPIE READ

who lived through the great gambling days of the Mississippi River side-wheelers



II, A midnight race on the

strongest passion that can grab hold of you and the faster you win the faster you air on a slick and dangerous road."

I knew not what other men thought, but to me the robber had spoken a truth. I pondered upon it as I saw his lifeless body slowly swaying, in the hush of a great multitude. I thought of it in the night when some one touched me on the arm, "Come, hurry up. It's your deal." And down throughout the years that followed I felt the heavy hand of this truth weighing upon my shoulder, urging me to forego the entrancing but blighting game.

In a shaded old institution where the classics were taught, and where the practical affairs of life were scoffed at, I had been germed with the disease of poker. Cheerful losing was the mark of a gentleman. Prompt payment upon promise was the garter of honor. The grinds and necessities of life would come of themselves; poker was an ac-complishment. At this bright and hopeful beginning it was not given to me to know that it was one of the darkest curses that could fall upon my life.

In drink there may be generosity, eloquence, poetry. In drink the niggard of coin may open his tightened fingers and palm his enemy with a golden offering; but cold-blooded poker seeks to baffle a friend and to triumph in his distress. To win is the most selfish of all enjoyments. To lose is the most depressing of all defeats.

No man of inherited gentility desires to become a gambler. He plays and strives to win but cozens himself with the reflection that he is not a professional. Ill luck might force him to pick up a card that did not belong to him and adroitly to play it, and it accused, fight to maintain that it was not by design. He might know that the high-class professional was above such trickery and yet, call him a professional and if he had spirit he would

The palatial home of the gentlemanly professional was the Mississippi steamboat. Romantic pens, lance-borne, have taken a tilt with him. Poetry has contemplated his ruffled shirt, and modest beauty has slyly tossed him a rose and run away out of delicious fear lest he might make a conquest of her. The drama made comic and tragic use of him, and music put him into her

The first time I saw him was on the steamer Natchez, bound up the river from New Orleans. He stood somewhat alone, feeling in the pockets of his flowered vest for a match. Quickly I

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RUTH from the noose, philosophy from the gallows. I stood to take down the last words of Gove Johnson, a convicted train robber. I can see him now, tall, lithe and with dark hair inclined to curl. The execution was public, and it was estimated that not fewer than fifteen thousand people were

(OPIE

READ

present. Johnson looked over the multitude.
"I am not surprised," he said, "to see so many folks here today. It belongs to human nature to travel as far as you have merely to see a feller have his neck broke. But I haven't got much to say to you older folks, because you are sot in your ways anyhow; but I want to say a few words to you boys over thar up in the trees, you fruit of the future hangin' to the limbs. And it's this here, boys: my experience teaches me that hundreds of men quit drinkin' whar only one really quits gamblin'. It's about the



as if a fortune were involved! And hadn't I stored up (Continued on page 131)



There was something a little pathetic about Mort as he took a last look at his home.

# Meredith Nicholson And They Lived

The Story So Far:

APPY during the first few years of their married life, Mort and Alice Crane drifted apart until, at middle life, there was a strong antagonism between them.

Mort was interested in the artistic rather than the practical side of his printing business, and Alice nagged him continually because he was not making more money. Howard Spencer, Mort's partner, sympathized with her because he, too, wished to expand the Press and to pay less attention to quality and more to quantity.

Since Alice had invested \$30,000 in the Press, Mort and Spencer finally agreed to dissolve their partnership, and Mort went to selling bonds. Alice, under the pretense of talking over the affairs of the Press with Spencer, drifted into a clandestine intimacy with that suave bachelor.

Mort, unaware of Alice's disloyalty, made up his mind to make money, and so went to work for Joe Weston, a prosperous, some-

what coarse-fibered bond-broker.

Mrs. Weston had shown Mort much sympathy and kindness. In a shy way he loved her, and her fine mental qualities fascinated him. Gradually a real love, recognized by both, grew up between them, but both remained steadfastly true to their responsibilities.

Suddenly Mort learned of Alice's affair with Spencer. Before he realized what was happening, they were plunged into a violent quarrel, and Alice had forced him to leave home.

arrel, and Alice had forced him to leave home.

HEN she heard the door close, Alice went to the window and drew back the blind. Mort, carrying his suitcase, walked quickly round the house toward the garage and drove out immediately in his dingy runabout. Just before he reached the gate he stopped the car and leaned out, evidently taking a last look at the garden. The car, with its familiar clatter, shot through the gate and disappeared up the street.

He was gone. Her husband, Morton Crane, to whom she had been married for nineteen years had left the house never to return. She experienced a momentary qualm; there had been something a little pathetic in Mort's figure as he walked out, carrying his old scruffed tan-colored suitcase. And that final survey of the garden—Mort's garden that had been his joy and pride. Not to put too fine a point on this culmination of their differences,

she had turned him out.

The room was cold, and she crept back into bed to ponder the situation. People would know, and what people would say was

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Illustrations by Iohn La Gatta

# Happily Ever After

a matter of immediate concern. Such news traveled fast, and having all her life lent a friendly ear to gossip she had no illusions as to the variety of interpretations that would be placed upon the separation. There was no telling how much Mort knew of her intimacy with Spencer, and Howard must be warned. wished to be ugly, it lay in his power to punish her. She must see Howard at the earliest possible moment.

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Luckily Freida would not be home until late, as this was the day she went to her dancing class. Freida's sympathy must be won. Alice began fabricating an explanation that would serve to convince Freida and the rest of the world that Mort's treatment of her had become intolerable to the breaking point. This must

be effectively planted without loss of time. She must first be sure of Elsie Avery's support. Jim was a lawyer, and she would engage him as her counsel in the inevitable proceedings for divorce. In spite of Elsie's warning against going too far with Spencer it was essential that she enlist Elsie on her side. Elsie touched many circles and would be a valuable She bathed and dressed and went down-stairs to telephone Elsie that she was coming over to see her at once. Amelia came into the living-room with her carpet-sweeper as Alice left the telephone.

She bade her mistress her usual equivocal good morning, asked if she'd have breakfast and stolidly began manipulating

the sweeper when Alice replied that she was going to Mrs. Avery's and would have her coffee there.

As Alice stepped out into the brilliant sunlight she decided to walk to prepare herself for the interview with Elsie. A pair of robins rose with a wild flutter of wings as she crossed the garden. The crocuses and daffodils were in bloom along the path where Mort had planted them. She welcomed the stir of the newlyawakened streets she traversed, the sound of hammer and saw where new houses were going up. Mort had gone, but the world was running along very well without him! She walked rapidly, feeling the promise of a new freedom in the unbroken blue of the April sky.

"You're certainly looking fit!" exclaimed Elsie as she let Alice
"What's got you up so early? Doctor's orders or somebody

died and left you a million?"

"Hardly. But I've got a lot to tell you. First thing you might give me a little breakfast. I didn't wait for mine; I came right over to be sure I caught you at home."

"Breakfast for one; all right! I'm all alone. Jim's out of wn and Dorothy's gone to school. Take off your wraps." town and Dorothy's gone to school. She went to order coffee and toast which Alice said was all she

wanted. In Elsie's absence from the room Alice decided upon the tone and attitude for her revelation that seemed best calculated to win Elsie's approval.

"Mort and I have decided to call it off," she remarked carelessly. "It's all over. I wanted you to know first-so here I

"Ah!" remarked Elsie, without emotion. She had lighted a cigaret and was watching the match burn and curl in her fingers

before dropping it into the tray

"Oh, thunder, Elsie!" cried Alice, disappointed at her friend's calm reception of the news. "I just couldn't stand it any longer! We agreed to quit. I'd put up with about all I could stand. we talked it out last night, and Mort's gone his way and I'm going mine."

"This is indeed exciting," said Elsie with provoking serenity.
"You seem to be bearing up under the blow. When I parted from my number one I cried for a week. You never looked better in your life. What happened? Did Mort come home at the wrong

moment or was it a row over the monthly bills?

"Oh, it had been coming for months-years, really," Alice replied with a sigh. "I guess Mort was as ready to quit as I was."
"Well, if it's done, there's not much use in talking about it," said Elsie, blowing a smoke ring and watching it drift and break. "What time did Mort pull his freight?"

"The smash-up came last night, but he didn't leave till this morning. I didn't see him again. He just packed his little suitcase and departed."

ALICE had lighted a cigaret in an effort to imitate Elsie's tranquil demeanor, and she swept it away from her lips with a broad gesture indicative of her indifference to the fact that Mort had gone. The maid came in with a tray and Elsie got up to pour

the coffee.

"Well, old dear, it's quite an event, this breaking home ties," it said meditatively after dismissing the maid. "Frankly, I she said meditatively after dismissing the maid. hadn't thought you'd ever do it. But if you care for advice I'll say that you've got to think fast, right away quick! Of course you want to talk about it or you wouldn't have come, so let's speak freely as woman to woman. What caused the crash-Howard Spencer?"

The directness of the question caused Alice to blink. "Oh, a thousand things!" she replied hastily. "Mort and I hadn't been hitting it off for a long time. We've been just as good as separated for several years. Mort got so nothing I did pleased him. He complained all the time of my bills, and never liked my friends, not even you! He insisted on leaving the Press just to spite me, and since he went in with Joe Weston he's played the high and lofty. He's never told me what he makes, and what money he's been giving me he's handed out with a lordly air of doing me a great favor. I simply couldn't bear it

any longer!"
"That's all right to tell the world, my dear," Elsie remarked.
"But don't tell it to me except for practise. You haven't got anything on Mort, have you? I'd never suspect him of being a man who just had to sin to be happy. Of course you hate him like poison, but isn't it true that he's a pretty decent fellow? He gave you the house, didn't he, even after the boat began to rock?
—which was quite generous of him as a matter of fact. Don't frown, dear, I'm just analyzing the case a little. And if he does know that you and Howard have been waltzing around together on the quiet he'd have some excuse for being nasty. It was you, wasn't it, dear, who cut the string-spilled the gravy-sang good-by forever without accompaniment?"
"Well, yes. I told Mort he could go, if that's what you mean,"

Alice said impatiently.

Elsie was not meeting her need for sympathy. She had dramatized herself as an aggrieved heroine, but manifestly Elsie's imagination was unequal to accepting her in this rôle.

"Mort knows something; I don't know how much. But that had nothing to do with our troubles. They date away back of

all that!"

"Oh, yes; the troubles of married life begin before we get out of the church. Let's be sensible, Alice. Isn't it the God's truth that Howard has a lot to do with the whole business? You've been pretty crazy about him, and if he hadn't come into the sketch you'd probably have put up with a whole lot of cruelty before you told Mort to pack his tooth-brush and wander. Isn't that true?" "Well, yes; I suppose it's true!" Alice retorted defiantly.

"But a woman's entitled to be happy, isn't she?" she ended

tearfully.

"Oh, I don't know!" replied Elsie, provokingly giving the phrase its slang inflection. "One thing's dead sure thougha woman's got to be careful where she skates! For heaven's sake, don't cry! I want to help you, but there's no use talking bunk. I suppose Mort found out that you and Howard were pretty clubby quite by chance—the usual way! Fireworks! Bluster! Outraged husband pacing the floor biting his nails, roaring about his ruined home! Exit! The oldest story in the world brought down to date in Whitcomb Place! Well, I did try waving the red flag, but you just had to smash into the road-roller. So Mort caught you and Howard together, did he?'

"Howard brought me home last night and he kissed me good night and Mort saw him," Alice confessed, the tears flowing.
"But what's so wrong with that? Haven't I known Howard for

years?"

"Of course you have! But kissing married women has always been a dangerous sport. Have some more coffee and tell what

else Mort knows.

Thus urged, Alice, unable to maintain the bravado with which she had begun, sobbed out a fairly accurate account of the night's events, conscious that her own part in it shrank in dignity and importance in the telling. Elsie smoked quietly through the recital, frowned when the Two Pigeon episode was mentioned and as Alice ended in a prolonged fit of weeping, rose and put her arm about her.

'Cheer up! It might be a lot worse! But you've certainly got your little tootsy-wootsies in the fly-paper. The mistakes are all made; the jam's on the table-cloth. Let's see what we can do about it."

"Oh, I knew you'd help!" said Alice with a gulp. "There's

nobody else I could go to!

"Well, the sensible thing for you to do is to try to square yourself with Mort. If necessary you'd better eat a little humble-Confess you've been naughty and say you're going to be a good little Alice hereafter-no more chasing the wild pigeons. Freida's the key to the situation. Put it all right there. Don't look at me as if I were a crazy woman; I'm talking sense!"
"I can't do it! I'll never do it!" Alice flared.

"No, I didn't think you would! But what are you going to do?"

Elsie demanded.

"I've got to see Howard; I've got to see him right away. He loves me and I love him. If you've turned against me, he's all I've got in the world!"

ELSIE, standing by Alice's chair and regarding her with mingled vexation and pity, waited for another outburst of

weeping to expend itself.

"If I were you I'd certainly do nothing of the kind," she said "Listen to me, Alice. The minute it's known-and you slowly. needn't worry but it will be known fast enough-when it's known that you and Mort have quit, a thousand eyes will be watching you. What you've done is all over; only a miracle could change that. It's what you do today and tomorrow that's going to count for the future. I'm responsible for some of this. I admit that, and I'll never cease to regret my part in the beginning of it. I thought you were a grown woman but you were only a child. But now I want to help get you out. For heaven's sake let Howard go!"

"Let him go!" cried Alice, staring wide-eyed. "You don't

mean-you don't know

"Oh, yes; I know all right enough! It's because I know and understand everything that I'm talking to you straight. I'm telling you not to run whimpering to Howard. The dignified telling you not to run whimpering to Howard. thing for you to do is to keep as far away from him as possible. I wouldn't let the sun go down on this business; I'd see Mort and fix it up. I don't mean for you to throw yourself at his feet and make a door-mat of yourself. It might be better for me to give Joe a tip and let him arrange a meeting. Mort's bound to listen

to Joe."
"No! No! No!" Alice's voice rose in a frightened crescendo that caused Elsie to glance anxiously at the doors. "I'll never see Mort again! He's made me unhappy for years; he's abused me and treated me as if I were a silly child. I won't go back to him!

wouldn't if he came and begged me on his knees!"
"This will never do!" Elsie exclaimed kindly. "It's no time for tears. You've got to brace up and be a woman! I'm not trying to bother you. I simply want to help. If you're dead sure you're doing right and that you're all through with Mort, why you're the doctor! We'll let all that go. Now what can I do?"

Alice sat up and dabbed her eyes with her handkerchief. "I knew you'd understand; I can't bear having you scold me! I suppose I'm just a little fool; but there's no use talking to me about going back to Mort. He doesn't care any more for me than I do for him. And you know-you know, Elsie-I care everything for Howard! He's been kind to me and tried to make me

парру. А will earn a my life. A Her eye garded her "You w idea?" Els "Why s

moaned. "Oh, he "You w as if she h "Of cou to do any



This was one of the days • Helen set off along the river path. when she sought escape from herself by taking a long tramp.

happy. And I know he loves me. He's working hard so the Press will earn a lot of money and I can do things I've wanted to do all my life. And Freida—I want Freida to have advantages—to-Her eyes filled but something in the look with which Elsie regarded her discouraged a further indulgence in tears.

"You want to divorce Mort and marry Howard. Is that the idea?" Elsie asked bluntly.

"Why shouldn't I have some happiness before I die?" Alice loaned. "Howard knows—he understands—"
"Oh, hell!" Elsie muttered under her breath.

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ne an "You won't go back on me; you will help me?" Alice persisted as if she hadn't already rejected all of Elsie's suggestions.

"Of course I'm not going back on you! But I don't seem able to do anything. I've said what I think. You've closed your

mind and nailed down the lid, and you'll have to manage it all in your own way. I honestly hope it will come out all right."

"I'm going to need a lawyer," said Alice, who hadn't heard Elsie's last speech. "I suppose Jim would take my case?"

"I don't believe I'd ask him," Elsie replied. "He never takes divorce cases; and besides he has a friendly feeling for Mort and you've got to remember that he and Howard are thrown together in the Press. It would be more comfortable all round, I think, if you'd employ some one else."

"Yes; I can see that," said Alice as she rose to go. "I dread having to tell Freida; it will be a terrible shock to her."

"That won't be pleasant." Elsic replied sympathetically. It

was in her heart to be kind and at the door she put her arms about Alice and kissed her. "Have (Continued on page 191)
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What Nathan was saying to

Rosie as Lapidowitz entered

was nobody's business except the

whisperer's and the whisperee's.

waiting for some one.

Milken, making a pretense of cleaning the table at which Lapidowitz sat, whispered, "Don't come many here like that, eh? But you needn't be staring at her all the time."

staring at her all the time."
"She looks like somebody I seen
before," said Lapidowitz, "only I can't
make out who it is. She is a beauty."

At that moment Nathan Jacobson, with wrinkled brow and a deep frown upon his face, entered the café and, seating himself at a table directly opposite the girl, ordered a sandwich and a cup of coffee.

cup of coffee.
"Who's that?" asked Lapidowitz. "I never seen him before.
Is he a fiddler?"

"Worse than that," replied Milken with a grunt. "He's one of them crazy painters. He just took the room on the top floor and 104

he calls it a studio. He paints pictures all day long. But if he don't paint me a ten dollar bill in a couple of days, he goes out."

Nathan Jacobson had taken only one bite of his sandwich and one sip of his coffee when his gaze fell upon the girl and he found that she was looking at him. Her eyes fell beneath his and a delicate color came into her cheeks. For the benefit of those interested in eating, it may be authoritatively stated here that the sandwich and the coffee were never finished.

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A Story Which Shows a New Way To Acquire a Father-in-law

> him twenty dollars if the proper spirit moved him Ah, yes! A little retail store in which he would sell, among other things, the ribbons Kaplan manufactured. Surely that would appeal to the old man.
> "Mr. Kaplan," he said,

> striding toward the table. "it's the luckiest thing in the world you dropped in this evening. Hello, Rosie! I used to know you when you was a little girl playing on Delancey Street. My. but you've grown stylish! Mr. Kaplan, I'm just making arrangements to open a little store to sell notions and ribbons. I got most of the money ready and, of course, I wouldn't think of handling anything but the Kaplan brand. Now if you would put in twenty

THERE Lapidowitz stopped. Kaplan had continued to eat his goulash without paying the slightest attention to him. His

daughter, entirely oblivious of Lapidowitz's presence, had been glancing at the young painter every now and then, only to find that he was constantly looking at her. And it was at this moment that Nathan Jacobson, arriving suddenly at the conclusion of his own thoughts, slammed his hand upon the table, rose and walked straight toward the girl. Without paying the slightest heed to her father or to Lapidowitz, he rested his hands upon the table and addressed her.

"My name is Nathan Jacobson," he said. "I hope you will not think I am rude for addressing you in this way but I really must talk to you. I'm a portrait painter and I have a chance to get a picture hung in the big exhibition next week. I've got some friends there who have confidence in me and who want to help me out. Heaven knows I need it. But I've been racking my brains for the right inspiration for a long time. And now I've got it. Would you let me paint a portrait of you? It will be the greatest thing I ever did in my life. I see the picture right before me. I'll come wherever you say to paint it. I've got a studio up-stairs and my mother can—"
"Hey!" interrupted Kaplan, who had been staring at him in

amazement. "Do you know this fellow, Rosie?"

The girl flushed and lowered her head. "D'ye hear me, Rosie? I'm asking you a question. Was you ever introduced to this fellow what says he's a painter?' The girl shook her head. Kaplan surveyed the young man with

a complacent grin.

"So!" he exclaimed. "You ain't only meshugeh, but you're also a freshy. Talking to a young lady what doesn't know you from the side of a house. And I'm a bum, hey? Just a plain bum!" Kaplan turned fiercely to the schnorrer. "If you want to

Now came into the room the elderly ribbon merchant. Lapid-

owitz sprang to his feet and Milken advanced eagerly.
"Well, if it ain't Mr. Ben Kaplan!" exclaimed Milken. "I ain't seen you for nearly three years since you moved up-town." "Hello, Milken," replied Kaplan. "How's business? One of

them real estate gonifs is trying to sell me this house and I just went through it to take a look at it. I betcha it would cost over two hundred dollars to fix up the roof alone."

"Yes," assented Milken, "the people on the top floor is always complaining that it leaks. Couldn't I give you a nice supper?

We got goulash tonight."
"Yes," said Kaplan, "that's another thing I came down for. And I told my daughter to meet me here.'

And now it was that Lapidowitz came forward, beaming with self-satisfaction. "There, Milken," he exclaimed, "didn't I tole you that I seen that girl before? I knew she couldn't be the daughter of anybody else but a good-looking fellow like Mr. Ben Kaplan. Hello, Mr. Kaplan! Don't you remember me?"

Kaplan surveyed him somewhat coolly. "Oh, yes, I remember ou," he said. "Oh, there's Rosie."

He joined his daughter and paid no further attention to Lapidowitz. The latter, however, was paying deep attention to the ribbon merchant. While Kaplan was ordering his meal from the waiter, Lapidowitz figured out in his mind the kind of story that would be most effective for a loan of twenty dollars.

He knew that Kaplan was wealthy and that he had practically retired from business. He knew him to be an eccentric and impulsive character who would be perfectly capable of giving

if he out." and ound nd a those

that

make five dollars for your notion store what I don't believe a single word about, throw that freshy out of the place.

Lapidowitz seized Nathan's collar in a firm grasp. The painter was a slender chap and could only squirm in the schnorrer's strong hold.

"Couldn't you make it ten dollars, Mr. Kaplan?" asked Lapidowitz.

Kaplan's glare was positively ferocious.

"Not a cent more as what I said," he cried. "And if you don't do it quick, I'll kick the both of you out in the gutter."

Lapidowitz pushed the young man toward the door. "Don't hurt him!" cried Rosie.

"I wouldn't," said Lapidowitz. "Rosie, shut up!" said her father.

Out upon the sidewalk Lapidowitz released his hold upon the young man's collar. "Don't think I got any feelings against you, young man," he said. "If you knew how bad I need some money, you wouldn't blame me. And just to think that old miser wouldn't give more than five dollars to put you out! Say! Do you really want to talk to Rosie?"

The young man turned to him swiftly. "I must meet her!" he cried. "She's wonderful. If I could paint her portrait it would be sure to be hung in the exhibition. It means so much to me. Listen! You look like a kind-hearted man. Can't you arrange it for me? You will never regret it."

"I tell you what," answered Lapidowitz. "If you could spare five dollars I'd be glad to introduce you to Rosie."
"I can't spare a cent," said the young man pleadingly. "I even owe Milken for my rent. But I'll tell you what I'll do. If I get a prize from the exhibition, I'll give you a hundred dollars. I give you my word for it. But I can't wait long. I've got to

get busy quickly."
"Hm!" said Lapidowitz. "That waiting business don't always pay. But if you ain't got it, you ain't got it. I know how it is. Now I tell you what to do. Go down to the corner

and wait and I'll see what I can do."

And everything fell out just as it should have fallen out. Lapidowitz returned to the café and received his reward. It was

given grudgingly "Milken was just telling me," said Kaplan, as he handed the money to the schnorrer, "that you're the same kind of loafer that you always used to be. Anyway, here's what I owe you and now go out of my sight. You spoil my appetite."

Lapidowitz seated himself at an adjoining table and ordered a glass of slivovitz. When he had finished his goulash, Kaplan

rose and called for Milken.

"I want to go down and take a look at the cellar," he said. "Get me a lamp or a candle, will you?"

"I can't wait for you, papa," said his daughter. "I've got a girl coming to the house and I have to go right home."

"Well," grunted her father, "I ain't keeping you, am I?"
Lapidowitz slipped out after the girl. "Hey, wait a minute,
Rosie," he cried. "I got something to say to you."
The girl turned upon him fiercely. "Don't you dare talk to
me," she exclaimed. "I think you're a terrible, mean——"
"Never mind what you think," said Lapidowitz soothingly.
"Better listen instead of thinking. That young man is waiting
up at the corner and he got something to tell you. Something

"Better listen instead of thinking. That young something up at the corner and he got something to tell you. Something

about a painting what's got money in it."

The girl gazed at him blankly. Her eyes opened wide and her lips parted. "Oh!" And that was all she said, for at that moment

nps parted. "On!" And that was all she said, for at that moment Nathan Jacobson appeared.
"Miss Kaplan," said Lapidowitz quickly, "I got the pleasure to introduce to you Mr. Nathan Jacobson, one of the biggest painters we got." Then he turned to the young artist. "I'll see you in Milken's later on tonight," he said. And he walked off.

As Lapidowitz walked off, he had the decency not to turn his land. It therefore folial to the said.

head. He therefore failed to see these two young people standing gazing at each other speechless-which is the way young people act sometimes.

RS. SOL GROSSMAN, widow, sat in a luxurious Grand Rapids armchair knitting when her brother, Ben Kaplan, entered the

"Where's Rosie?" was his first question.
"She went out," replied his sister, without looking up from her knitting. "Some girl called for her and they went out together."
"I think it's high time she got married," Kaplan went on as

he lighted a cigar. "I betcha wherever she goes, she's got fresh young men what never was introduced to her coming up and talking to her. That ain't right. And besides, I got other things to do instead of always watching her. She ought to get a husband what can take all the responsibility off my hands,"

Mrs. Grossman went on with her knitting and did not answer, Mrs. Grossman always listened and rarely answered. Kaplan picked up the evening newspaper and turned to the financial page.

Two weeks went by. Two weeks! The destiny of peoples and empires have been decided in less than two weeks.

Rosie came to pose for Nathan every day. With the exception of just one visit, her girl friend always accompanied her. And, at some time during the sitting, Lapidowitz always came in. Lapidowitz was even more interested in the progress of the portrait than either the sitter or the painter. If it received a prize in the exhibition, it meant one hundred dollars to the schnorrer. And Lapidowitz had already planned how to spend the money. He followed the artist's work from day to day with assiduous attention and with critical interest. He was amazed to find the initial daub of paints upon the canvas gradually grow into a true, warm and striking likeness of the girl. But there were other things happening in those two weeks, right under his eyes, which he failed to observe.

Rosie's girl friend always accompanied her-with the exception of just one visit. Ah, those exceptions! We cross the street safely day after day until there comes an exception and an automobile collides with us. The whole philosophy of life is

merely the philosophy of exceptions.

ATHAN had painted until the twilight set in. He sat, brush and palette in hand, gazing speculatively at the picture. It was almost finished. Rosie sat close by the window. She knew that Nathan had ceased painting because for nearly five minutes now he had not looked at her. And so she sat looking at him.

Now he suddenly looked up and their eyes met. And now

also Rosie discerned a quality in his gaze which was new. At least it seemed new to her. For she quickly lowered her eyes, and she felt that her heart was beginning to beat a trifle faster. "I'm glad you came alone today," said Nathan quietly, rising from his chair. "There's something I want to tell you."

would be the simplest matter in the world to tell you what he told her. If you are very shrewd you may even guess it for yourself. It was a little secret that young men have told young women ever since Abraham came out of Ur of the Chaldees. Even in Abraham's day it was as old as the hills through which the river Jordan flows.

And really it's nobody's business excepting the whisperer's

and the whisperee's.

Lapidowitz was not exactly stupid. Beholding Nathan upon his knees with his head in Rosie's lap and Rosie's hand gently stroking his curling hair, he had an immediate suspicion of how matters stood. For which you have to give him credit. Some people, you know, are really so dumb that they might have asked, "Oh, do you two love each other?"

But Lapidowitz was not only not dumb; he was extremely practical. And he wondered immediately how he could turn this unexpected state of affairs to his own advantage. becoming aware of his presence, turned his head.

"Come around tomorrow afternoon," he said. "The picture will be finished. And now clear out."

Upon the following day, Nathan's instructions were very

explicit.

"There's the address," he said to Lapidowitz. "You take that picture up there and ask for Mr. Stimson. I've wrapped it up carefully, but just the same, see that you don't bump any holes into it. Mr. Stimson knows all about it and will give you a receipt for it. And if it gets a prize, which I'm sure it will, you get your hundred dollars."

Lapidowitz carried the picture as far as Tompkins Square, where he seated himself upon a bench and began to think the matter over. As nearly as his thoughts could be recorded, they

ran like this:

"Those two young peoples is stuck on each other. They ain't no doubt about it. And old man Kaplan, who is a dirty bum what only gave me five dollars when he could just as easy have made it twenty, he don't know nothing about it. I'll bet on it. Maybe that young fellow will get a prize and maybe he'll give me my hundred dollars. Also maybe he won't get nothing and I'll get the same.

"But old man Kaplan, he got lots of boodle. Maybe if he finds he's got a good friend what wants to tip him off that his daughter ain't doing the right thing but is monkeying with a poor meshugeh painter what ain't got a cent to his name, he will loosen up and come across with a (Continued on page 114)

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# Lift this Tomato Soup to your lips!



The time I love is noon, It cannot come too soon. With Campbell's now I'll show you how To wield a husky spoon!

Luscious red-ripe tomatoes, grown to their finest perfection right on the vines, plucked just when the warm sun has given them their most tempting color and flavor.

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The tonic appetizing juices and tender tomato "meat" are strained to a smooth puree, blended with fresh country butter, and seasoned by Campbell's famous chefs to give just the taste your appetite most welcomes.

Campbell's Tomato is the most popular soup in the world today. Served as a Cream of Tomato it is sheer Perfection!

> 21 kinds 12 cents a can



Campbelli Soups

### The Phantom Lover by Prince William of Sweden (Continued from page 27)

polished mahogany in the fitful light. The dance became delirious. Two warriors suddenly leaped aside, leveled their lances at each other, and raised their shields in defense. But luckily, one of Kenneth's askaris separated them in the nick of time.

"Tom-boom-boom-tom!" The Bantus of the plains were dancing their primeval war-dance. "Hearken, ye women of the tribe. She who is unfaithful tonight shall feel a knife-blade in

her ba k before dawn!' "Aye, aye!" cried the women. "We understand." And they twisted their bedies in And they twisted their bodies in

sinuous display.

Then, as if to show that they were capable of orderly maneuvers, the warriors formed a column. The next moment, yelling wildly, they rushed at Kenneth and Ann. The shining lances were struck against the shields in rhythmic time and then brandished in the air.

rhythmic time and then brandished in the air.

Ann, trembling like a leaf, instinctively dodged behind her husband.

"Don't be afraid, dear," he said. "They're only pretending. That's only their way of showing admiration. Tomorrow they'll be trailing along perfectly meek, doing the work of slaves as though it were the most natural thing in the world."

As Kenneth uttered the last words, the foremost spears were almost against his breast. But he never blinked an eye, and the warriors suddenly turned and ran in the opposite Time and again this performance direction.

direction. Time and again this performance was repeated, the attack apparently crumbling before the imperturbability of the white master. Ann, finally realizing that the whole thing was done in play, stood forth bravely and clapped her hands as the natives charged toward her.

Suddenly a black shadow arose between her and the spears. It was Ndudu, the Somali boy, who stood quivering before his mistress. "Not be good, so," he warned. "Spear slip. Memsahib be dead."

"Oh, I'm not afraid," she said. "Bwana Kenneth has just explained that there is no

"Way to memsahib over dead body of Ndudu," he replied with emphasis and refused

"Well, it surely can't be as serious as all that," laughed Kenneth. "But I suppose we've had enough. Call the mamur."

The mamur was Kenneth's native lieutenant,

who took charge of the place whenever he had

to go away. "Pipe down the dance," commanded Kenneth, addressing Mutambuki, a tall, muscular native.

A shrill whistle cut through the tumult. drums and flutes became silent, and the shouting subsided into the murmur of conversation. The crowd was gradually dispersed.

The white man and his wife climbed the hill The road lay white in the moonlight, and the roses along its sides gave out a heavy, sweet fragrance. Tamolongo was wrapped in the silence of night.

ROM the long veranda of Kenneth's bungalow one could scarcely distinguish the village, where it lay like an oasis in the endless plains. From this place to the forest was a two-days march. The nearest white neighbor lived a three-days' march away. Standing there on the veranda, Ann was overwhelmed by the loneliness. On the morrow her husband was going away. Could she endure it alone?

The night was not silent, though it had seemed so at first by contrast with the tumult of the Bantu revels. Familiar sounds now began to assail their ears out of the darkness. The crickets chirped their minor symphony which would last until dawn. The hyraxes struck their plaints in regular tempo, while the laughing chatter of baboons rose from the banks of the river. The shrill cry of a jackal pierced the night and was answered from the distance by others roaming in search of prev.

Hyenas were out on the same errand. times came a soul-shaking roar, followed by a deen silence. No other living thing dared utter a sound when the royal lion was abroad.

Ann had listened to all this before. She had even become accustomed to the cries of the wilderness. But now, on the eve of her husband's departure, it seemed to her that the cacophony of the wilderness contained a new dominant note of ill omen. She tried desperately to conquer her fear.

"That old boy seems to be on his way to town tonight," she jested with trembling lips, when a lion roared only a few hundred yards

The next moment a hvena set up his insane laughter just outside the yard. It sounded like a spirit escaped from hell. The powers of spirit escaped from hell. darkness seemed to surround her.

She could scarcely find the strength to make

her final plea: "Let me go along with you tomorrow

"Certainly not," replied Kenneth; "that wouldn't do at all for little girls like you." Why do

"Kenneth, must you leave me? you have to go?"

"Silly! Haven't I told you that the old chief Maoro is making trouble and won't pay his taxes? He threatens to kill any askari that comes near him. I have orders from my superior to make the old devil pay up. Of course, it can't be done. But then I'll just have to burn his village and take his cattle instead. It's a simple task, and I've turned the trick before."

"I do wish you could send some one else.
ou—you might——" But she had no voice

to finish.

Now, Ann, don't begin imagining things. Old blow-hards like Maoro aren't much good at fighting. They usually run away and hide in the bush. Besides, if there should be a little skirmish, I can depend on my warriors to carry off the honors

"And it will take three whole days to get

"Scarcely. But I intend to rest one afternoon and one night at a safe distance from the village, so that I can surprise the old codger Guess we'd better count on four days going and three days coming back. We'll probably have to stay two days at Maoro's. That makes nine in all. Let's see. Today is Wednesday. You can expect me back on Friday a week. Along about luncheon Better have something good ready me to eat." He patted Ann's cheek playfully. She pressed closer to him. "In any event,

you'll leave Ndudu, won't you?"

"Yes, indeed. He can stay and help you. That's a boy that I can trust to the end. I'll

take Mutambuki instead. "But Kenneth, if-if Maoro isn't a very dangerous chief, then it would be safe enough

for me to go along, wouldn't it?"

Kenneth frowned. He didn't want to argue

the matter the rest of the night. He dismissed it by replying, "It's time to turn in." Ann lay awake for hours. Her old unrest

back, stronger than ever. had come nervous, high-strung temperament by nature, she had become almost abnormally sensitive there in the African wilderness. whole nervous system seemed dangerously near the breaking point. She had never before felt so lonely, so de-

pressed. She tried to reassure herself, thinking over and over again that the expedition really wasn't perilous; that Kenneth was used to such undertakings; that he had taken part in the siege of Tabora without getting a scratch; that he had spent most of his life in the tropics, constantly beset by adverse circumstances, disease, and treacherous natives, and that nothing had ever happened to him. He seemed indeed to be the darling of Fortune.

She fixed her thoughts on his return. She would broil him a plump pullet, and there would be curry, of course, because that was his favorite dish. She would have a good laugh when she saw him eating until all the good spices she had put in made the tears roll down his cheeks.

For a few minutes Ann was able to keep the happy picture. whelmed her again. It seemed to drain her very life-blood. Exhausted by the strain, she sank at last into a feverish sleep.

NN awoke with a start and sat up in bed. She did not know how long she had slept. But she observed that the moonbeam fell on the desk now; it had been on the camp-chair before she dozed off. She remembered that vaguely. The house and all about it was vaguely. The house and all about it was quiet. Yet she was sure that she could distinguish a weird sound, something unlike the familiar sounds of the night. It was this that had awakened her.

She listened intently.

Again came that strange sound, faint in the distance. She could tell now that it came from the plains north of Tamolongo. There were sounds in different keys like muffled voices. There were They were growing louder, coming nearer. At times a single voice could be heard more clearly than the others, as of some one giving commands. She could hear the steps of many feet, and the low groaning as of porters under bundles that were too heavy. Yes, they were being lashed by the whip of the ever-watchful

Of course, now she understood. It was only an ordinary safari, an expedition marching with the leader at the head, and a long line of porters trailing like a serpent. This was probably some crafty Indian bringing stolen ivory from the forests to the coast, or a hunting party, or the *safari* of some official. Now she could distinguish voices clearly, but the language was foreign. Though she knew a little

Risuaheli, that was only one of the many dialects of the district.

Clearly the leader was in a hurry. She could tell how the porters were driven by threats and commands. The men must surely be entering the village. Would they stop? It was a long march to the next

Propagly. It was a long matter watering place, and the natives needed rest.

Suddenly the dogs set up a yelping and howling as if terrified. Not the normal barking. ing as if terrified. but a repressed, plaintive note. Then a hen cackled wildly, as if escaping from hurrying feet. The expedition was going through the village at full speed, and evidently would not halt there.

Ann pushed the mosquito-netting aside and went to the window, thinking that she might get a glimpse of the caravan. But at that moment a cloud passed in front of the moon. She could see nothing but the outline of a tree near by. Yet the strange procession was approaching, only a few hundred yards

Kenneth! He was sleeping soundly. She remembered now that he had taken a strong dose of quinine before retiring. It would be wake him. Besides, he needed his worrow. The voices were hard to strength for the morrow.

growing fainter.

listened breathlessly at the window. The dogs stopped barking. Soon the voices became a low murmur, blending together into a single scarcely audible note. finally Was it possible to hear a sound and not hear it at the same time?

She stood there as if fixed by a spell, listening—hearing that weird sound which did not die out in the distance. Then suddenly she discovered that a swarm of bees was buzzing behind the bungalow. She smiled, and her

anxiety was over. Ann crept back into bed. She recalled the day when she and Kenneth had marched at the head of a safari, the day when she first saw Tamolongo and the charming little bungalow on the hill, which had been her home ever

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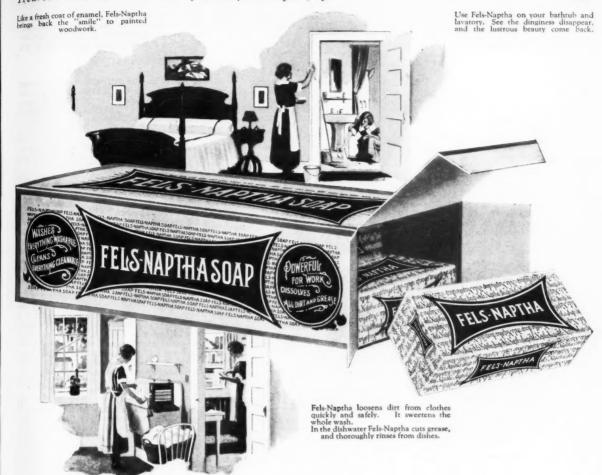
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# Extra help to make housecleaning easier!



#### Smell the naptha in Fels-Naptha

Do you know the helpfulness of Fels-Naptha when boarding? Even with cool or lukewarm water you can do the little daily washes of handserchiefs, stockings and underclothes—and Fels-Naptha will make them beautifully clean.

What temperature for wash water?
Use water of any temperature with Fels-Naprha. Boil clothes with Fels-Naprha, if you wish. You are bound to get good results. The real naprha in Fels-Naprha makes the dirt let go, no matter whether the water is cool, lukewarm or hot.

Housecleaning! Who doesn't shrink from it? A disagreeable job at best!

Curtains to be washed. Winter clothes to be cleaned so thoroughly that they will not invite moths when put away for the summer. Paints to be made sunshiny. Floors to be made spotless. Rugs to be brightened. The house to be made wholesome from top to bottom. If ever you needed Fels-Napthait is right now!

All women need the extra help of Fels-Naptha at this time. For housecleaning, it is help you can always depend upon. It does a quick, safe, thorough job.

Naptha is a wonderful dirt-loosener. So is good soap. And when the two are combined to work together in Fels-Naptha -you get extra cleaning-value that you cannot get in any other form.

Housewives everywhere, who pride themselves on the cleanliness of their homes, feel that nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha. Order a carton of ten bars from your grocer today! It'll prove the most economical help you can get for the Spring cleaning.

SEND 2c in stamps for a sample bar to test the helpfulness of Fels-Naptha, Address Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia.

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR Ophiladelphia

since. Her nerves were steady now, peace came to her, and she fell asleep with a smile.

Tamolongo was astir at dawn. The natives were making ready for the march. Bundles were being packed, water-bottles filled, porters and gun carriers given their last instruction. The askaris went hither and thither, inspecting equipment, and warning the sleepyheads to look lively. The tall mamur was everywhere at once, giving commands. Nothing escaped the mamur's watchful eye, and half an hour later when Kenneth appeared everything was in military order.

Ann stood at her husband's side, struggling with the lump in her throat. The terrible anxiety had taken possession of her again, but she tried to conceal her feelings beneath a

forced smile.

Going down from the bungalow she had told her husband of what she had heard during the night. He had agreed with her that no one but an Indian could have been cruel enough to drive his porters so hard. No white man would have gone through the village without stopping to rest.

Ann heard Kenneth ask the mamur casually, as he lighted his pipe, what the expedition was that came through during the night.

"Did master Kenneth hear it too?"
"No, but memsahib did."

"She did? Here in the village no one heard it but me and Ndudu and the guide. The others slept soundly after their dancing."
"So did I. But what was it?"

The mamur placed his finger on his lips and motioned Kenneth aside where he told him something in a whisper. Kenneth laughed loudly and shook his head.

"Magegi?" he said, "You've all been dream-g. Such nonsense."

ing. Such nonsense."
"What's that, Kenneth?"
"Bosh," he laughed. "Some old Bantu superstition. Don't Lay any attention to superstition. Don't gay any attention to it . . . Ndudu, take good care of memsahib while I am gone. And if anything happens to her, you'll get strung up to the nearest tree. Understand?"

tree. Understand?"
"Yes, bwana. And you take care on trip."
The servant's voice had a strange note,

thought Ann, and his face seemed to turn several shades darker.

"Ann, you haven't forgotten the most important thing of all, have you?" joked Kenneth.
"My tobacco. I'll need half a dozen cans of Bronson's Mixture" Bronson's Mixture.

"I didn't forget. They're in the upper right-hand corner of the tin box, together with your shirts. And your extra pipe is there, too."
"Fine. Now I'm ready for anything. Well,

it's time to say good-by."

"Be careful," she whispered, "for my sake."
And then the tears streamed down her cheeks.

IN a few moments he was at the head of the The first rays of the sun fell upon his bronzed arms. His muscles bulged with power, and his youthful countenance wore an expression of almost defiant enthusiasm.

This was the life! He had always loved adventure. And, even though he had mini-mized the danger in order to reassure his wife, he knew well enough what might happen.

He might never see her again.

As he stood there he was the very picture of life itself, thought Ann; yes, more than that, the very picture of all that life meant to her; and she smiled through her tears.

A shrill whistle broke the silence.

moment bundles and boxes leaped to the porters' heads, and the long file of men moved out of the village, southward across the plains.

From her veranda Ann watched the expedition trailing out into a dark, thin line, now disappearing from view in some dip of the land, now reappearing still farther away and smaller, and finally melting into the indefinite landscape on the horizon.

She turned about with a shudder. Some one

had laid a cold hand on her back between the

shoulder-blades. Or was it only a fancy?
The swarthy Ndudu stood at the door

awaiting her command. He had a greenish yellow papaya in his hand. His glance shifted seemed embarrassed.

"Well, what is it, Ndudu?"
Instead of replying, the boy fell upon his knees and crawled slowly to his mistress. bent down and kissed her shoes. handed her the papaya awkwardly.

"Bwana Kenneth away," he stamme "Memsahib cry. Ndudu make feel g Papaya good." And he smacked his lips. feel good.

"Thanks so much, Ndudu. You are a good boy. Put it on the table and I'll have it for dinner."

"First ripe papaya. Only one good. All rest bad. Ndudu watch papaya night and day, make good for memsahib."

Ann could not help smiling. Then she be-me serious. "Now tell me, Ndudu, what came serious. safari was it that passed last night?"

Don't know. "You didn't see it?"

"Did you hear it?"

Ves. "Try to find some one in the village who

saw it."
"Yes, memsahib."

BUT for some strange reason, Ndudu could give no definite information either that day or the next. And whenever Ann questioned him, he had some plausible excuse, saying that such and such a one who knew about the expedition was ill or had left the village for a few days

Day after day went by. The sun was always scorching hot, and both men and animals yearned for the cool of the evening. Ann had her household duties to attend to, and in time, since Ndudu could not learn anything about the mysterious expedition, she gradually forgot about it. At the end of every day she crossed off the date on the calendar and counted the remaining days before her husband would

She was just crossing off the fifth day when she heard footsteps on the walk from the village. She went out on the veranda to see who was coming so late at night. Two men were approaching. She called Ndudu and asked him to bring a lantern. Immediately

she made out the tall figure of the mamur.
"Good evening, lady," he said. "I have
good news from the master." His face was all smiles as he held out a little stick, in the cloven end of which was a letter.

She tore open the envelope and read:

Maoro Village—Sunday evening Dearest—It was just as I expected. Maoro vanished before we arrived and left the village to its fate. Not a soul was there. But we found the tracks of the cattle and soon found them in the woods. The herders naturally took flight as soon as they saw us. I've got the stock all rounded up now. Tomorrow we stock all rounded up now. Tomorrow we burn the village and then start out like shep-herds with their animals. Will be back Friday morning, possibly Thursday evening. A well. A kiss and good night.—Kenneth

Good news indeed! All her anxiety vanished. She laughed merrily as she explained

"This fellow," said the mamur, pointing at the crouching messenger, "is going back tomorrow with some papers for master to sign. Maybe lady wants to write answer."

Ann went into the bungalow and wrote a hurried note. When she returned to the veranda she insisted on the messenger's telling what he knew about Kenneth's expedition, the mamur interpreting for her. But he could add nothing to the information in the note.

The messenger was an undersized native of the forest tribe. One might have mistaken him for a dwarf except for the war-crest of hair on his head. He was well-built though not muscular. His neck was thick, and his head bullet-shaped. He blinked his eyes curiously, and his left cheek-bone was marked by an old

scar. Ann didn't like the fellow's looks at all. but because of the good news he brought, she gave him a generous tip. She observed that his hand trembled when she placed in it a Hear

AFTER the two natives were gone, she stood still for a while and listened to the familiar still for a while and listened to the familiar sounds of the night. The cry of a jackal came from the plains. But this time the sound was not one of ill omen. It was simply a message from the wilderness announcing that the scavengers of nature had begun their nightly duties. Ann waved her hand whimsically at the unseen beast, as much as to say, Good luck to you, old friend.

Later when she stood before her crude mirror and arranged her unruly locks beneath her lace nightcap, she saw that the color had returned to her cheeks. Her face seemed rounder and fresher, and her lips were again

full and red.

She was about to blow out the light when she discovered from the reflection in the mirror that she had forgotten to shut the windowblind. To her horror she saw a dark head at the opening, and a pair of eyes fixed steadily upon her. She recognized the man instantly

by the ugly scar across his left cheek-bone.

Her first impulse was to call Ndudu. But
he slept in a little hut separated from the bungalow, and might not reach her before it was too late. She did not dare turn around, lest the wretch at the window do something desperate when he saw that he was discovered Ann was no coward, despite her delicate sensibilities. She began racking her brains for some expedient of defense, pretending to arrange a ribbon in her nightgown, yet steadily

watching the image in the mirror.

Suddenly, quick as lightning, an arm shot forth like a black cobra at the moment of striking. Long fingers closed on the throat of the prowler whose head at the same moment disappeared. There was the thud of a falling disappeared. There was the tind of a faming body, and then silence. Another face appeared at the window. It was Ndudu, grinning. "For God's sake, what happened?"

"Ndudu no like strange dog look at mem-

"But what did you do to him?"

"Dog need whipping. Head strike against ble. Get well some time."

"How did you know that he was here?"
"Listen. Ndudu always sleep outside memsahib's door when bwana go away."

memsamb's door when bwana go away."
Ann's heart was still thumping, but she felt relieved at this new sign of loyalty on the part of her servant. "Well done, Ndudu!" she said. "But what did he want?"
"He like memsahib. All like memsahib. But Ndudu like best. He love memsahib like own woman."

Ann was sure that Ndudu meant nothing disrespectful in his outburst. "Then you don't think he meant any harm?"

"No. Dog have no weapon. He no have skin of long hair monkey around waist. Only want look."

"What are you going to do with him?"
"Dog be alive again soon. Dog run away.
Never do so again."
"Are you sure?"

"Memsahib depend on Ndudu."

Ann closed the blind and latched it. Presently she heard quick footsteps, growing fainter in the distance. At the same time she heard Ndudu cursing the fugitive.

The tense situation had not unbalanced her. She was convinced that even if the servant had not come to the rescue, the intruder would nad not come to the rescue, the intruder would have kept his distance. She went to bed and fell asleep, secure in the knowledge that a fearless champion kept watch at her door.

Thursday came at last. During the whole morning the sky was overcast with thick clouds which heralded the approach of the rainy season. In the afterneon, there were light

season. In the afternoon there were light showers. Then it cleared and when evening Then it cleared, and when even came the sky was opalescent with a thin haze. As she went about her duties during the

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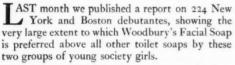


A DEBUTANTE ball in Washington, D. C. Among Washington and Baltimore debutantes Woodbury's is six times as popular as any other soap

To free your skin from blemishes—use the famous Woodbury treatment given below

Wo percent of Washington and Baltimore Debutantes

find this soap the best for their skin



In order to make our survey more complete, we followed our New York and Boston investigations with a similar inquiry among Washington and Baltimore debutantes.

The results are fully as interesting as those of our previous investigation.

### Woodbury's six times as popular as any other soap

Among the entire number of Washington and Baltimore debutantes presented this season, 62 per cent were regular users of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

The Woodbury users numbered six times as many as the users of any other soap.

Among Baltimore debutantes alone, Woodbury's was nearly eight times as popular as any other soap.

There are more than 500 different brands of toilet soap on the market today.

The Famous Woodbury Treatment for Blemishes

JUST before retiring, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap and then dry your face. Now dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this soap cream and leave it on for ten minutes. Then rinse very carefully with clear hot water, then with cold.

Why is it that, with this bewildering assortment to choose from, the majority of society debutantes in New York, Boston, Washington, and Baltimore are overwhelmingly in favor of Woodbury's Facial Soap?

### Why these society girls use Woodbury's Facial Soap

The answer is two-fold:—because with a society girl the care of her skin is a matter of primary importance; and because of the wonderful efficacy of Woodbury's Facial Soap and the famous Woodbury treatments in helping women to overcome common skin defects, and to keep their complexion smooth, clear and flawless.

Around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is wrapped a booklet containing special treatments for each type of skin. Get a cake of Woodbury's today, at any drug store or toilet goods counter and begin the treatment your skin needs!

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks for regular toilet use, including any of the special treatments. For convenience—get Woodbury's in 3- or 12-cake boxes.

REE OFFER!—Send today for the free guest-size set of three famous Woodbury skin preparations with new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap



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ight ning aze. day. Ann kept one eye on the southern horizon so that she might be the first one to discover the returning expedition as it traced a black line over the landscape. From time to time she pointed her spy-glass at every clump of trees, every dot on the horizon. But the thing she searched for never entered her field of vision.

The tea things had been removed and the dinner-table spread. Kenneth would relish a good hot meal when he arrived. It was already nine o'clock. Perhaps he would not come that night. He had himself written that he might be delayed until morning. But she had a pre-monition that she would hear of him before

Time dragged on. Every hour was an eternity. A sense of depression came over her; her nerves were at an unnatural tension. was the way she had felt on the night before Kenneth's departure.

Her knitting lay in her lap. It must have been a whole hour since she took the last stitch. A little clock in her bedroom struck eleven. Ndudu sat in the farthest corner of the veranda scouring knives. The night was unusually dark. The crickets had ceased their chirping. The air was damp and heavy.

Ann shuddered as she drew her shawl more tightly around her shoulders. Perhaps she had better go to bed. He wasn't coming that

night, after all.

A faint distant sound caught her ear. She listened intently, her nerves taut, the disagreeable realization coming to her that had listened in the same way not many nights before. Now she distinguished it clearly; it was the same muffled buzzing which had kept on sounding long after that mysterious ex-pedition had passed through the village, and which she had confused with the buzzing of

Now she was sure of it. An expedition! Kenneth's safari coming at last!

She glanced at Ndudu and observed that he

too was listening intently.
"Now bwana is coming," she cried. "Attend to the stove, make sure there is enough water in the kettle, and then come on down after me to the village.

She went to light the lamp in Kenneth's room and satisfied herself for the hundredth time that everything about the house was in

perfect order.

But she was still strangely anxious. It surely must be he. Who else would be coming along at that time of the night? She remembered that mysterious expedition. But that came from the opposite direction. Yes, it must be Kenneth.

When she stepped out upon the veranda again, the sound of the approaching safari was

quite distinct.

Impatiently she called her servant. "Hurry up, they'll soon be here."
Ndudu appeared with a lantern in one hand

and a stout stick in the other.
"What are you going to do with that?"
she asked, pointing at the stick.
"Be good if need it."

She did not notice that his brow was deeply knit. Without attaching any importance to his reply, she started down the hill running. Curious and startled faces peeped out from the huts. The natives were listening to the

sounds now growing louder.

Ann passed the open square of the village and continued on in the direction whence the sounds came. They were approaching, yet she could not see a single light. How could it be that no one in Kenneth's safari had lighted a torch or a lantern?

She was directly in front of one of the largest

She was directly in front of one of the largest buts when a woman shrieked in the darkness. It was a piercing cry, "Magegi!"

Now it was echoed from every hut in the village. "Magegi! Magegi!"

Ann saw dark figures rush pell-mell back into the huts, closing the grass-matted doors tightly behind. In a twinkling there was no

living being on the street besides herself and Ndudu. She looked around bewildered. "Magegi"? Where had she heard that word before? Reluctantly she went to the opening of the nearest hut. It was barred against her.

Then she began to shiver.

She kept looking in the direction from which the sounds of the safari were coming. Every step of the men could be distinguished, every groan of the heavily laden porters. And what was that? Surely it was the nasal voice of Fiako, the foreman of the gangs in the coffee plantation. Yes, it was his voice, but he was speaking in a strange tongue which she could not understand.

Nearer and nearer came the tramping. She strained her eyes with astonishment. strained her eyes with astonishment. The leading porter ought now to be abreast of her. She could hear his steps; she even perceived the odor of his sweating body. But she saw absolutely nothing, nothing but utter darkness. The man passed. And then another. And

The man passed. And then another. And then came a long row of men, all treading to the same measure. At times she was almost sure that some one brushed against her. She could hear faint noises, as of cartridge belts rubbing together, and she inferred that these outermost men were askaris that marched altered the columns.

outernost men were assaris that marched alongside the column.

What mad hallucination was this? Had she suddenly become blind? Surely she heard the familiar voice of Mutambuki; yet she saw nothing. What cursed procession of phantoms could this be? Her head whirled, and she felt nauseated.

"Boy! Where are you? Ndudu!"

He had been standing beside her all the time, motionless as a statue. He had put out the lantern. Now he stepped forward, coming between her and the phantom expedition. He

"Memsahib be quiet and no talk," he whispered. "Maggei never hurt nobody stand on cide of ward."

side of road.

Suddenly Ann leaned heavily on the servant's shoulder. Because . . . a well-known scent came to her nostrils—"Bronson's Mixture." She could have recognized it among "Kenneth," she screamed.
At that instant she crumpled up and fainted.

When Ann regained consciousness, the swarthy servant sat by her bed peeling a papaya. The room was lighted, but green s were dancing before her eyes. Her head ached. Her pulse pounded at her temples. Her veins were on fire.

"How long have I been lying here?" "Two doks, memsahib. Be soon well again."
Ndudu grinned with a forced cheerfulness.
"How did I get here?"

"How did I get here? "The messenger and Ndudu carry memsahib on arms.

Tell me what happened."

"Nothing happen. Only memsahib fall before magegi pass by."

Little by little the horrible experience of that

night came back. She shivered, in spite of the burning fever.

'What are the magegi?" "Spirits," replied Ndudu.
"Of the dead?"

"Yes.

"Can anybody hear them?" "No, only those who have good, good ears Sometimes nobody hear. Sometimes loud like when memsahib fall." Sometimes loud.

"Have we had any news from bwana Kenneth?" she asked, even though she knew what the answer would be.

"And there won't be any?" she whispered.
"No." Ndudu wiped his eyes with his coarse

"Magegil Kenneth! Magegil" she mur mured. "Why did it have to happen to him? Life had lost all its meaning for her. Sh Kenneth! Magegi!" she murhad loved him, and now that he was gone all

was over, over forever.

Later in the evening there was a knock at

the door, and Ndudu admitted the visitor. Through the mist in her eyes, Ann saw the tall

"Lady," he began hesitatingly, coughing in order to conceal his emotion.

"I already know," she said. "Kenneth—"

magegi."
"Yes, lady. To think that two magegis were to visit this village in so short a time!"
"Tell me how it happened."
"An ambush not far from Tamolongo. Only

"And my husband?"
The mamur turned his face aside. buried him in the open square of the village where he was last seen in the midst of his men."

"Listen," said Ann in a tone of the utmost decision. "You must lay me beside him."

decision. "You must lay me beside him."
"But, lady!" The mamur faltered aghast.
"We sent for a doctor yesterday, and he will
be here in a few days. You will soon be well
again. A fever isn't anything very serious."
"No, no," she replied. "Send word to the
doctor not to come. Might as well save him

doctor not to come.
the trouble."
"Can't do that lady. A messenger wouldn't
reach him before he was half-way here."
"Very well. Let him come. Might be a

failed.

"Memsahib wanders. Best not disturb her. Give her every care until the medicine man comes." Then the mamur went away, puzzling over the cryptic words of a white woman.

HREE days later a little safari came trailing over the plains toward Tamolongo. It was an aide of the chief of the district, making forced marches to the village, and with him came the doctor.

The mamur met the two white men on the outskirts of the village. Soon all three stood with uncovered heads beside a little enclosure within which a pile of gray stones marked the spot where Kenneth had fought his last fight.

Beside it some natives were digging a grave. "I see that I came too late," remarked the doctor.

"Yes, she regained consciousness only for a

few minutes after that night."
"Strange things happen in Africa that no
one can understand."

"Come, let's go up to the bungalow."
A few hours later they buried what had once A few nours fater they buried what had once been a frail little woman, capable of the greatest love. Now she rested beside him who had meant more to her than life. A heap of stones was built up by loyal hands, and soon there vas a single monument to the memory of bwana

Kenneth and memsahib Ann. When all was ready, the doctor opened a book and read something which none of the natives understood. But they knew that the occasion was one of the greatest solemnity, since respect for the dead lives in the heart of every man, regardless of race or color. When the reading was over, a volley of shots rang out, and with that the simple ceremony ended.

Gradually the gathering was dispersed.
When evening came there was a deathlike stillness in the village. A lone guard paced outside the tent of the white visitors.

When the *mamur* made his first round of the evening, he discovered two men kneeling at the foot of the crude stone monument. They were sobbing. He approached them quietly, and saw that one was the scarred messenger of the forest tribe and the other was Then he moved noiselessly away,

Haddu. Then she moved horsets.

I have rivals together in their gret. They had loved her with the simplicity of primitive men, though without thought of ever winning her, and their love had been as direct as it was deep. Now they were calling upon the spirits to protect the white soul of memsa hib, lest the black raven come and seize it upon its flight to the silent land. And while the Southern Cross rose slowly over the lonely wilderness, the figures of the two moumers blended with the surroundings and became one with the darkness of the tropical night.

"You at the Pond help i

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# Mrs. REGINALD VANDERBILT

gives her skin this exquisite care

"YouTHFULNESS is the real pot of gold at the end of every woman's rainbow. Pond's Two Creams are a wonderful help to this coveted end."

1925

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## Alma Un Vouderful-

MY first glimpse of Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt brought a little catch to my throat.

I had heard she was very lovely-this young woman, barely twenty-one, two years married to the son of one of America's oldest, wealthiest, most distinguished families, and mother of an exquisite baby girl. But I was unprepared for beauty so compelling, so unique.

"It's partly because she's so tall," I said to my companion, "and so slender. Did you ever see such grace?"

Sunlight breaks the shadows of her almost black hair, into shimmering bronze. In the depths of her dark eyes burn the fires of golden topazes. And in the snows of her delicate skin blooms the rose of her full-blown lips, ruby-red and strangely beautiful.

"What a bouquet she lends that gown," I murmured, as Mrs. Vanderbilt moved into the room. "Its black velvet is richer for contrast with arms and shoulders of such dazzling whiteness."

"But the contrast is in the color alone," said someone in our group. "When it comes to texture, there's little to choose between chiffon velvet and Mrs. Vanderbilt's skin.'

Tought to be a good skin," Mrs Vanderbilt spoke seriously. "I take good care of it."

"No doubt you devote hours of every day to keeping it exquisite," my friend

"On the contrary," cried Mrs. Vanderbilt, "only a few moments-far less time than many of my friends. It's not the time that counts. It's the method!"

"Do tell us what your method is," we queried.

"Two Creams," said Mrs. Vanderbilt, "made by the Pond's Laboratories. One to cleanse the skin and keep it fresh and firm. The other to protect and give it that 'velvety' finish you've just spoken of. I've used them for a long time and have never found any better.

It is this approval given by the women



MRS. REGINALD C. VANDERBILT

As Miss Gloria Morgan she spent her girlhood abroad. Since her marriage she has become a distinguished leader of the exclusive society of New York and Newport.



of Society who must keep their youth and EVERY SKIN NEEDS THESE TWO CREAMS

beauty-for Mrs. Vanderbilt is only one of many-that is the final proof of the sterling worth of Pond's Two Creams.

The first step in following the Pond's method of skin care is a deep, thorough cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream. Smooth it lavishly over your face, neck, arms and hands. Let it stay on a few moments so that its pure oils may soften the dust, soot, powder and rouge that choke the

WIPE all the cream off and note the dirt it brings with it. Repeat the process. Now close the pores with a dash of cold water or a rub with ice.

This daily Pond's cleansing should follow any prolonged time spent out of doors. If your skin is inclined to be either very dry or oily, you should use it twice or more. And to overcome the dryness that forms lines and wrinkles, leave some of the cream on all night.

The second step is a soft finish and pro-tection with Pond's Vanishing Cream. Fluff just a light film over your face and hands. It will vanish—for Pond's Van-ishing Cream is greaseless. Notice now, how even the surface of your skin looks, how soft, bright and clear its tone.

And how well your rouge and powder blend and stay over this delicate founda-

You should always use Pond's Vanishing Cream before you powder, and before going out. For it protects your skin so that wind, dust, sun and soot cannot rob it of its natural oils, its bloom of youth.

ROLLOW the lead of Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt. Buy your own Pond's Creams. Find out for yourself that what she says is wholly true—"They constitute as simple, as effectual a method of caring for the skin as has yet been discovered." You may have the Cold Cream in extra large jars now. And, of course, both creams in the smaller jars you are familiar with. The Pond's Extract Company.

FREE OFFER-Mail this coupon and we will send you free tubes of these two creams and an attractive little folder telling how to use them.

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## The transfer of another clubman is here recorded

Some smokers appear to have begun their pipe-smoking with Edgeworth and have stuck to it ever since

Others, of more adventurous or more inquiring nature, have evidently started out to "try 'em all" before signing up with any one brand.

Mr. Schroeder's enthusiasm for his final favorite is evidently based on a pretty broad knowledge of the field.

Messrs. Larus & Bro. Co.. 21st & Main Sts., Richmond, Virginia.

Gentlemen :

Gentlemen:

I have been reading with a great deal of interest the advertising you have been running in the Saturday Evening Post, particularly the issue in which the letter from Mr. K. F. Chapman stated that he was a member of the "Tried-em-All Club."

It may be of interest to you to know that I was a member of this same club up to about four years ago, when I resigned and joined the "Edgeworth Club." I don't mind telling you that I was employed in one of the largest tobacco companies in the country for about twelve years, and my loyalty to this company compelled me to smoke the brands of pipe tobacco which they manufactured; but try as I would, I could not become a steady pipe smoker. After I left this company several years ago, I tried Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed Tobacco. And I have been smoking it ever since.

Now, I have a life membership in the "Edgeworth Club" and take it from me, it is "some club."

Respectfully yours. E. A. Schroeder

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples,

you'll like Edge worth wherever and whenever you buy it. for it never changes in quality. your name and address to Larus Brother Company, 4E South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed

are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in hand-some humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

EDGEWORTH

PLUG SLICE

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

### A Husband for Rosie (Continued from page 106)

reward. Particular if the goods is placed right in his hands and he can show the painting for evidence. I guess maybe when all is said and done, that the best thing for me to do is to have a talk with old man Kaplan.

Y'KNOW," said Kaplan, "there's something about Rosie what ain't kosher. She always got a smile on her face and she ain't acting natural. And what's more, whenever I ask her what she's doing with herself all day long, she just hugs me and don't answer nothing."
Mrs. Sol Grossman counted the stitches in

her knitting, dropped three and made a purl. "Say," cried her brother, "do I got to talk into a stone wall? Didn't you heard what I What d'ye think I'm talking for? Just

to hear myself talk?" Mrs. Grossman laid her knitting into her

lap and looked at her brother.

"Yes," she said softly.
"Yes," he exclaimed. "Yes," she said sondy.

He glared at her. "Yes?" he exclaimed.
"Is that a answer to a intelligent question?"
"You asked me if I thought you were
"You asked me if I thought So I said,

talking just to hear yourself talk. 'Yes.' Isn't that clear enough?"

Kaplan stared at her in amazement. this be his own sister who had always listened

this be his own sister who had always listened so respectfully to the words of his wisdom? "Wha—wha d'ye mean?" he asked. "I don't understand. Maybe I'm dumb." His sister smiled. "Yes, Benny," she replied. "You're dumb. You're awfully dumb. I was meaning to talk to you about Rosie some day heavest a test a waysician about things. So I'm because I got a suspicion about Rosse some day because I got a suspicion about things. So I'm glad you brought it up, but you don't need to get excited about it and yell because my hear-ing is very good even if I don't talk much." "All right," cried Kaplan. "Go on and talk. I'm waiting to hear."

"There you go again," said his sister, in er mild voice. "Is there any use in yelling her mild voice. "Is there any use in yearned at me? I said I was going to talk to you about Rosie some day. Well, I'll talk now. I'm sure she's in love. I don't know who it is but I know the signs pretty well. That's why her mild voice. I know the signs pretty well. T she's always smiling and happy." "If she—" began Kaplan w

"If she—" began Kaplan with an indignant wave of his hand, but his sister inter-

rupted him.
"I think this is a pretty good time for you
"I think this is a pretty good time for you
"Think this is a pretty good time for you to be quiet for a few minutes," she said. you ever think about Miriam?"

For a moment Kaplan stood like one stunned. Slowly he sank into a chair and covered his face with his hands.

"I didn't mean to make you feel bad,"
Mrs. Grossman went on, "but you got to
remember that when she died and you lost a wife, Rosie lost a mother. A man can get on somehow or other without a wife, but it's hard for a young girl to get along right without a mother. I did my best for her, but after all

a mother. I did his best for her, but artes an I ain't her mother.

"Well, anyway, Rosie's a fine girl and if she falls in love with any man, I'd be willing to trust her. But—and she ain't told me anything, mind you—I got a feeling that she's in love and is afraid to tell you about it because she thinks you'll object. And what I want to tell you is that you ain't got any right to object. If you want Rosie to be happy, you let her pick out her own husband and don't you try to give her advice or orders.

"If Miriam was alive today, Rosie would tell her all about it and I bet Miriam would say it was all right. But I think you're dumb, Benny, if you want to know the truth, and you think a girl can be bossed like the ribbon business or like a old, useless widow like me who's got to sit and listen to you without saying a word just because she ain't got no saying a word just because she ain't got no other place to go to. Girls ain't like that nowadays. You had a wonderful wife and you got a wonderful daughter. You——"

Kaplan rose from his chair and, with tears

streaming down his face, walked swiftly from the room.

It was perhaps a half-hour later that Wilkinson, the strapping butler, announced Lapidowitz. Kaplan, ever since he moved up-town, had had a weakness for imposing-looking butlers. They established a barrier in his mind between his present life and the old days in the Ghetto.

"Let me first begin," said Lapidowitz,
"by saying that bygones is bygones and even if you could have loosened up a little and made it twenty dollars, or even fifteen, when I helped you out by throwing that meshugeh painter out of Milken's, I ain't the kind of man to keep a grudge. I took my five dollars and I said to myself: 'Mr. Kaplan knows and I said to myself: Mr. Kaplan knows what he's doing. He is a gentleman and whenever I can do him a favor, that's me. And I hope it will always be mutual. "Now I came here, Mr. Kaplan, to give you

some valuable information. And what it's worth to you I ain't saying because you know what it is about the bird in the bush and if there's any man in New York what knows what a great favor is worth, it's Mr. Ben Kaplan. And it's about Rosie, what you'll be surprised to hear about."

Kaplan folded his arms upon his chest and gazed at the schnorrer with a cold, inscrutable expression. "Go on," was all he said.

expression. "Go on," was all he said.
"I got here a painting of Rosie by that
meshugeh artist down in Milken's what said
you was a burn. D'ye remember? She's been
coming down there to let him paint it. He thinks it's going to get a prize and he wants me to take it to the exhibition place. But I said to myself, I said, 'Your first duty is to the girl's father, who is a man what you used to know before he got rich, but who will do the right thing by an old friend who is thinking of going into the ribbon business in a small way.' That's what I was thinking.

way.' That's what I was thinking.
"Now I'm going to tell you more, Mr.
Kaplan. That girl of yours is stuck on that
crazy painter. And I ain't telling you what
I think, I'm telling you what I know. I seen
her with her arm around—""

"Let me see the picture," Kaplan inter-pted. "Not another word. I want to see rupted.

that picture."

Lapidowitz undid the fastenings of the cord that was wrapped around the package, removed the paper, and held the painting before moved the paper, and held the painting before Kaplan's view. Kaplan gazed at the portrait of his daughter. Their eyes met: his, half hidden in a mist of moisture, hers smiling, clear and yet with an expression of soft yearning in their depths. Kaplan took the canvas from the schnorrer's hands and for several minutes feasted his eyes upon the schnorrer of the particular feast and the second of the schnorrer of t beautiful face whose every curve and expression carried him back many, many years, to the days of his youth.

"Wilkinson!" he cried. The butler appeared ith amazing promptness. "Kick this bum with amazing promptness.

out of the house!

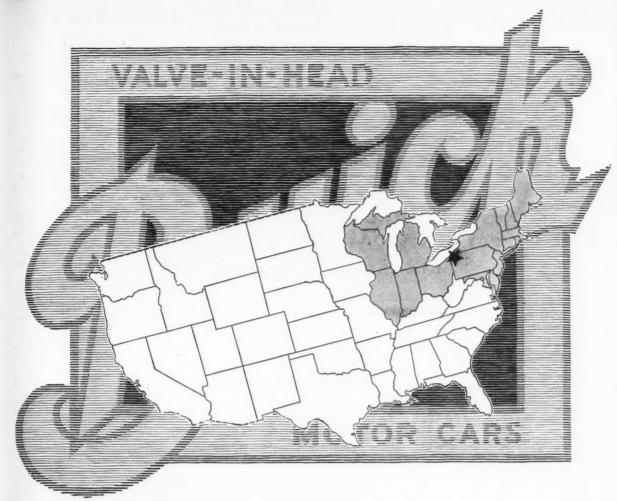
MRS. GROSSMAN looked up from her knitting in surprise. Her brother had rushed into the sitting-room like a whirlwind, holding the canvas in his hand.
"Look at it!" he cried.

"Ain't it great? It's Rosie all over again. Ain't it fine? that just the way Miriam looked when she was young? That expression, that what-d'ye-call-it? Ain't it? Say, I tell you that boy is some painter. Some painter! You take it from me. I betcha he makes a big hit in this town. Say, couldn't you almost hear Rosie talk when you look at it? I tell you it's a wonder! But we can't let it go on exhibition. I got to keep this myself. Ain't it just like if you was looking at Miriam? I got to have a talk with that boy." a talk with that boy.

And then, while his sister, with glistening eyes, was gazing upon the portrait, Kaplan began to scratch his chin.
"I betcha," he said, "he'll ask a hell of a price for it!"

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★There are MORE BUICKS in use north of the Ohio River and east of the Mississippi than there are 6-cylinder cars of any other make in the entire United States. ———You choose wisely when you choose a Buick

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AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM





10-day Test FREE Mail the Coupon

### Now!-A new way to lighten cloudy teeth

and without bleaching or harsh grit. The way foremost dentists now are urging.

DULL teeth, dingy teeth, teeth that lack gleam and lustre—modern science has discovered a new way to correct them.

In a short time you can work a transformation. In ten days you can have whiter, more gleaming teeth than you ever thought you could have.

This offers you free a 10-day test. Simply use the coupon.

Why teeth lose color, how combating the film works wonders—note results in 10 days

Look at your teeth. If dull, cloudy, run your tongue across them. You will feel a film. That's the cause of the trouble. You must combat it.

Film is that viscous coat that you feel. clings to teeth, gets into crevices d stays. It hides the natural lustre of and stays. your teeth.

It also holds food substance which ferments and causes acid. In contact with teeth, this acid invites decay. Millions of germs breed in it. And they, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

So dull and dingy teeth mean more than loss of good appearance. They may indicate danger, grave danger to your

New methods now that mean greater tooth beauty plus better protec-tion from tooth troubles

Ordinary tooth pastes were unable to

cope adequately with that film. Not one could effectively combat it. Harsh grit tended to injure the enamel. Soap and chalk were inadequate.

Now modern dental science has found two new combatants. Their action is to curdle film and then harmlessly remove it. They are embodied in a new type tooth paste called Pepsodent—a scientific method that is changing the tooth cleans-ing habits of some 50 different nations.

To millions this new way has proved the folly of having dull and dingy teeth. The folly of inviting tooth troubles when their chief cause can be combated. Don't vou think it worth while to try it for 10 days; then to note results yourself?

### Make the test

Remember, every time you eat, food clings to your teeth. Film is constantly forming. The film that ruins teeth; that mars their lustre, makes them look dingy and dull.

This new way will combat it—will give the lustrous teeth you envy.

It will polish your teeth; give them a new beauty that will delight you.

Make the test today. Clip the coupon for a free 10-day tube. Why follow old methods when world's dental authorities urge a better way?

#### Protect the enamel

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

Canadian Office and Laboratories: 191 George St., Toronto, Canada

### Mail Coupon for 10-Day Tube to

Send to:

Address....Only one tube to a family.

Name -----

### I Can't Afford A Husband

(Continued from page 89)

possessed. Apparently he never listened, or if he listened he thought, as men do: "Oh, she'll forget all this nonsense after she is mar-ried." Thus when I joyfully announced that ried." Thus when I joyfully announced that the bank account now warranted me in going the bank account now warranted me in going to New York for a year's art study the news struck him like a blow in the face. "Go to New York!" he exclaimed. "Why, you must know that if it is ever going to come

you must know that if it is ever going to come to anything between us it must be soon. Where do I come in on this art study of yours?"

"Just where do I come in on your real estate business?" I replied. "I've told you all along that I intended to have a life of my own."

There was a scene, very prolonged and very painful. He vowed that I should not make him

painful. He vowed that I should not make mm ridiculous. I retorted that he should not make me either a slave or a doll. At the last moment I flung pride to the winds, clung to him, wept, and begged him not to stop loving me. But outraged to the very core of his masculine dignity he cast me off and departed.

I shed many tears as the train bore me eastward, and for many weeks after I plunged into my studies and the enchantment of New York his image haunted my heart. Yet I never thought of turning back. It was not that I had left home in order to "live my life in my own way," in the Greenwich Village sense of the odious phrase. I wanted to learn everything that was to be learned about life, and I was a passionate hero-worshiper of the great. I cherished no illusions that I myself was a genius, yet I knew I had a creative mind and that somehow I should find a way to use it.

My work soon proved to be writing, not painting. In a hesitating, crude, ill-directed fashion I began to write for newspapers and the lesser magazines and even to support my-I shed many tears as the train bore me east-

the lesser magazines and even to support myself in a sketchy sort of a way.

Defore I had progressed very far in the literary world I met and married John Dorr. I was really in love this time, and I believed that in marrying this paragon of a man I was entering into a wider, richer existence than I could ever achieve for myself. My husband promised that it should be so. Jack—he was the kind of a man you easily nicknamed Jack—was much older than I, distinctly an intellectual type, but a sportsman as well, an out-of-doors

man, skilled with gun and fly rod. He was a first-class boxer, a devotee of baseball.

He seemed to know almost everything I longed to know. He knew books. But within two years of our marriage I discovered that all the seemed to the seemed his culture had been drawn from books. His opinions and ideas were all second-hand. He admired bold and original thinkers, adventurers and sinners, as long as they were characters in books or people safely dead. For instance, he warmly admired the Byron-Shelley group. But had any one of them been alive and up for membership in his club he would have been the one to cast the first black ball. Jack had fallen in love with and had married

me because I was an adventurous spirit and a born non-conformist. But as usual in such cases his first impulse was to make me over into a conventional wife. It is true that he encouraged my love for sports. His wedding present to me was a light shotgun, a five ounce split bamboo fly rod and an expensive sports with with knickerbelors. He also gave me a suit with knickerbockers. He also gave me a bicycle, for this was in the nineties, and he trained and hardened me to ride "centuries" with him on week-ends. Our vacations were with nim on week-ends. Our vacations were spent in the forest, shooting and fishing. We lived in Seattle, and at no great distance from that picturesque seaport were virgin forests with lakes and streams alive with the gamest fish in the world.

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My husband was proud of my quick absorp-tion of books and he liked to show me off among older men and women like a precocious child. hat

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"In february of this year (1924) my third baby was born. Three months later found me with constipation, headaches and just dragging around—and three small children. I decided something had to be done. I started taking Fleischmann's Yeast, a cake morning and night. In a few weeks I was able to stop the use of cathartics; headaches and backaches were gone; and I had plenty of energy. I felt like a different woman."

Mrs. Marie T. Gardner, Glencarlyn, Va.

# YOU KNOW SUCH PEOPLE-

Full of a new zest and joy in living. Read their remarkable tributes to this simple fresh food



NoT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food. The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) night and morning. Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today! And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. K-28, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York.



Eat two or three cakes a day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices or milk—or just plain.



"I HAD DEVELOPED acne of the face, which became chronic in spite of medical care and good hygiene. Serums, ointments, washes, drugs, diets, lotions, made me wretched without improving the unsightly condition.

out improving the unsightly condition.

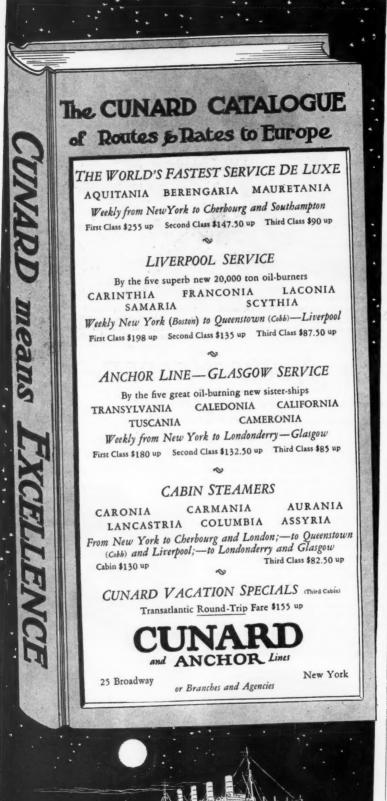
"Then I consulted our family doctor, who strongly advised trying Fleischmann's Yeast, one cake before meals, three times a day. I took it regularly for six months. . . . My face cleared, I lost that thin, pale look, and was able to continue with my work at college."

MISS ROSE COOPERMAN, Brooklyn, N. Y.

"I UNHESITATINGLY RECOMMEND that persons saffering from deficient digestion give Fleischmann's Yeast a test. I suffered from a bad stomach for nearly twenty years. The unsophisticated would re mark, 'Strange the doctor cannot cure his own stomach.'

"Since taking Fleischmann's Yeast, which I began last June, I sleep one and a half hours more and can eat 'a man's dinner' without distress. I am happy now and those around me appreciate it."

DR. WILLIAM NEALON, Philadelphia, Pa.



But he wanted to choose the books I read and discussed. He was generous in his concession that I might become a writer, provided I wrote proper fiction and worked only in those hours when he was absent from home. But I was a grown woman by this time and I knew that writing was a very big job for anybody to undertake. Literature can only be written against a deep background of experience, an apprenticeship to hard labor.

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against a deep background of experience, an apprenticeship to hard labor.

I craved the experience and I was willing to labor. Fiction I was willing to develop, but nature did not intend me for a fiction writer. She made me instead a journalist. Nature created me with a keen sense of news, an almost detective instinct for facts, and the reporter's avid thirst for getting facts and putting them into the paper. She endowed me also with the tireless energy and the physical endurance which are a part of the born reporter's heritage.

Fate conspired with nature when in 1806-08 the Klondike gold rush reached its peak and Seattle became the central outfitting point for the Alaska argonauts. I could no more have resisted that journalistic opportunity than I could have stopped breathing. I went up the Yukon trail as far as I could—I had a young baby by that time—and I wrote articles and stories good enough to win instant acceptance by New York editors.

by New York editors.

Needless to say I did this in stubborn opposition to my husband's will. Insistently he pointed out to me that my wild courses were certain to injure his professional standing and my own social position. But the thing was in my blood. My social position I cared nothing about, and it seemed to me that his professional standing was something he ought to be able to look out for himself.

Had we not been married I know that my husband would have jilted me as Alvin and Harry had done. As it was he let me leave him. After a wretched year of futile strife I went to New York. It took me three years of struggle to get my first foothold in the newspaper world, but gradually I won my place.

Anyone who understands my point of view at all will agree that I couldn't afford any of those three men. They offered me love, marriage, social and financial security. But what did they want to charge me for these highly desirable objects? My individuality, my opinions, desires, ambitions and my ability to serve my generation in the way I knew best. Well, I couldn't bring myself to pay on such an inflated scale.

I never afterwards met a man who put a reasonable price on his love. Aside from the inevitable head-hunters who pursue unattached women, several men have wanted me on what they considered honorable terms. That is, that I go with them before a minister of the Gospel and formally extinguish myself. One man said to me, "With you as my wife I can easily make the United States Senate." Another urged his suit with the promise that if I would be his fireside inspiration he would soon rival Conrad as a writer of romantic prose. But what shall it profit a woman to give up her own absorbingly interesting life work to become a Senator's wife, or the inspiration, the secretary-housewife-valet of a successful novelist?

own absorbingly interesting life work to become a Senator's wife, or the inspiration, the secretary-housewife-valet of a successful novelist? I don't want to be "The Little Woman who Made Me." If I am anything to a man I want to be his comrade, friend and fellow worker. I want him to stand on his own feet and I want to stand on mine. Once I thought I came within sight of the promised land of equal love for equal work. I was well into my thirties, that age when nature so often gives men and women a last chance to fulfill her ruthless and mighty purpose.

mighty purpose.

There is no use in writing about that brief affair, for it ended in the worst disillusionment of all. He was unhappily married and was seeking a divorce. I wasn't the cause of his unhappy marriage, but when a crisis came he let people think I was, the while he fled for cover. When the thing was over I rose groggily to my feet and vowed that I was through.

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## As Good As It Looks!

THIS smart New Paige Brougham looks and is a thoroughbred. Its substantial quality is more than skin-deep. Under its rich finish is fine construction—for ability and long, trouble-free life.

### Amazing Performance

The performance of this New Paige is startling to all at first. It is so easy—so utterly effortless. On the road or in traffic the New Paige slips silently and swiftly away from other cars. Mounts hills in high so smoothly and unconcernedly that drivers are amazed as you pass them. And on a slow pull in high where the going is hard, the magnificent power of this New Paige takes you through without a hint of labor.

### **Abundant Smooth Power**

Paige-Jewett engineers have made many improvements in the New Paige. New smoothness and new silence have been built into the big 70 h. p. Paige motor by a costly counterbalanced crankshaft. A silent chain with an automatic take-up drives pump, cam and timing shafts. It has served in Paige for 2 years without a single complaint. Lubrication and cooling have been so improved that there is no grade in all North America that can overheat the New Paige. The result of all this is fine ability that lasts. Maintenance costs are ridiculously small!

### **Unusual Riding Comfort**

Riding comfort, too, has been improved. Bumps and jolts are completely eliminated. Just a gentle motion when you cross deep ruts. The New Paige's rear springs are more than 5 feet long—specially designed for the full comfort of balloon tires. And Paige's long wheelbase—131 inches—has been retained.

Driving the big new Paige is child's play—as effortless as riding. Finger touch guidance with ball-bearing steering spindles and special gearing for balloon tires. Stalling, jerking and gear clashing are forbidden by improvements to the saw-blade steel Paige clutch and transmission. Hydraulic four-wheel brakes (Lockheed type), optional at slight extra cost.

### Matchless Value

With all these improvements—this luxurious New Paige Brougham costs only \$2395! Just compare the price of this smart enclosed Paige with that asked for other fine cars. See how much more you must pay to match Paige's long wheelbase and big power. Then add to these others' prices, the cost of equipping them as this Paige is equipped. You'll realize what wonderful value we offer.

Drive this new Brougham for a few minutes and you'll agree it's "as good as it looks." (541)



### Permanent Perfected Performance

Full equipment—Five balloon cord tires, trunk, bumpers, snubbers, motometer, autom atic windshield wiper, rear wiew mirror, combination stop and tail light, heater—all included at \$2395 f. o. b. Detroit, tax extrs.



—but only if the name KUM-A-PART is on it. Many separable cuff buttons look like KUM-A-PARTS but in no other can you be sure of lifetime wear.

And their simplicity! Click open—snap shut—that's all—efficiency without fuss. The modern man unsnaps his cuff—he doesn't force his hand thru.

And how rarely is utility combined with such good looks. KUM-A-PARTS are beauty spots in your cuffs. Their smart designs are the quiet signs which distinguish the exceptional from the merely good.

And KUM-A-PARTS cost no more than ordinary cuff buttons—\$1.50 to \$25 for the finer grades at Jewelers—50c and \$1.00 for popular priced ones at Men's Shops.

Write for Correct Dress Chart C.

The Baer & Wilde Company, Attleboro, Mass



Romance was dead. I couldn't have both love and life, and I infinitely preferred life.

In my mind I went over the histories of women I had known—brilliant women—to whom the choice between love and life had been presented and who had taken love. I did not envy them their subsequent fate. It seemed to me that something in them, perhaps half of them, died in the transaction. Their souls had shriveled, their mental stature had shrunk and the light of their eyes had dimmed like spent candles. They were meant to fly with eagles and they had become instead caged larks. That is how it must be when people with a gift for life relinquish life.

Most people, happily for the world perhaps, haven't the gift. They were not meant to gamble with either their money or their skins. I have done both. I have thrown my safety and my last dollar into enterprises which sometimes turned out successfully, sometimes not. But each one was an adventure which not all the world could take away from me. All

all the world could take away from me. All of the paid because they were not undertaken from yown pleasure or my own personal gain. My excursions into life have always had an object. I have been socially rather than selfishly a prospector and an explorer. In this world, so beautiful and damned, I have tried to find out why the human race has fumbled its job so badly. Why poverty, crime, disease, war, prostitution and other cancerous sores on civilization continued to exist. Most of all I have wanted to know why women, carriers of the race, have been forced to live as a subject class. Subjection, or at least isolation, was necessary in ruder times when every man was a soldier of the front line and when women could do their share of work only behind fortress walls. But in these days it was not necessary, and the anachronism seemed to me to be an impediment on progress and on justice.

I was never content with theorizing, never satisfied with what the books and the self-appointed authorities had to say on these subjects. When I decided to get the facts about women in industry and to put the facts in the paper, I became a factory worker. When I wanted arguments for woman suffrage I went to the suffrage states and ferreted out the results of woman suffrage there. Before I wrote about child labor or child delinquency I went where the children were, in the mills and sweatshops, in juvenile courts and prisons. When I became indignant enough about the women whom we rightly call white slaves I also went where they were. When the war came I

went to the war. When the Russian Revolution shook Europe I got into the heart of the Revolution. What I know I know at first hand, And that is what I call living.

And that is what I call living.

If you ask me what a woman pays for the privilege of so much living I will tell you that she pays dearly. Long ago I paid with the beauty that was mine in youth. You can't do what I have done and preserve an unlined face and a rose-leaf complexion.

and a rose-leaf complexion.

I have paid in other ways. I live alone and most of the time my only home is a hotel. I have not made very much money, and what I have made has mostly been spent. Roaming around the globe is not exactly cheap. In my old age the chances are that I shall be poor and companionless, for my son has his own career to make and I have no intention of interfering with or hampering him.

On the other hand—well, I have had a wonderful time. I have not done all the things I planned to do or seen everything I wanted to see. But I have done a few things, and I have seen so many historic changes that, like Kipling's tramp soldier, "I sometimes wonder if they're true." Better than all I know I have not been altogether useless. My best reward has been the spoken and written word given me by other women: "You've helped." I couldn't afford a man but I do feel that I made a good investment in that assurance.

To be entirely fair I am willing to admit that none of the men I have met could have afforded me. From the point of view of the average man my price was too high. Those men might have been entertained by me, excited or even inspired. But they wouldn't have been comfortable. Even my liberal-minded son, who highly approves of me in principle, has told me as much. When we parted last, in his post of foreign service, he was deeply moved by the thought that it would be long before we met again.

"How I wish, mother," he said, "that we could live—well, not in the same house, but in the same town."

Perhaps that should have hurt my feelings, but it didn't. It encouraged me. I took it as an indication that, as Whistler said, "Nature screeping up to Art." I have had plenty of encouragement lately. The other day I read in the papers of the marriage of a successful young assistant editor of a popular magazine and a man in quite another profession. The girl's wedding present from her employers was a promotion to full editorship and a substantial increase of salary. Unknown to either bride or groom I was a prideful guest at that wedding.

### The Parker House Roll (Continued from page 67)

Royal Arcanum Watts sat him down in a furnished room which was authentic enough so far as the noun was concerned but had difficulty in living up to its adjective. He occupied the one rickety chair provided with the lodgings, and it was tilted back against the cracked wall and his legs were twined where its front rung should have been. Across the chamber and somewhat dimly revealed by the light of a lone electric bulb as he hunched in bed, was a chunky, ink-complected person wearing the greater part of a nightshirt. The newly-returned was speaking, his tone being exultant:

"'Member, don't you, whut it wuz the dove brung back that time old Cap'n Noah sent her out frum the Ark? She brung back the long green. Well then, does I put you in mind of a dove? Or don't I?"

"Losin' seven dollars an' twenty-five cents in a craps game, lak you jest now wuz ownin' up to about, don't sound to me lak fetchin' home no long green," murmured K. O. Broadus morosely. "Specially w'en we's needin' ever' cent we got"."

"Battler," rejoined his manager, "a pessimist is a pest wich has taken the higher degrees in the lodge. Kindly bear that in mind an' govern yo'se'f accordin'ly. Droppin' that there

money wuz jest my openin' work an' don't count. Natchelly I'd ruther winned, but the main thing wuz that the way I carried on ketched the eye of that big barrel of lard wich that wuz my intention from the start-off. Ef purty soon he hadn't braced up to me I wuz goin' brace up to him; but w'en I sees he's fixin' to beat me to it I holds back."

"Let the other feller lead an' then bust him one w'ile he's standin' there wide open," said his listener technically.

"Now you's whistlin'! So I spars fur my advantage an' gits it. My play is jest to keep on actin' lak I don't know nothin' 'bout him bein' gittin' ready to organize a cullid sportin' club. Five minutes frum that time he's got me settin' 'crost a table frum him eatin' a mess of this yere chop suey wich it may be Chinee vittles, lak he said, but suttinly is got a kind of a cullid taste to it. An' he's cuddlin' up to me lak a sick kitten to a hot brickbat. An' he's pourin' out his innermost thoughts same ez he'd knowed me frum the cradle up. Lawsy me, I shore drawed that stout man on lak a boot.

"Well, it all pours fo'th frum him—how he's got the influence framed up to git a license fur a all-cullid athletical club frum the w'ite folks' gov'mint yere; an' how he's got the follerin' an' Hearst'

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the money backin' an' the hall picked out an' all; but how whut he 'specially needs to git over wid big at the start-off is some new talent

over wid big at the start-off is some new talent —somebody that ain't never done no fightin' round this town. So the upcome is that to-morrer mawnin' I teks you to him an' you shows him whut you got."

The knocker-out flexed a set of sinewy shoulder muscles. "I'll bet he ain't never seen no shadow-boxin' lak whut I'll show him."

"Well, I'll say this fur you," stated his roommate; "you kin lick any shadow you'ever seen. So go on an' show him. But lemme do the tawkin'. You dazzle him wid yore strong p'ints an' I'll cover up the weak ones. The schedule is fur you fust to go ag'inst some of these yere easy marks—whut he calls set-ups. schedule is fur you fust to go ag'inst some of these yere easy marks—whut he calls set-ups. You slaps 'em flat an' that gives you the rippertation."

"Tha's shoutin'! All I kindly asts is fur somebody else to line 'em up befo' me an' I'll lay 'em out."

"See you does so. Then we matches you up fur the real money."
"Who wid?"

"Well, he spoken kind of favorable of Kid

Maxey, the ex-champeen."
"The Bermuda Bear Cat, huh? Suits me I hears tell he ain't nothin' only jest a shell of whut he used to be. Jest a shell. Still, he oughter draw money in at the do'."

Tha's whut friend Stickney thinks. Well, I'm waitin'?"
"Waitin' fur whut?"

"You ain't said nothin' 'bout my puttin' you over so slick wid this prominint man.
"Huf!" The future champion gra

"Huf!" The future champion grunted un-graciously. "Tha's whut you gits yore split out of the purses fur so doing." He grunted again and hoist his legs in beneath the cover-lid. "I'se gittin' sleepy."

Long after his protégé was snoring the promoter remained awake. Huddled in the lee of his sprawled bedfellow on the far slope of a wavy mattress, he soliloquized into the dark:

"That's the trouble wid 'em: Middleweight or heavyweight, it don't mek no diffe'nce—the weight is all frum the neck down. An' then that there Human Detour w'ich we is aimin' to team in wid—I ain't so shore 'bout him, neither. He gits overpowerin' so soon!

"One minute astin' me whut I'm aimin' to do wid this yere helpin' of dark meat tha's tryin' now to shove me clean out on the flo', an' next minute suggestin' whut we better do, an' in 'nother minute mo' statin' whut he intend to do! Frum 'you' to 'us' to 'me'—tha's advancin' too brisk to suit me. I figgers I'd better be lookin' spry else some of these days I'se liable to wake up an' find myse'f ditched . . . The most pizen snakes is 'most gin'elly always the fattest ones; ain't that the truth!"

A prophet was addressing the void of that top-floor chamber in that buggy rooming-house, but unlike some prophets he did not know yet that he was one.

THE reader is invited to flutter the pages A HE reader is invited to flutter the pages here to indicate the passage of nine weeks. Having done this he will find the curtain re-raised upon a brilliant scene, to wit: the arena of the new Egyptian Athletic & Boxing Club, and the same is both agog and aglow, being on this night of all nights in its history as a jeweled buckle to that famous Black Belt which by its prevalent hues-but never by its

which by its prevalent nues—but never by its ways—suggests a wide mourning belt drawn across the bust of Northern Manhattan.

Everybody who was anybody in the Afro-American sport coteries of Uptown-on-the-Harlem was present this gala night, along with thousands who, as yet, were but dingy nobodies yet had their ambitions. Here and there were white customers and their up. there were white customers, and their up-turned faces under the calcium batteries made palish polka-dots against a deeper background of blacks and browns and yellows which flowed on and away through the tiered benches.

The big moment of the evening's program impended; its approach was being heralded

by an increasing and mounting uproar of

pleasant anticipation. The preliminary bouts were over. They had been satisfactory enough were over. They had been satisfactory enough but merely were as whets to an universal appetite. At the focal center of things there was an enhanced bustle. The special refere—a lone Caucasian among a score of brist functionaries—climbed through the ropes and leaned against them, his arms folded, his manner nonchalant.

Lesser bureaucrats, all in a high fever of authority, cleared the aisles for the advent of the star attractions. 'Stallmints Stickney, he being overlord to all these, strutted down at the foot of the squared stage gave final in-structions to the official announcer. In the black-and-white of full dress he loomed vast and important, a majestic puffin. But he sugand important, a majestic punin. But ne sig-gested the pouter pigeon, too. A wag of the upper Lenox Avenue younger set, more a humorist than a faunalist, had his own theory to account for the hybridized aspect of the chief sponsor and voiced it to an appreciative

sponsor and voiced it to an appreciative audience in a front row:

"Looks lak to me he's one of these yere ole penguins, only his ma muster been skeered by a peacock jest befo' hatchin'-time!"

The laughter which greeted this whimsy was swallowed up in a deafening turnult. For Knock-Out Broadus was making his entrance. He made it dramatically. He strode into view from a passageway leading to the dressing rooms. He moved at the head of an impressive entourage; his bathrobe was of silk done in purple and blue stripes. He wore that kingly garment in a most kingly way and his walk was that of a conqueror and his melon-shaped head but slightly was bent to acknowledge the welcoming shouts of seven-tenths of the multitude.

NE would have looked in vain though for the slim figure of Royal Arcanum Watts among the backers, handlers, seconds, assistant seconds, deputy assistant seconds, bottle-holders, towel-bearers, rubbers, trainers, volunteer advisers, well-wishers and unclassified supernumeraries who trooped along in their hero's wake. It is probable that no one did look. For the time being all worshiping eyes were for the new-risen favorite of local fistiana.

There was no such pageantry for the reception, two minutes later, of the rival fisticulfer—no pageantry whatsoever and not a great deal of enthusiasm. He shambled into view almost apologetically, being clad in a rayed gray sweater and convoyed only by that large dour-looking white man named Skip O'Grady who through all the years of his public career had guided his destinies for him. The day had been when this whole assemblage, or any other of like spirits, would have risen up to do the Bermuda Bear Cat honor. But that was when he was quite the rose and expectancy of his race and of his pugilistic class. He was slipping back now; he was getting

older and he was going stale; he was hippodroming about over the land, meeting ambitious contenders for small purses; and while none of these upstarts had knocked him out, several of them lately had knocked him about. It lamentably is true that in the gay world of sportdom, as elsewhere, a champion deposed very soon and nearly always becomes an exchampion decried. To paraphrase the language of the newspaper when it deals diagrammatically with charts and maps, the "ex" shows where a venicled consularity was lest seen where a vanished popularity was last seen. So now some cheered for him but not very

many-a parasitic minority whose loyalty wa dubious and fickle. A few, lured by the odds, had bets on him. But even these held hisses on reserve in case that proud prodigy of a K. O. Broadus should round out the winning streak which recently had so stirred the local sporting elements, by winning a still greater triumph

here this night.

Let us dismiss the dedicatory phases of a fight afterward to be historic in the annals. The battle ground was cleared of non-participations.

pants; then the gong rang.

Round one was a Broadus round all the way.

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Knock-Out skipped in and skipped out, as light Knock-Out skipped in and skipped out, as light on his toes as a dancing master. His shoe soles made little slithering music against the gritty canvas. He clouted swiftly, with dainty cattish dabs, at the rocking, bobbing, nodding target which fell back in slow circles from before him. Throughout, Kid Maxey gave territory steadily. There was a troubled look on his broad chocolate-colored face the while he retreated with a flat-footed gait. When manueurered into close quarters he sank his bullet neuvered into close quarters he sank his bullet head between his massive shoulders and hunched down to take punishment, but otherwise showed little generalship and scarce a trace of his ancient science.

Darting attacks landed on his arms and his brisket and once on his flattened nose. More blows glanced off the slopes of his skull, which was an elusive mark, being contoured like a pineapple cheese. Thrice, being in seeming pineapple cheese. Thrice, being in seeming difficulties, he wallowed forward into clinches embracing his hampered antagonist with every evidence of affection and clinging fast until pried loose by the sweating referee. Not until just before the bell sounded did the discredited Bear Cat really offer any return strategy and then his swings were high, wide and unhand-some. Shrill derisive cries arose, and conflicting advice:

"Look at 'im now-telegraphin' his licks!"

"Look at 'Im now—telegraphin ins icks:
"Go on, you Broadus—he can't lay a glove
on you. Bore in, boy, bore in!"
"Don't pay no 'tenshun to them haymakers,
Knock-Out—jest stand off an' jab him plum'

to death!"

"Tha's the ticket—land 'em amongst the giblets!

"Lead fur the stomach—hit his tender place!"
"Umph, huh, see 'im flinchin' erway frum
that one!"

It was the opinion of many seasoned judges that the bell reprieved the Bear Cat from actual disaster. He shuffled back to his post and drooped there upon a stool while the attendant Mr. O'Grady spewed mouthfuls of water upon his charge's perspiry torso and fanned him in a perfunctory and mechanical way. That solitary attendant appeared also to be accept-ing the inevitable.

Above the bent backs of half a dozen zealous corner-men who massaged his legs and laved his chest, Knock-Out raised a jubilant counte-

"Nothin' but a mere shell," he proclaimed, with a jovial gesture of one monstrous padded mitt. "Sence all the time I been fightin' I ain't. never seen one that wuz mo' mere." ('mendous applause mingled with laughter.)

OUND two was in its essentials a duplication of its predecessor. Again the gallant Southerner took the offensive; again his senior replied to hammering assaults with inconsequential side-swipes, or, in emergencies, accepted a battering. There was a crude impotency in his attempts to land an occasional counter-wallop.

Critics agreed that only his favorable con-Critics agreed that only his tavorable con-figuration had thus far saved him from destruction—the shoulders shielded his jaws, the abnormally long arms gave partial pro-tection to his vulnerable midriff. But sooner or later youth must be served. Such was the consensus of views as loudly expressed from every side.

But in the interval between the end of this round and the beginning of the third one, strange words passed between the venerable

strange words passed between the venerable one and his manager, what they said being inaudible to those near-by by reason of the joyous clamor which rocked the building.

"Mist' Skippy," said the Bear Cat, "I'se gittin' tired of this foolishness. This yere brash boy ain't got nothin'. Has they had a run fur they money yit? Or ain't they had it?"

"They have that," answered the director. "Besides, we've got to catch the eleven o'clock train for Buffalo."

"A' right, suh, we ketches her." said the Bear

"A' right, suh, we ketches her," said the Bear Cat and under cover of his gloves he smiled.

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Round three was ushered in with a fierce and bounding onslaught by the still unmarked Broadus. But all at once, and transpiring so quickly that the eye scarce could follow it, something happened. From the crouching, swaying Bear Cat was a lightning-fast parry and feint. He wove a puzzling geometric puzzle with those two dangling arms of his. He shifted on his hips in a workmanlike way, stepped back and stepped in, and then one which he seemed to take out of his hip pocket whistled upward and was buried deep in the Black Hope's belly at the identical point where the naked skin met the waistband of a pair of roval purple trunks. But all at once, and transpiring so

the naked skin met the waistoand of a pair of royal purple trunks.

This was done with the right. As the recipient bent double, with a loud moan of intense and anguished surprise, the left fist was hooked deftly over in a sickle-like twist. The Bear Cat had his choice of locations. But curiously, the second thrust landed neither on the batton of the chin nor yet in that coy little nest of nerves which they call the solar plexus.

A great general gasp of astonishment burst forth as, with the thud of a ripe canteloupe falling from a tall building, it landed squarely upon the woolly peak of his opponent's skull. Plainly the intent had been that it should land

upon that most unlikely area.

This supplementary blow uncurled its prey magically. He staggered back and through the sudden hush which had fallen upon all and sundry, as such a hush always does fall when a multitude has been dazed by a totally unexpected shock, there cut in one taunting commentary from a point near at hand:
"Nothin' only a shell! But the shell's loaded wid high exploserives, ain't it?"

Even in the physical agony of that moment Knock-Out Broadus heard the gibe and knew who spoke it. And through his own great mental distress 'Stallmints Stickney likewise recognized that voice for the voice of a recent

ally and felt the pangs of an added foreboding.
And now the silence had ended and a vast shriek went up. For still another incredible event was coming to pass. Knock-Out Broadus was stumbling backward. Kid Maxey was charging into him and flailing, with chopping downward licks, not into his victim's exposed front but again and again and again upon the crown of the head.

So the tortured Knock-Out turned and ran. He ran like a hunted roebuck. And like a relentless orang-utan, the Kid pursued him around and around the ring. And the Kid still aimed for the pate and Knock-Out, with both gloves outspread upon his smitten scalp, still sought to cover it up. It was a foot race and it lasted for four circuits of the roped-in track.

Twice, as he sped by his corner, the fugitive glared with despairing eyes to where his petrified staff huddled just beyond the angle, and toward them, in passing, he flung an order. If they heard it, which was doubtful, their stupefaction was such that they disregarded it. On his next whirl he repeated it, only now it was no command but a desperate plea. Still was no command but a desperate piea. Still they made no move, being temporarily comatose. So, as he came near for the fourth time, which was the last, he lunged forward, plucked a towel from the limp grasp of the nearermost aide-de-camp and flung it over his shoulder so that it whirled high into the air.

It was a world's record which perchance will stand forever-a prize-fighter acting in his own

behalf had thrown up his own sponge!

A pastel-shaded damsel in a ringside seat fainted dead away. She was Knock-Out Broadus's most cherished lady friend.

Local attention though immediately was shifted from her limber form to a spot diagonally across the stage. From this point diagonally across the stage. From this point and above the excited hubbub issued a loud strong voice saying:
"Brethren an' sistren, le's take a vote. That

there se'f-retired fo'flusher'—the speaker, who was none other than Royal Arcanum Watts, pointed upward to indicate whom he meant—"he suttinly needs a new name. The

one he's been wearin' don't fit him no longer.
Le's see, whut is it that's got a kind of a soft dent right in the middle of its top crust?"
"A new baby," suggested one gay bystander.
"Naw, somethin' to eat. I got it! Friends.

"Naw, somethin' to eat. I got it! Friends, it's my painful duty to announce to you that the late Knock-Out Broadus jest committed suicide wid a wet towel. In his place we has now the Parker House Roll! An' there he stands!" He re-aimed his forefinger at the stricken object of his remarks. "All in favor the median will respond by savin' 'Awa'".

stricken object of his remarks. "All in favor of the motion will respond by sayin' "Aye." And by acclamation the ayes had it. Even some of the sycophants who lately had formed the official bodyguard of the fallen idol paused. in the very act of deserting him to join in the

'Stallmints Stickney shoved through the press and shook an infuriated abdomen in his

former associate's face.

"You sold me out!" he shouted. "You done double-crossed me! You done tricked me!".

"Who started the double-crossin' business wino started the double-crossin' business fust, you busted turkey-gobbler? Who th'owed me out of the pardnership on my uppers wid zero about to overtake my wardrobe? Who stole my meal-ticket, sich ez he wuz, away frum me?"

Without offering to rise from where he Royal Arcanum now addressed the surrounding group: "Won't somebody please move the here quiverin' mess of chitterlin's out from under my nose? He's had a puncture of a blow-out, one. You kin see him goin' down befo' yore very eyes."

wonder"—he said it dreamily—"I wonder how come Kid Maxey could 'a' found out that yer wuz the one fool nigger in all this world that all other niggers is the got a tender spot whar all other niggers is the hardest? I wonder who it wuz leaked it out to him an' his manager that the best place to play on wuz the top of that perticular niger's skull? It had to be somebody that knowed the secret. It must 'a' been the same pusson wich only yistiddy wrote a unanimous letter to the Boxin' Commission tellin' 'em that this thick crook yere wuz bustin' the rules by thick crook yere wuz bustin' the rules by backin' a fighter on the sly w'ile at the suntime runnin' a athletical club." He bowed in mock sympathy as the discomfitted enemy shrank under this new wound. "I trust, o'e settler, that you is doin' well in the 'stallmint line, because you's shortly due to git jolded where out of purilibration." plum out of pugilisms.

"But I ain't got no time to be wastin' on bankrupts an' pore black trash." He rose from his seat. "Frum now on I'll be movin' amongst the ready money classes. Wen I buttons my coat tonight I'm lockin' up my trunk but

coat tonight I'm lockin' up my trunk but watch my smoke tomorrer!"

He brushed past the diminishing hulk of the fat foeman. "You, Parker House," he commanded, "look yore last upon me now. 'Cause w'en next you sees me, ef at all, I ain't goin' be able to recall that I ever met you befo'. At that, I oughten' to bear you no grudge. Ef it hadn't 'a' been fur you I wouldn't have all the dough w'ich I'm goin' collect fum the stake-holders in the mawnin' on account have all the dough wich I'm goin context had the stake-holders in the mawnin' on account of my havin' put up ever' last cent I could rake an' scrape together by pawnin' the rest of my clothes an' my watch an' chain an' all.

"You mout be interested in knowin' that I done my bettin' two ways. Yas suh! I bet you wouldn't win an' I bet they wouldn't be mothered by the green in' wich that nart of

knock-out yere this evenin', w'ich that part of it wuz a mortal cinch an' it's a shame to take It wuz a mortal cinch an' it's a shame to take the money. Fur I knowed you couldn't knok out Kid Maxey wid an ax. An' I knowed he wouldn't git no chance to knock you out one't he'd clipped you good an' hard on that unfinished bean of yourn, lak I told him to."

Lolling plaintively over the ropes, the rechristened ex-phenomenon muttered what evidently was intended for an extress.

dently was intended for an excuse.
"Whut's that?" demanded Royal Arcanum
Watts. "You sez he half brained you? Well,
then, friend, yore loss is total. 'Cause half a then, friend, yore loss is total. brain is all you ever had!"

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## The KELLY FLEXIBLE CORD



### The Peregrinations of the Pecks

As the ferryboat churns across the Hudson toward the New Jersey shore, the Pecks take their last look shore, the Pecks take their last look at the Manhattan skyline and realize for the first time that their long-planned trip to the Coast actually has begun. With fine weather, a good car, plenty of time, and last but not least, a full complement of Kelly-Springfield Tires, the pros-pects for the isogney look bright pects for the journey look bright. Jim has never yet been able to get enough golf, and if the family runs across any good courses a little further south, the trip ma, be somewhat delayed. In fact, we should have no hesitancy whatever in addressing the Pecks' mail to Pinehurst, N. C., for a few days.

THE KELLY FLEXIBLE CORD is the best tire Kelly-Springfield has ever built. This statement is meant to be taken literally and not as a mere advertising catch-phrase.

The construction of the Flexible Cord is different from that of any other tire. The bead is built in as an integral part of the carcass, making a stronger and yet less rigid construction which also makes possible the use of a flexible tread. The Flexible Cord is sturdier than the former Kelly Cord and at the same time more pliable. To the car-owner this means a combination of mileage and easy riding that hitherto never has been equaled, either by our own tires, or so far as we know, by any others.

## KELLY~SPRINGFIELD TIRES

### Women Are Natural Thieves by Judge John J. Freschi (Continued from page 49)

the finder's first impulse very often is to secrete the object lest some one see and claim it. Immediately afterwards arguments of self-justi-fication sweep through his subconscious mind. He consoles himself with the thought, "Finders, keepers." It is the victory of greed over honesty—a victory gained when the porter at the door of thought is off the job.

The important difference between the one who finds and keeps and the one who obeys the spontaneous inclination to steal is that the finder has time to think it over and act honestly, while the woman who shoplifts does

not have time to reflect.

For instance: Not long ago detectives spotted a well-dressed woman stealing gloves. They followed her from the store as it is customary to permit thieves to make their exit before arresting them so that they cannot say—as professionals certainly would—that they were merely carrying the articles to match with

other goods in the store.

This woman had reached the sidewalk when she suddenly turned and darted back into the store, the detectives at her heels. She went to the women's room and there a woman detective caught her trying to get rid of the gloves.

Her explanation was typical. Scarcely had she stepped from the counter when the horror of what she had done struck her. Frantically she had rushed back bent upon restoring the things she had stolen.

That a great many women who steal repent as soon as they have time to think over their misdeeds is evidenced by the number of articles which are returned by mail, or found abandoned

in the rest rooms.

Not long ago a woman was caught who declared that she could not resist the impulse to steal pretty things. She got a thrill out of shoplifting. Yet she was not actually dishonest, for she invariably mailed to the store a sum of money sufficient to cover the purloined goods.

T MAY appear that because the shoplifter is a transient malefactor, bearing none of the earmarks of the professional crook, that the problem for the store detective is a difficult one. To a certain extent it is. But while her resemblance to the mass of honest shoppers might seem to grant the individual thief immunity from suspicion, as a matter of fact it does nothing of staphicoli, as a matter of the children the sort. Realizing the difficulty involved store detectives solve the problem by watching everybody. That is to say they never relax vigilance. No shopper looks so innocent or prosperous as to be above suspicion.

There are ways by which the shoplifters

betray themselves, the novice perhaps by her clumsiness and over caution, the professional by her over expertness and easy poise. Although the detectives do not divulge their method they prove that their systems have value by the amazing number of shoplifters

they catch.

There is, however, an almost unfailing way in which they can tell the novice from the "repeater." This has nothing whatever to do with her appearance or manner, with her social

standing or the story she tells. It rests entirely upon the things she steals.

"The first time a woman shoplifts," explains the chief detective of a big store, "she is all excited and grabs the first thing that comes to hand. When she repeats she usually is composed and makes a more careful selection of the things she wants as to color, size and quality." It is seldom that women in pairs yield to the

theft impulse. But occasionally a woman util-

izes an innocent companion to avert suspicion. Such a case, not without an element of humor, involved an innocent man as a victim

and incidentally nipped a budding romance.

He had gone with the girl to buy a hat, and sat by while she tried on one after another. All the saleswomen were busy so the girl browsed about by herself. Her choice

narrowed down to two hats and she asked her escort's opinion. She was adorable, he thought, in one of them. But when the girl asked its price she found it was entirely beyond her means. She had enough to buy the other but

that was the one he didn't care for. When she joined him, however, the favored hat was on her head. She had ordered the old sent home, she explained. But as they stepped from the store a detective arrested them both. It became known then to the dazed young man that his beloved had walked out with the new hat, neglecting the formality of paying.

The hat department, it appears, exerts a special fascination for shoplifters of the so-called "smart" type. Probably the smart woman with a craze for hats is always psychically ripe for the shoplifting impulse.

REGARDLESS of how well concealed, vanity in some form is the motivating influence back of most shoplifting. A woman sees something beautiful and imagines herself wearing it. She likes the mental picture. Then desire is born. Add to this opportunity and impulse and the result is a shoplifter.

But there is another type of shoplifter against whom the charge of vanity or selfishness will not lie. In fact, she supplies the most amazing psychological problems in the way of complicated and elusive motives. And motives are things the Court cannot disregard in the

humane disposition of such cases.

Not at all unusual is the poor mother who steals the things for her children. We find her every Christmas season pilfering articles she cannot afford to buy. Just recently, for example, a poor scrubwoman was taken in a five and ten cent store, her apron filled with toys of the cheapest sort. She had just paid the last instalment on her rent and had no

money left for Christmas luxuries.

"I couldn't bear to have my young one cryin' for a few toys," she said, "when all the other kids would have plenty."

That sort of case is not at all unusual, I repeat, because in the courts we quite realize that a real mother will sacrifice anything and everything, even honesty, when the happiness of her kiddies is at stake. What judge or jury could put a penalty on such mother-love?

But of quite a different sort is the case of the

elderly spinster who also was apprehended as

she stole toys.

She was, it developed, a hard working respectable woman who had devoted the best years of her life to caring for an invalid mother. Her greatest pleasure was giving pleasure to others. She was a sort of Lady Bountiful in the poor neighborhood in which she lived. Half a dozen sick and crippled children looked to her for love and affection. She gave these unstintingly, and what material things she could afford after paying the landlord and grocer out of her meager earnings

She thought Christmas found her jobless. She thought of her protégés eagerly looking forward to gifts and she was unable to resist the temptation to play Santa Claus. Having no money with which to buy the things she wanted she stole them, and when arrested thought not of herself but of the toyless Christmas of her little

Again it might seem incredible that a strong ense of honor might be the motive behind shoplifting-that honesty itself could be the urge of dishonesty. And yet there have been cases to show that this is very possible. A young girl had attracted attention by her

clumsy attempts to steal in a closely watched jewelry department, and as usual she was taken to the office for an interview. While being questioned she fainted—not from fright but from starvation, as the store doctor discovered. Immediately everyone was sympathetic.

"We'll let her go," said the manager. "She's starving. In fact I think we should help her."

His kindness penetrated the stubborn silence the girl had maintained.
"Oh, no," she sobbed, "I'm really hungry but that wasn't why I stole." Then she Then she told her story.

Out of employment for weeks she had managed to live by pawning her few possessions and borrowing money. A girl friend whose circumstances were but little better than her own gave her a place to sleep in her own furnished room. This girl couldn't do more because she was supporting her mother out of her small earnings.

Then came the promise of a job. On the strength of this the friend "borrowed" four dollars from the petty cash in the office where she worked and loaned it to her unlucky

companion.

companion.

"I gave my word I'd return this money the following Friday so that my friend could restore it to the petty cash box and avoid being branded as a thief," said the prisoner. "But the job did not materialize. As the week wore on I became frantic with worry. I realized that if my friend did not put the money back before the cash was balanced on Saturday her employer would think she was a thief.
"As I was passing through the store I came."

"As I was passing through the store I saw the jewelry and it suggested a way out. I knew I could pawn it for enough to pay back the loan. I didn't stop to figure out what might happen. I'm sorry, but I can't truth-fully say I wouldn't do the same thing again in order to save one who befriended me from being branded as a thief."

being branded as a thiet."

It is true, however, that the majority of transient shoplifters have no excuse whatever to offer for their thefts other than that they were suddenly tempted. And there is no doubt in my mind that the merchandising methods employed in department stores are a vital fac-tor in bringing the number of shoplifting cases up to the amazing level they have reached

Goods are scattered about on tables where shoppers have easy access to them. Then comes a crowd of people and the overrushed clerks cannot wait on them all. Under the woman's hands are the alluring goods and no one is watching—or so she thinks. She does not suspect that the fussy old lady across the sile is really watching her instead of peering. not suspect that the fussy old lady across the aisle is really watching her instead of peering near-sightedly at the pair of gloves she holds in her hands. Nor does she dream that the busy salesgirl may have noticed her agitation and has pushed a button that calls a store detective.

WHEN one considers that a few stores detect so many shoplifters, and that not all who steal are caught, the total number of women who yield to the theft impulse must be appalling. It has been estimated that the department stores of America suffer a loss of two percent of their total business through shoplifting. However, there is a bright side. With most

women once is enough! The mental agony they undergo is a lasting lesson. The percentage of women caught stealing the second

time is very small.

Not long ago a group of stores thought to Not long ago a group or stores thought we stem the current by prosecuting all shoplifters, first offenders as well as repeaters, and regardless of their social or business standing. They reasoned that the resulting disgrace of the thieves would be a lesson to women in

general—a probable deterrent.

Although New York witnessed through its newspapers the disgrace of many women of hitherto unassailable position and character, there was no perceptible diminution in shop-lifting. Why?

Because shoplifting is a crime of impulse! When women steal they do so without considering for an instant the probable consequences of their act. If they did they wouldn't need the "honorable example" to keep them on the paths of honesty.

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### Select COLORS and UPHOLSTERY for your Custom CADILLAC

A FTER all, you are *best* satisfied when you satisfy yourself. And so, when you purchase a V-63 Cadillac with Custom Body by Fisher, Cadillac invites you to *dictate* your car's appearance by selecting both colors and upholstery.

The V-63 Cadillac chassis, as you know, is recognized the world over as the foremost example of eightcylinder manufacture. It, too, will prove as fine and satisfying as though built to your personal specifications.

The Cadillac Custom-Built line includes five closed models in 24 master color harmonies and ten upholstery patterns. Wheelbase 138", except the two-passenger coupe which measures 132". Price range, \$3975 to \$4950, f. o. b. Detroit.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

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# Joday—all your clothes deserve the care you give to fine fabrics—

## Sports Clothes of Silks and fine Woolens

Whisk one tablespoonful of Lux into thick lather in half a washbowl of hot water. Cool to lukewarm. Press suds repeatedly through soiled spots. Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out—do not wring. Roll in towel—when nearly dry press with warm—never hot—iron.

To wash blankets, 2 tablespoonfuls of Lux to every gallon of water for rich, live suds, necessary. Dissolve Lux thoroughly, whisk thick lather, cool to lukewarm. Press suds through soiled spots—never rub. Rinse in three or more lukewarm waters. If possible let blankets drip dry—it makes them fluffer. Never twist them. To avoid stretching, hang blanket double, lengthwise, pinning at regular intervals.

### Important Uses for Lux

In addition to the well-known uses washing silks, woolens, fine cottons and linens—use Lux for dishes, the family laundry, shampoo, babies' milk bottles, paint, porcelain, woodwork, rugs and linoleum. FOR years and years your darling blouses, your exquisite hosiery in its myriad shades, your filmy lingeries—have been like new again after each washing!

Silk sweaters, fresh and unstretched, at the end of the season—costly little sports suits with their flannel soft and unshrunken—Lux took care of them all!

Today that same good Lux works its magic with *all* your laundry. For now-adays every single thing of yours that's washable is so nice it simply cannot be trusted to ordinary soap!

Today your gay little house dresses, your sweet muslin underclothes, the children's bright ginghams, your nice sheets and monogrammed towels—all must go into softly cleansing Lux suds! These

sparkling suds keep the colored pieces so fresh and unfaded, the sheets and towels so snowy white! Everything is like new again.

And with even everyday things so expensive nowadays, they just have to be taken care of. And how faithfully they wear when you use Lux! Each fibre is so tenderly cleansed by Lux—cottons and linens respond to this just as much as woolens and silks.

### So little Lux will do your biggest wash—do you realize?

A whole tub brimming with swirling, cleansing suds—plentiful, thorough Lux suds that foam softly through each fibre of the garment you dip lightly in and out—all from that little bit of Lux you use!

You know what amazing suds even a speck of Lux has always given you! That's why Lux is so economical for your laundry—you really need so little. When you look at that great pile of snowy clothes—it seems like magic that it took so little Lux.

And your hands—everyone who uses Lux knows how blessed its velvet suds are after stinging kitchen soap!

Whether you're washing just a bit of finery or the whole laundry Lux leaves your hands sweet and soft. Lux won't harm anything pure water alone won't harm. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

Now the Big New Package too

A little Lux goes so far it's a real economy to use it

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### The \$150,000 Poker Game by Opie Read (Continued fr. m page 99)

paper enough to feed my press through four

mbers?
"Sit in," said Bruck, and I sat down.
With the second deal I tangled with a fellow from the Everglades. And how he did hate to He was always playing his last game. A change of heart was on, he said, and he was headed toward the ministry. He took ten of my forty, and remarked that I much resembled his brother who died bravely in the South Sea Islands, a missionary. But after a time I caught him for twenty dollars; and then, a little later, Dabney smiled me with fifty. A mocking-bird which I had not heard before was singing, and a caged canary staccatoed a jig for my cavorting nerves.

Luck, like inspiration, cannot be explained, and the right card to the poker-player is like the right figure of speech to the poet. And that night my play was ribboned with luck, more than three hundred dollars to the good; and when the gangplank had been thrown to and when the gangplant had been thrown between ashore, I pressed the cool fortune in my pocket and mused: "Calamity, waiting for me down the road, you must have slept, for I have passed you." And yet something seemed have passed you." nave passed you." And yet something seemed to whisper, "Calamity is waiting and will touch you with his withered hand."

I wo days later I was at work in the shack that served me for office and habitation when in came Sam Bruck.

"Thought I'd drop in to see you on a little utter of business," he said. "I forgot to tell matter of business," he said. "I forgot to tell you the other night, but I am the proprietor of a most remarkable medicine, Rattlesnake
Oil. Wait a minute. I learned from circus
actors that it is impossible to have a stiff joint you rub it with the grease of the rattlesnake. I can turn rheumatism into the dance of St. Vitus. But I beg your pardon. I do not wish Vitus. But I beg your pardon. I do not wish to seem humorous. But what I wanted to get at is this: poker is a tricky game."
"Then you have come to tell me what you knew I would have acknowledged."

"Well, yes, in a way. But something follows to be spoken of, which is, your streak of luck."
"But why speak of something that can't be explained?"

"Not explained as a general thing, but in this instance it can be." He placed one foot on the damp edition of the Hornet and with bony fingers roached his oily hair. "Hear me. I gave you that luck. Now hold on a moment. Rein up your horses. If in my dealing I had given it to myself, those gentlemanly ruffians would have suspected me and perhaps cut my throat. But to you I could give it without suspicion. Listen: in your favor I played the generous crook.

You infernal scoundrel, I—

"Wait a minute. It requires some effort for a man to work up a fury against luck, no matter how it may come. Inexperience, which is generally honest, tells you to be indignant, but ripe experience of church and state"—and here he touched his bosom—"tells you to be moderate and to listen. All right. On my part this fraud in your behalf was not unselfish. But I do not request a share of the money. That would be too crooked for my sense of right, but I do make this request: that you run a full-page advertisement of Rattlesnake Cil through three successive issues of your paper, beginning with the next number. I rust I've put it plainly."

"Yes, so plainly that I shall go at once to Dabney and give him his money."

"Yes, in a way that would be romantic.

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And have you any notion as to what he would and nave you any notion as to what he would do? He would box your jaws for a fool and then shoot my head off. That would be embarrassing to both of us. Here I have the copy for the advertisement."

He arose, stretched, and gangled himself out of the shack, leaving me to muse upon his proposition; and the best way out of the shame-less tangle was to accept it.

A few days later Bruck rented a stable and opened up his warehouse of oil. The super-stitious whites and the cotton-picking darkies flocked to see him and for a time he did a thriving trade. I learned that at one time he had been a professor in a state university and that he had been outlawed for crookedness. I ran his advertisement, but the sight of him shamed me with reproach, and so much did I brood upon it that I was finally resolved to seek Horace Dabney and, as far as I could, to clear myself of fraud. I found him on the steamer Richmond, just as he was cashing his chips at the end of a game, and, not without embarrassment on my part, drew him aside. With a smile he listened to my shamefaced recital.

"What, that poor college worm put up a job on expert poker players? Why, he hasn't skill enough to deal a crooked card if it were bent and handed to him. He's worked you to a foolish standstill, and that's all there is to it. Go back home and have it out with him.

"But before you go I've got something to tell you. It will serve as a piece of news for your paper. That night you were on Natchez, and just before you came into the poker room, I saw you shoot a look at a beautiful girl waltzing toward you. Well, tomorrow night I am going to run away with her and marry her, and she is going to reform me, she says. I asked Old Ben Cummings, her planter father, for her hand as I caught him coming out of church, and the precious old sinner threatened to shoot me.

"My father educated me for the bar, but cards got me. And poker'll get you, too, if you don't break off while you are strong. In the end it may not disgrace you, but will surely serve to blight you. The trouble is that we don't play poker; poker plays with us. All temperaments don't yield to it; it feeds on a peculiar passion that lies smoldering within us, and after a time it demands liquor in excess to help it out. In poker both victory and defeat rap for the drinks.'

An old mud-clerk, loitering near, was listen-g. "Dab," he spoke up, "did vou ever "did you ever ing. "Dab," he spoke up, "did you know a man to be reformed by marriage:

Dabney laughed. "Not many, hedgehog, but a few. Marriage in many instances has had great influence. There was Jack Bateman, poker player, married. He did not reform but he taught his wife to play and she won enough from him to outdress any woman in Memphis. And if Nell beats me it will be a sweet loss." And then seriously he said to sweet loss." And then seriously he said to me: "Give it up. It will keep you working for idlers if you don't. You can't win; you stay too long. With you it is a passion and you feed on its thrills. Good night," and he sang his way down through the cabin.

Such was the atmosphere in which I was living. It was a time of accented individuality. Every man in that life along the river was different from his fellow, from even his twin brother; and in fresh remembrance of the mighty tragedy, the war, the affairs of man were streaked with whimsied humor . . .

WHAT we now look back upon as old Chicago was a city of individuals. paper reporters were known for the vigor of their style and the freedom of their expression. Once a newcomer was sent to write up a fire. He omitted to mention the buildings ablaze, but wrote a history of great conflagrations. He set it down that fire broken loose from control was the world's most merciless destroyer, but that under control, was man's most useful agent. And this was but a preamble to a discussion on prohibition, then an infant toddling and falling down in rural America.

The city editor complimented his work but bade him good-by. He drifted away, went to Japan and became famous throughout the world as a lover of esthetics and cherry blossoms, Lafcadio Hearn. But doubtless he never forgot the Press Club where once during a night when a blizzard was howling he sat dreamily with a glass in front of him, gazing through a cloud of smoke at Mark Twain, the fountain of whose humor was bubbling.

In the Press Club were a number of young men who have since that day distinguished themselves as artists, poets, novelists, drank, not in drunken stupor to forget the world, but that in a spiritual mist they might see beauty which in soberer life did not exist. Drunkenness, they knew, was a beast; but in the soul of wine they found, as was found by ancient sages, the genius of invention, the lighting of perfumed tapers in the temple of the mind. It moved the lout, the clod, to germinate the seed within, to burst forth a flower, gathering upon its leaves the glistening But liquor led to the poker table, and the poker table pointed toward the pawn-shop.

URING several years I had fought off the recurring spree of poker. The visage of Old Calamity had been foreshadowed and had frightened me. To work and to study I had devoted myself. In strength I looked with pity upon a former weakness. And just as I was most confident, a silver fizz mocked my strength and called it frailty. In a modest game I sat and won. Ah, how delightful was this fall, after so long a poise of self-restraint!

But the modest game in the Press Club was not enough. Only the jolt of higher stakes could feed my spree. Out I went, and into the lair of the professional. Here no generosity toward a friend would quell the force of a con-quering hand. It seemed that I had dropped back through the years and was again cabined and afloat on the old romantic river. from without sweetly mocked the paddle-wheels. The players looked the same, the shirt-sleeved fat man with his hairy chest exposed, the thick-fingered fellow ever wont to tell what his wife had said, the whiskered village lawyer interrupting the game with a political forecast, and the sightseer, stolen away from his bride for a season of licentious freedom.

There they were and with the same old stories during a lull. Ten dollars limit, delightful; and now was come the joy of postponed conquest, my thirsty nerves swigging the cellared promise. And the thick-fingered fellow choked twenty dollars out of my stack into his own, and told us that his wife said she never cared much for ice-cream but was keen for lemon pie. A few deals later he beat a thrice-raised flush for me, and remarked that his wife said she preferred Katie Putnam to Ellen Terry. Was there anything more disgusting than to be beaten by a lout eternally talking about his wife? It was bad enough to be beaten by a silent gentleman. But this fellow-I would

"lay" for him.

I did, and like an idiot he filled a belly straight and beat three aces for me. Now was I reduced, but a low stack may serve as a tower of confidence. A hunch told me that soon I should recover, ah, and from the timid bridegroom. I opened a pot for ten and he came in like a bashful boy into a room full of company. I had aces up and drew one. He drew three cards and looked so woebegone that I almost wished his bride were there to comfort him.

I caught an ace, glorious!

I bet ten dollars and the simple rustic raised me ten, and so fumblingly that his chips stuck to his fingers. Back I came with ten, all I had; and he met my show-down with a simper and four jacks. Beaten to the cloth by a hay-seed bridegroom! The goddess of luck had turned giggling wanton to laugh me out of the game. And as I fumbled my way down the narrow stairs my very soul was shrouded in the darkest of humiliation and despair.

The quarterly premium on my life insurance policy would fall due on the following day and with my other losses was included that sacred sum, ninety-seven dollars. The country was



## \$100 for a name

Marlowe sang "the topless towers of Ilium." I sing the topless tubes of Mennen. I want a good name for the new non-removable, non-refillable, non-leakable device that now makes the Mennen Shaving Cream container as inimitable as its contents.

Others have tried to denature the capricious cap. Mennen has abolished it.

Just move the Mennen knob a quarter turn and a hole magically appears. After you've squeezed out enough cream, another quarter turn closes the hole as tight as a drum. No threads to engage; no bother of any kind.

It's a knock-out-as far ahead of other sealing devices as Mennen Shaving Cream is ahead of the procession.

We've called this new patented feature "the plug-tite top." We want a better name. If you can suggest one we like, we'll send you a hundred dollars. If more than one submits the winning name, each one will get the century check.

To everyone who sends a suggestion we'll mail a complimentary tube of Mennen Skin Balm, the cooling, healing after-shave cream that's fragrant and greaseless. Let me hear from you. Contest closes
July first. Use the couon if handler
(Menus Silvass) pon, if handier.

# MAJAD DINUBHZ



in the midst of a money squeeze. The quick breath of distress was fanning every ear that would give heed; the good fellows were all of them broke, and I was confounded with the thought that I knew not which way to turn.

On the morrow a cold rain was falling. No car-fare, and down-town I slopped my way and into the office of a broker of short fiction. In eye there was no welcome, and he spoke with the chill of the day. He had more manuscripts than he knew what to do with, but if I would agree to write him five short stories he would put himself to the strain of advancing me a hundred dollars. Had I felt that I possessed art I should have called it art assassination. But necessity is stronger than art. I kept my word, and years afterward I saw three

of the stories printed in a gilt-edged anthology.
"Wait," said Old Calamity. "Continue
your vassalage and I will hit you harder."

ONE night Eugene Field said to me, "I can cure you of that poker microbe." We were on our way to Glencoe, where we were to give, under the auspices of Melville E. Stone,

what Field termed a literary bench show. "In every man there is," said he, "two sprouts, one of evil and the other of reform. completed my cycle of waywardness before I came to Chicago, and I smile to recall that in Denver my name was on many a dusty slate. But I've never become a fanatic because 'the offending Adam was whipped out' of me. In the past and in the spirit of Antony I had cried, 'Scant not my cups,' and now I seek not to

scant the cups of other men."
"But the prescription," I insisted.
"Ah, simple and delightful. When you feel that you must play poker, read Horace

And an old night police reporter spoke up: "Yes, and when the poker fever comes on you'll find the reading of Horace just about as effec-

tive as a bran poultice on a wooden leg." Never had the fever been so high and never had I fought so hard. Compared with it a thirst for liquor were but feeble. It was more like the nerve starvation of an opium eater. like the nerve starvation of an opium eater.
It dulled every affair of life. And I knew
that I could win. Never had a seer been more
inspired with prophecy than I was with premonition of victory. I would pluck the white monition of victory. I would pluck the white beard of Old Calamity. I did not decide to fall but to mount. I

shall never forget my first hand that night, a pat heart flush red with prowess. And then three kings gloating over the slaughter of three queens held by a suburban undertaker. But luck is ever wont to stand on tiptoe, ready to Mine fell with the striking of the midnight clock. The undertaker shrouded me, laid me

out and buried me in his stack.

I hastened to the Press Club to canvass for money, with no hope higher than to get it in dribs from several sources, but a drib would put me into another pot and I might win. My old friends were all of them broke, but in came

old frends were all of them broke, but in came a new member. I broached him and he listened to my story of distress.

"Today I drew out a hundred dollars for a special purpose," he said, "but I shall not really need it until Thursday. Today is Tuesday. Can you pay it back the day after tomorrow?"

He was a Shakesperian, and with a quotation I assured him. "As Old Falstaff says 'I shall receive money o' Thursday." And I pawn you my honor that by noontime Thursday

you shall have the hundred." He let me have it, and toward the game I rushed, fearful that it might be broken up, but it wasn't; and at the doorway I called. "Deal me a hand." How delightful it was to feel that capital backed my game. How joyful to contemplate the distress of the preceding hour. But soon I found that the cards were against me. In the early dawn I picked up three tens, came in with my last chip, drew and did not help. A spade flush dug the grave of hope and patted down the earth about No storm-tossed wretch clinging to a spar at sea ever passed a more miserable day.

A few days before, in a glow of pleasure, I had completed a novel, "The Jucklins." Hope had wreathed it about and perfumed its possi-To make of it in any way a sacrifice could but deeply grieve me, and yet it must be done. The debt of honor cried out for its time-set liquidation. Forthwith I took the novel to a publisher, an honest man in all agreement but in the closing of a bargain as hard as blue flint. He had confessed and rot in shame that never had he read a book. crest of lettered accomplishment was the ability to write his own name, but on a check that name was of more worth than the autographs of a score of scholars.

Hears

In my eagerness he read the head-lines of distress. I explained my mission and he gave me a sorrowful look. I unwrapped my offering and placed it before him. He felt of the sheets of paper as if by their texture he might estimate

the value of the characters and the plot.
"No matter what ultimate agreement we may reach I must have a hundred dollars in advance," I told him, and he tore a corner from one of the sheets and looked at it.

"No, let it all be on royalty," he said.

"But I tell you that I must have a hundred

now. I can't wait for royalties."

He sighed. The writing of a check always agonized him. "What, money in advance for agonized him. What, money in advance for an experiment? Why, man, there's not a novel in this house that's selling. Even Stead's book has fallen flat. But I like your work and I am disposed to help you out. So I'll tell you what I'll do and it's the very best I can do. I'll give you seven hundred dollars for the thing out. That is all, now. Seven hundred cash.

Take it or not, just as you please."

More than a million copies of "The Jucklins" were sold. In England it was reprinted by the old firm of Adam and Charles Black. It was dramatized by Dan Hart, now the mayor of Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, and during two years Stuart Robson paid the publisher a hand-

years Stuart Robson paid the publisher a hand-some royalty for the right to play it.

A goodly sum was paid for the movie rights.

I don't know what the publisher realized, but a large amount surely. When he died several years ago, leaving no will and not having a relative on earth, his affairs were taken over

by the State of Illinois. At any rate, I should have realized more than \$150,000.
"I should think that all this would have turned you into a pessimist," a friend said to me; and thus was I moved to reply:
"No, for regardless of what the book may be held the results in the book may be the state of the said to me.

be, had there been within me the seeds of pessimism. I never could have written it.'

REFORMATION is brought about by a moral A REFORMATION is brought about by a moral recognition of a weakness. A cure substitutes a virtue for an evil. And I was cured of the fever of poker, but not by Old Calamity's withering touch nor by his tittering laugh, "I told you so." My cure lay upon picture-gue stretches of landscape, in nature's joyous recrudescence, the game of golf.

Years have passed but the old fever has not returned. I have not feared it; in truth I have

returned. I have not feared it; in truth I have tempted it with penny ante, have helped to fill up a game for small stakes, once a fatal inoculation, but not again have I felt the hot push of my ancient enemy. Golf is not only physical but metaphysical. Within it lie all the traits of human nature. It is a great physician, a potent moral lecturer. in the glow of liquor may make an eloquent speech or write a pleasing sonnet, but to play a tolerable game of golf he must be strictly

Golf balls and high-balls do not resolve themselves into a sympathetic mixture. golfer imbibes the wine of the air, the cocktail of the sunrise, and the toddy of the noontide. And thus stimulated he feels that he might tee up on Pike's Peak and drive over the Garden of the Gods. In a cube there is naught of universal interest, but unto all creatures a ball is attractive, to a kitten, to a dog, to a man; and even Deity Himself throws spherical worlds off into infinite space, playing ball.

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Slippery pavements—the sudden warning to stop—brakes—instant, unfailing response because the car is shod with Full-Size Balloon Gum-Dipped Cords.

Think what this traction and safety mean, too, in country driving—over clay roads, muddy grades, sandy stretches and detours through soft dirt.

In developing the Balloon, Firestone went to the very foundation of tire building, changing all vital elements—such as size, design, cross-section, side-wall, tread and air pressure. Real Balloon Tires must have light, strong, flexible walls.

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

Gum-Dipping, the exclusive Firestone basic feature, gives this extra strength and endures this extra flexing strain.

Two years of real service by thousands of motorists have proved the soundness of Firestone engineering. The principles which underlie this development have never been altered from the original plan.

Have the Firestone Dealer equip your car with Full-Size Gum-Dipped Balloons, and enjoy the safety, comfort and economy of these wonderful tires. The changeover can be made quickly and at low cost.

FACTORIES: AKRON, OHIO, Hamilton, Ont.

Firestone

AMERICANS SHOULD PRODUCE THEIR OWN RUBBER . . Hospiratore

### What It Cost Me to Score One Big Success (Continued from page 57)

the traffic cop he had mistaken the signal. By 45 B. C. this humble citizen owned a very nice house in Gracchus's Addition to Janiculum Manor, had a new iron-tired chariot and four unspayined horses, owned the building in which his store was located, had five clerks and a

lady bookkeeper who was a peach.

By this you can see that George the Greek was a fairly substantial Roman citizen and able to keep his children in school right along, pay his taxes and have his winter coal shot into his bins along about the first of July and pay

cash for it.

On the fifteenth of February, 44 B. C., George took a day off to see the big doings. He shaved carefully, polished his sandals, put on his best necktie. His wife was all rigged out for the party and the children were as neat as new sesterci.

"Now, listen, folks," George said. going to try to squeeze the chariot in where we can get a good view of everything that goes on, but there is going to be a whale of a crowd down-town, and maybe we'll have to park the old bus on a side street and walk to the party. If I have to do that I want you kids to keep tight hold of each other's hands, and not get lost in the crowd. Understand? And I want you all to keep your eyes open and see all you can, and remember it, because this is going to

be a big day in Roman history."

Well, come to find out, he couldn't get the chariot within a half mile of Main Street, because some of the populace had been there since sunset the evening before, but George and his folks did manage to squeeze through and get a good place on the edge of the sidewalk. And it was worth the trouble. The parade was a dandy. Headed by the 18th Legion Brass Band it came swinging down Main Street, the tri-umphant standards glittering in the air. First came the City Council in chariots, then the Fire Department, then the Veterans of Foreign Wars, then twenty-four elephants, five hundred war chariots with all the horses' tails braided war charlots with all the horses tails braided and tied with blue ribbons. Following these were five hundred schoolgirls strewing roses, and then, in a chariot of solid gold, with coal-black horses all rigged up with platinum harness set with diamonds, rode the illustrious hero of the occasion, Caius Julius Cæsar, the greatest conqueror Rome had ever knownthe greatest the world had ever known.

HERE he is! Get a good look at him, kids!" George the Greek cried, all excited. "That's Cæsar. That's the man who has won glory. There's the most glorious man the World has ever known. Oh, boy, I wish I was Cæsar!" "Why, papa?" asked little Alexander. "Because," said George, "when the parade gets to the City Hall what is going to happen? That's the man who has won glory.

A committee is going to give him that crown we saw in Quintus Mallius the jeweller's window, and make him emperor of Rome, and till the end of the world already he is going to be the most famous man for folks to talk about. And me, your papa, who is going to remember I run a fruit and vegetable store? After I am dead ten years who is going to remember I was selling strawberries and Brussels sprouts? Nobody

That was February 15, and when the parade reached the City Hall and the diadem was offered to Cæsar he cast an eye around and, behind every pillar, he saw some mean cuss with his fingers crossed—Brutus the Bolshe-vist, and Cassius the Anarchist, and Casca the Communist, and the whole lot of them-and he knew they were dead sore on the whole program, and what did he say?

He said, "Well, folks, I'm much obliged for

this compliment, but to come right down to plain talk I don't believe Rome is ready for an emperor yet. I pass."

And, in spite of that, on March 15 the leaders of the Irreconcilables got together and punched Rome's most glorified man full of below with degrees for the puncturing. holes, using daggers for the puncturing.

It seems to me, taking everything into con-sideration, that it is better to be a live fruit and vegetable dealer with a whole hide than a glorified near-emperor so full of dagger holes that you could use him as a sieve.

HRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, the most glorious discoverer of all time, had a father who was a wool-comber near Genoa. The business must have been fair to middling, because Christopher received a fairly good education for that day; but wool-combing wasn't good enough for him. so he discovered America and was immediately glorified and thrown into prison, riveted in chains, and spent his last years in poverty and neglect. Henry Hudson, the most glorified of English discoverers, who found the Hudson River and the mighty Hudson Bay, ended by being put adrift in a small boat in the great bay he had discovered, and that was the end of him. The Forest of Trouble is full of men who

reached for Fame or Glory and got it while the common citizen was going about his regular business and enjoying three good meals a day. Napoleon ended in hock at St. Helena. The Kaiser is ending in hock in Holland. Galileo, the father of modern astronomy, got his trouble from the Inquisition. Lincoln was assassinated Socrates was given a hemlock cocktail, the forefather of wood-alcohol whisky. Cleopatra hugged an asp. The list would run to thousands.

do not say that Cleopatra should have given up her throne and taken in washing on a back street in Alexandria; I merely try to show that carrying on in a way that has made her the most glorified vamp of all ages brought her nothing but trouble in the end. I am trying to show that an ordinary wife and mother, when she sees a picture of Cleopatra reclining on her luxurious barge with colored girls fanning her, need not envy Cleopatra. Life, when the sock basket is so full of undarned stockings that it basker is so full of underned stockings that to looks like a horn of plenty, may seem tame to the ordinary wife and mother, but to my notion her job is a happier one—take it from end to end—than Cleopatra's, even if none of Cleopatra's family ever wore a stocking.

It does not do, I admit, to crowd any analogy or example too far and hard. My desire merely is to make clear that Fame and Glory are greatly overrated and that their real value to the man who has them is mighty smallsmall that they are more often a nuisance and a cause of sorrow than an aid to happiness.

There was one question Permanent-Chairman Walsh asked oftener than any other at the late Democratic Convention that broke all world's records for longitudinality. tion was, "For what purpose does the gentle-

man arise?"

I'd like to ask for what purpose any man seeks to arise from a safe, sane and happy obscurity unless it is to have 580 out of every 1098 yell "Boo" at him. There is more genuine happiness in a fat bundle of Liberty Bonds tucked away in a safe-deposit box than in a page and a half in Who's Who. In the long the figures on a paycheck that arrives regularly read more genuine content into a life than a half-column article—with retouched photograph of the hero-in the Sunday edition.

Don't envy the famous; when you think of the glorified men of history shed a tear for When you wish you were as well known as Irv Cobb, so that when you write an article on food the whole nation sits up and takes notice, remember that one of the principal results of that article was that some one sent Cobb a turkey that decayed in the mails and reached him in a condition not mentioned in polite society. Practically all the free turkeys won by the famous and glorious arrive in that condition. I can't speak for Cobb with authority but I'll bet him a dollar against a doughnut that the best turkey he ever ate was one he got in exactly the same way you get one—by buying it with money earned on the job.

A man is different from a soap. It is an

advantage for a soap to be—so to speak—in everybody's mouth. When a soap becomes famous it is remembered when people want to buy soap, but when a man is famous he is remembered principally at two times—1: When some one wants to throw something, and 2: when somebody wants something for nothing. If a man is lucky he gets born, and if he is reasonably fortunate he lives a certain length of time, and then he vacates. Between the first and the last he must find all the happiness, Between the success and satisfaction he is to have on this earth, and I maintain that he can get all of these by finding his job, working at it with a desire to do what he has to do in the best way he can do it, and letting Fame and Glory take care of their own affairs. Fame is like a pup the minute you give it a pat on the head it wants to climb into your lap and slobber all over your face and take all your time and then bite you. The way to treat Fame is to turn your back on it, forget it and, if it annoys you, turn around and give it a kick

To care a hang for Fame is fatal. I'd like to have some one take a census of the young fellows who haven't done a stroke of work since they came within ten of winning the Pool Tournament down at Casey's Pool and Billiard Parlor, and who will never win a pool tournament in their lives. How many immortal statesmen came down here to New York to get statesmen came down here to New York to get nominated for the Presidency of the United States—and what good did it do them? As I understand it the two leading candidates of the two great political parties, and the candi-dates for the Vice-Presidency as well, are men who have taken their jobs as they came along, plugged at them hard and honestly, and thus left the famous fellows away back yonder at the starting post. I can't see a chest-sweller in the lot of them. They seem to me to have got where they are, not by using their crowns of fame as megaphones but as paper-weights.

HE next time you are down East here I wish you would hunt up one of the maintraveled roads and take a look at the thousands of automobiles that crowd them. When there is a two-minute traffic block the cars line up by hundreds, and then they start on again. Take a look at the people in the cars. Here will come six hundred and thirty-seven cars, coupés. sedans, touring-cars, limousines, motor-cycles and every other kind. In six hundred and thirty-seven of them you will see men who are enjoying being out in the car, with the family or with friends. These are the people Fame has or with friends. These are the people Fame has not touched. Then will come the six hundred and thirty-eighth car, probably a huge limousine, and on the rear seat will be a man well past middle age, leaning back against the cushions with his eyes closed, his face drawn and tired. There is nothing interesting in any and tired. There is nothing interesting in any-thing outside his car for him; there is nothing interesting outside his head for him. He looks weary, and he is weary. He can find no fun in the things that are fun for the rest of us. He is the Famous Man.

As the limousine starts again, when the traffic jam ends, he does a characteristic thing he throws his half smoked cigar out of the car window. Just then George the Greek, with seven-elevenths of his family crowded into his car, throws in his clutch and starts too. He has between his teeth the stub of a cigar he has smoked so close to the end that he has

to keep his upper lip raised.
"Lookit, mama!" he says to his wife. "Ten
thousand cabbages in that field, I bet you.
Maybe some of them I sell over my counter

before they are through. Everywhere a man goes he sees something, yes?"

That's the life! No Fame to nurse, no Glory to bid for; able to enjoy your cigar to the end and taking pleasure in your work aren when and taking pleasure in your work even when you are on your Sunday afternoon outing. Honestly, sometimes I wish I had obeyed my youthful impulse and become a blacksmith

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# OHNSON'S LIQUID WAX



"How do you keep your kitchen so spick and span? It always looks as though you'd just laid new linoleum.

Why, this linoleum has been down six years. But the man who laid it waxed it for me with Johnson's Liquid Wax and he told me if I'd keep it waxed that it would stay like new and wear years longer.

"No, it isn't any trouble at all since I bought one of those Johnson Floor Polishing Outfits. Every couple of weeks I spread on a thin coat of Johnson's Liquid Wax with the Wax Mop. It only takes a few minutes-I don't touch my hands to the wax or the floor-I don't even stoop down! Just pour a little Liquid Wax on to the Mop and a few easy strokes give the floor a thin, even coating.

"Then I polish the wax with the Weighted Brush. In a few minutes my floor is beautifully polished—and it's no more trouble than running a carpet sweeper.

"Why yes, I wash my kitchen linoleum, of course. But it doesn't seem to need washing nearly as often. And then it's so easy-more like washing off a piece of glass than a floor.

"But I never wash the inlaid lino leum in my other rooms. I polish it a couple of times a year with Johnson's Liquid Wax and that gives such a hard, dry polish that dust stays right on the surface. I re-wax the doorways and traffic spots when they start to show wear-but that only takes a few minutes.

"All the wood floors in my house are waxed too. In fact, I couldn't keep house without Johnson's Liquid Wax! I use it to polish my furniture and woodwork-to clean white enameland on the car!"

It's the new, easy way to have beautiful waxed floors and linoleum.

This Outfit Consists of: 

 I Quart of Johnson's Liquid Wax
 \$1.40

 I Johnson's Lambs-wool Wax Mop
 1.50

 I Johnson's Weighted Floor Polishing Brush
 3.50

.25 A Saving of \$1.65!

This offer is good at department, drug, grocery, hardware and paint stores. If your own dealer cannot furnish a Johnson Floor Polishing Outfit, write us for the name of a nearby dealer who can.

Ask for a FREE copy of the Johnson 25c Book on Home Beautifying at any store displaying the Johnson Service Department Sign shown at left.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, RACINE, WISCONSIN.

"The Wood Finishing Authorities"

(Canadian Factory: Brantford)







### After Breakfast

Now before we start the day's work, let us digest our breakfast, sweeten the mouth, soothe the throat and cleanse the teeth with WRIGLEY'S-



### After Luncheon

In the middle of the day when possibly time is limited and we may eat too fast, then is when WRIGLEY'S is of greatest help. It makes your food do you more good.



### After Dinner

Before going out to the theater, let WRIGLEY'S sweeten the mouth, remove the odors of food and help your stomach in its work.



"After Every Meal"

WRIGLEYS

### My Bear Cubs (Continued from page 55)

of all George's coaxing and his threatening. What I enjoyed most was to see the cubs have their bath. Every day George would take them to the brook near by. When they saw the water they would whine joyously and dash pell-mell down the bank to plunge in. Then they would play. Every manner of antic appeared to be instinctive with Teddy, and Topsy had an infinite amount of the feminine in nature. They splashed, swam, rolled, puddled. Then they would take turns chasing each other out of the brook and up into a tree. But only to hurry back into the water! Then Teddy would try to duck Topsy, and he often succeeded. If ever in my life I saw boys duck each other in a swimming hole, I saw these cubs do the same thing. Then the little bears would stand up on their hind feet and box. Presently they would get angry and have a regular fight, from which George would rescue them, and drag them wet and tousled and squealing back to the cabin.

FOUND out one day something that the cubs could not resist. Acorns! No matter where they were or what they were doing, if I showed them a handful of acorns they would come for me with the same impetuosity as they rushed for the brook.

One afternoon when I rode into the yard Topsy and Teddy were not in sight. At last I located them in the tops of the pine trees, which were a good deal higher than the cabin. Topsy was lying on her back, held by the topmost fork and some cross branches, and she was sound asleep, swaying with the wind. Teddy lay stretched out a little below across other branches, with his nose between his paws, and he was looking down.

Without saying a word I held out my hand with the palm full of acorns. I expected Teddy'to squeal. But he did not. He very quietly and quickly got up and began to back down the tree. It looked for all the world as if he were afraid he might awaken Topsy. He reached the ground, and was beside me before Topsy awoke. I sat against the tree-trunk looking up. Lazily Topsy turned her shiny black head, like a fluffy ball, and looked for Teddy. But he was not near. At the moment he was crunching acorns with great avidity.

Topsy looked down. She saw him and me.

Topsy looked down. She saw him and me. And she let out a loud squeal that to me sounded keen with anguish. She came down so fast that she slipped part of the way. I had never before seen her move so swiftly. She never ceased her piercing whine until she had her nose in my palm, and was doing her best to catch up with Teddy.

One accorn at a time appeared to be all they could satisfactorily manage. They cracked and chewed, and expelled the hulls, with every sign of satisfaction. When they had exhausted my supply they pried into all my pockets. Teddy and Topsy had been deprived of their mother. They had never known what a mother than the department of the price of the state of

Teddy and Topsy had been deprived of their mother. They had never known what a mother was. And I firmly believed that to them the hunter who raised them on the bottle, and later Pyle and Takahashi and myself, had taken the place of a mother. There was absolutely no doubt as to their affection.

We went home, leaving the bear cubs in charge of Haught. I heard from him oftener that winter—always telling of some prank of Topsy or Teddy. A year rolled round—how swiftly! and October came again, with its irresistible call to the colored woods. I found my cubs grown into good-sized bears, but wonderful to see they had not changed in any other regard. Haught had been faithful. Not yet had Topsy or Teddy been hurt or frightened. They were still pets, as spoiled as when they knelt with a pan of milk between their front paws.

Many and various were the tales related to

Many and various were the tales related to me. I have space only for one. Old Bill Haught, a brother of Babe, had come on from Texas for a visit. Teddy took a great liking to Bill. One day when Bill was plowing the sorghum field he heard Teddy making a commotion in the huge corral. It appeared that Teddy had conceived the idea that Bill was plowing up all the soft fresh red earth just for his benefit. So Bill opened the gate and let him out. Topsy showed no particular interest in this plowing.

gate and let fill out. Topo, showed no particular interest in this plowing.

Teddy took to the plowed rut and followed Bill. He would amble along, poking his nose here and pawing there, always on the lookout for what he thought Bill was trying to dig up for him. For hours he kept at Bill's heels, and toward the end of that faithful vigil he manifested signs of impatience and doubt. Finally when he clawed at Bill's boots Bill turned, and forgetting or unaware that Teddy had never been struck, he gave him a smart blow with the whip. Whereupon Teddy ran back in a hurs:

been struck, he gave him a smart blow with the whip. Whereupon Teddy ran back in a hurry. At noon Bill left off plowing and unhit hing the horses he crossed the field to go in for dinner. He had left his coat hanging on a fence post at the corner of the field. It had happened by carelessness that Bill had worn his only good coat, a brand-new one.

only good coat, a brand-new one.

The coat was gone. Searching for it Bill espied bear tracks in the path and at once associated loss of his garment with Teddy. So he trailed him. In a corner of the corral Bill found his coat, torn to shreds. His precious tobacco was gone. And further search discovered Teddy high up in a pine tree, his big fore paws folded under him.

There was nothing remarkable about this, but what it led to I consider very remarkable. Teddy smelled tobacco on Haught and gave ample evidence of wanting it. So Haught gave the bear a chew of tobacco. From that day Teddy became a corrupted bear. Now according to Haught tobacco was scarce and expensive, but he seldom refused Teddy.

Dopsy weighed about two hundred and fifty pounds; Teddy not quite so much. It took a vast amount of corn-meal to feed them. Neither had outgrown the playful dispositions. But playing with them now was a risky business, though they did not mean to hurt.

ness, though they did not mean to hurt.

One day we heard a terrible yelling on the back porch. Rushing around we discovered George Takahashi flat on his face with Topsy and Teddy on top of him. George was scared. But when we rescued him he grinned and said: "My goodnish! I just tease in little. They stand up an' fall right on me. Awful heavy."

I had a habit, when I came out or in with gloves and chans on, of picking a little contest

I had a habit, when I came out or in with gloves and chaps on, of picking a little contest with Teddy. It never lasted long. Once I made the mistake to punch him a good one and then run. He was after me like a rabbit. Bears are incredibly swift on their feet. As if I had been a tenpin he bowled me over and mauled me, not seriously, but quite enough. From that time I let him alone.

After thinking it over I decided we would

After thinking it over I decided we would take Teddy and Topsy out into the woods and let them go free. The idea charmed me. They would go back to their natural element and be far happier. I calculated that they would son fall in with other bears and develop their wild instincts. We led them out into the deep forest, where the thicketed canyon cut its yellow-walled way into the mountain, and there we let them go.

They had a grand time playing around. We waited for them to trot off into the wilderness. We waited hours. We slipped away from them and hid. And at last feeling that they had forgotten us, and had grasped the sense of their freedom and the wild, we took the long trail back to our cabin. I was glad, yet my conscience strangely haunted me. Had I done the right thing?

While we were at supper on the back porch we were amazed to see Teddy and Topsy come limping through the gate, dusty and ragged, with tongues hanging out. Like lost children finding home again they bawled their gladness. oaken
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oaken chair, she seated herself cautiously "And where have you spent your twenty years, Joan Daisy?" pursued Max pleasantly, indeed almost in jovial curiosity, after Joan had

indeed almost in jovial curiosity, after Joan had given her name and age.
"Mostly I have lived in Chicago, and I have lived also in Detroit, in Cleveland and in Milwaukee and several other cities."
"So?" ejaculated Max, agreeably simulating surprise; and by a little toss of his head, as well as by the easy gesture of his hand, he deliber-ately snapped the skein of strain which he had woven over the court-room.

"How have you lived in all these cities and in

Chicago?" Max inquired of her.
"How?" repeated Joan Daisy, genuinely be-

wildered. "I mean, have you lived alone; or perhaps if the State will not object to it as a leading question—perhaps with your parents?"

Joan Daisy emitted a little sigh as she comprehended. "Oh, with my parents, always!"

LIMEN cast at Calvin a casual look or, more exactly, a glance which pretended to be casual but which fixed into a stare as though Elmen but which inset into a state as though Eithen suddenly had discovered a peculiar idiosyn-crasy which arrested him; and Calvin, in spite of himself, prickled with self-consciousness. He became aware that he was sitting erect at

he became ware that he was string erect his table, his hands held stiffly before him, his feet planted flat upon the floor; and as he felt Elmen's quizzical gaze, which now guided the eyes of the court-room, Calvin tried to think eyes of the court-room, Calvin tried to think how to relax in order to appear at ease, but he could not. He burned with annoyance at himself, and endured in motionless awk-wardness; and he berated himself for his relief when Elmen looked away. Calvin's mind became cool again and in-formed him of the means by which Elmen planned to control the mood of the court-room. First he had brought on the mother to found the defense upon powerful emotions over which

the defense upon powerful emotions over which Elmen now would play pleasanter and prettier sensations. His witness upon the stand was pretty and pleasant to look upon and appeal-

ing—oh, yes, appealing!

Her white, pretty hands nervously clasped and unclasped the oaken chair arm. Calvin watched her hands; as frequently as he dared, he gazed into her face. Her head, her lovely head with white brow and the beautiful shaping behind it, she held up with the little tilt characteristic of her. She was frightened and confused; her own lawyer had confused her and intentionally.

intentionally.

Elmen, having drilled and rehearsed her in a long series of questions and answers, was confronted by the necessity of making question and answer appear original and natural to the jury; and the best way to accomplish this was to throw in a surprise question and require an unprepared answer. Only with a witness of exceptional intelligence and spirit would he venture on such a course.

exceptional intelligence and spirit would he venture on such a course.
"You have lived all your life with your parents, you say, Joan Daisy," Elmen continued. "Have you also lived 'on' them?"
"I have been employed since I was twelve years old," replied Joan Daisy.
"Are you employed at present?"
"I am a stenographer employed by G. A. Hobers of the Hobers Construction Company."

"I am a stenographer employed by G. A. Hoberg of the Hoberg Construction Company." "A private secretary, you said?" asked Max, as though his ears suddenly had betrayed him. "I'm a stenographer," said Joan Daisy; and Max stared at her in bland admiration as though he had never heard such a confession. It was whelly an antic but realrably it in-

It was wholly an antic but palpably it in-creased the liking for the witness; and Calvin, watching the jury, felt their pleasure in the performance. For Max Elmen confidently was staging a show; after having played upon their feelings, he gave them a pretty girl, teased her a little, perplexed her, preparing for the moment, always in anticipation, when he



### "What delicious candy!" she said. "Nan, what is it?"

"Why, it's that new candy, Oh Henry!" answered Nan. "You slice it, you know. Don't you just love the novelty of it?"

Slicing Oh Henry! is a novelty in candy . . . a delightful one, too. And since Chicago women started slicing Oh Henry! a year or so ago, for teas, bridge games, Mah-Jongg and the family's use, the novelty of this new way of serving candy has taken Oh Henry! into many, many homes.

But there is more than mere novelty to sliced Oh Henry! It's one

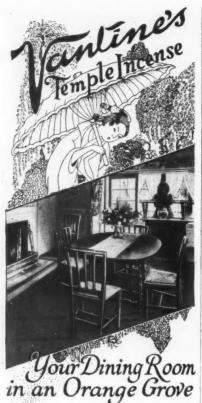
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of the most delicious candies you ever tasted. Imagine a rich butter cream dipped in a luscious, chewy caramel, rolled in crispy, crunchy nutmeats, and then thickly coated with the mellowest milk chocolate!

Doesn't that sound good? Well, that's Oh Henry! Do you wonder that people eat more Oh Henry! than any other one candy? Or that in many homes, Oh Henry! is as welcome as chocolates?

Telephone for a few bars of Oh Henry! Try this new way of serving candy. You'll like the convenience of having a few bars in the pantry to slice whenever candy is wanted. And it isn't expensive . . . a 10c bar cuts into 8 liberal . . . and delicious . . . slices. At your grocery, drug or candy store.



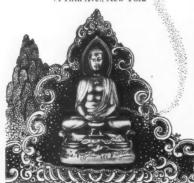


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A sample package containing six different odors sent on receipt of 10

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would draw from her intimacies titillating to women and to men.

Yet this was a trial for murder, in a court of Law, Calvin thought, become a mere vehicle of entertainment!

A tall youth beyond Max Elmen arose and officiously moved about while Max was questioning. He stepped to the wall beyond the Judge against which stood the pair of metal boxes, fitted with reflectors and equipped with lights, for the photographers. Now he cast lights, for the photographers. upon the girl in the witness chair two beams of glaring light. Meanwhile a companion close by erected a tripod, placed upon it a motion picture camera and set to turning the handle with its "click-click" while the witness, under the glare, testified in reply to Max Elmen's interrogations.

Calvin kept his eyes on the jury for the first moments and saw them examining the witness only more avidly. One juror alone sat back consideringly; one seemed to keep his mind his own. Andreapolis he was, the Greek whom Max Elmen had forced into the jury when Calvin had spent the State's challenges, and who had become foreman.

ow," said Max Elmen, "you may tell us of your first meeting with the defendant." And Calvin forgot the jury, to gaze himself at the girl in the glare of the spot-lights. She succeeded in not squinting. Max Elmen

recently had concentrated his several injunctions into one great commandment: "Make them like you every minute. You go upon the stand," explained Max, "to establish an alibi; the alibi only is good if they believe you; they will believe you if they like you. So that is all you have to do; but you must do it-make them like you every minute."

So when the glare blinded her, she knew she must not squint; for no one could like a girl with a squint.

An effect of the lights was to shut off sight of everyone. It created the illusion of strangely removing her into a far recess of the courtroom into which Max Elmen's voice penetrated, borne upon the glare.

"Tell us of your first meeting with the de-fendant," said the loud but distinct words; and, off by herself, Joan Daisy recollected how she had encountered Ket when she was twelve vears old.

She fixed the event in her memory as having occurred a few months before Dads made his denial of paternity and before she went to work. Dads and mama and she were at hotel and, as usual, they were to leave the hotel unceremoniously. While they were hotel unceremoniously. making their preparations, a boy was posted to watch in their rooms. He was about fifteen years old and a very nice looking boy and most embarrassed at his errand and extremely considerate of her. He and she spoke hardly a dozen words, but they studied each other and both remembered the meeting years afterward, though she did not then know his name.

This she had related to Max Elmen; and she remembered distinctly that he had planned to "it; he had prepared it for use, rehearsing her in question and answer. Then, so she recollected, he had decided not to use it; but later he had reconsidered. Yet now she doubted which answer he wanted. If she could see him clearly, she would know; but she could scarcely see him at all; and she must answer.
"I met Fred Ketlar when I was twelve years

old and when he was a bell-boy in a hotel here

in Chicago."
"Obviously at that time no one could say that your association"-Mr. Elmen started a sequence of familiar words and, precisely as he had drilled with her, he corrected himself and asked—"was there any sentimental feeling whatever between you and the lad at that time?

Why, no," replied Joan Daisy.

"What, if anything, served especially to direct your attention to him?" asked Max; and Joan Daisy guessed that she had remembered wrongly and that the last decision of Mr.

Elmen had been to omit this episode; but since Elmen had been to omit this episode; but since he had started it, he had to continue with it. Accordingly she spoke the prepared reply, which detailed the lad's chivalrous care for her. as a child, upon an occasion which, in the telling, failed to hint an eviction.

Hears

"When next did you meet him?"
"Last September," replied Joan Daisy, settling with relief upon reaching an incident which could be related almost as it had oc-curred. The click-click-click of the camera was stopped, the gleaming lamps were switched off and faces, shoulders, tables, rails and walls took on the hues of daylight. "I met him on Wilson Avenue," continued

Joan Daisy. "I had stopped before a show window and he stopped and looked in beside me. I noticed him and he noticed me. "Tve seen you somewhere before,' he said

to me when he saw I was trying to place him.
"'I've seen you,' I said. "T've got you now,' he said. 'You were a little kid and they were—"" Joan Daisy almost repeated what Ket actually had said, which was, "they were throwing you out of a hotel." But she recollected a passage which But she recollected a passage which she had rehearsed with Elmen and she sub-stituted, "'they were with you'—he meant my parents—'in a hotel where I was bell-boy.'

" 'That's where I knew you,' I said. "'Do you know who you knew?' he asked.

"'Do you know who I am?'

"'No' I said No,' I said.

"'I'm Ketlar of the Echo,' he told me, and it was just nice, he was so pleased.
"'Not that bell-boy!' I said.
"'That bell-boy!' he said. 'Now he's Fred

Ketlar: that's me

"I tell you it thrilled me to think of that boy turning out to be Fred Ketlar!" thrilled Joan Daisy as she told it; for this was true; this was exactly what had happened.

ID this end your conversation at the time?" Mr. Elmen asked, and Joan Daisy could discern that he was much pleased.

"You may relate whatever else passed be-tween you, if you remember."
"I do," replied Joan Daisy, recognizing the

cue to embark upon another series of prepared passages, which were not true; but she must repeat them if she was to save Ket; and she felt that never had she wanted to save him so much as now when she faced Mr. Calvin Clarke, who sat watching her and taking notes which he would use to try to trip her.

"He told me about his wife and child then," testified Joan Daisy. 'Would you pick me for the father of a four-year-old girl?' he said to me. 'Well, I am. I got the greatest little girl in the world; sings all my songs, too!"

"Do you remember what you said?"
"I'd like to meet your wife,' I said.
"'Make it a little later,' he said. We're keeping up separate flats for a while. By the way, the agent must have stuck silencers over the neighbors while he was renting me the dump I'm living in; now that I'm in, I can't pound my own piano loud enough to hear it for the noise. Swell place to compose!"
"You went to your home?" put in Max.

"Yes; we were walking along then. There was a 'For Rent' sign in front of our building which advertised the special deadening of the floors and walls. He saw it and came in and looked at a flat; the people below were playing a record and he had me play the radio in the flat up-stairs; and he listened in the flat be-tween; and he took it."

"He engaged it upon that first evening, before there could possibly be any development of attachment between you two?"

Mr. Clarke was upon his feet. "I object!"

"Sustained," ruled the Judge.

Max Elmen, having delivered his implication, dutifully amended his question: "He
engaged it upon that first evening?"

"Yes."

"When was the next time you saw him?"
"It was about a week later," lied Joan Daisy.

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"Four or five days after," Joan Daisy lied.
"Then after having moved into the flat below

you, he made no effort to pursue you?"
"I object!" protested Mr. Clarke.
"Sustained," ruled the Judge.
"After Fred moved into the flat below you,

did he make an effort to pursue you?

No," Joan Daisy lied.

"You may relate to the jury the nature of your association with Fred Ketlar leading to his presence with you and with your father in your apartment upon the night when his wife was killed

Jan Daisy turned to the jury, as Mr. Elmen had warned her to do whenever he specifically mentioned "jury"; she gazed at the men staring at her; she glanced at Mr. Clarke and she thought how impossible to tell the truth!

Suppose she risked it and related how Ket had leased the flat below hers for the sake of being near her; suppose she told how he had sought her and followed her, had made love to her, and how she had had to fight him off whenever they were alone, and every moment watch him: why then, they would believe that for her he had killed Adele. And he had not killed Adele. That Joan Daisy knew. So she faced the jury and told them, prettily

and unfalteringly, the prepared story of Ket's chivalrous friendship for her and her hope and ambition for him. The latter part she related ambition for him. The latter part she related surpassingly well, because it was true; and when, launched upon the telling, she became inspired and passed beyond the bounds of that which she had rehearsed with Max Elmen, she told to the jury her dream of Ket, great and honorable and with his name beside Wagner's and Mozart's on the stone front of the Chi ago Orchestra building

Not once during this telling did she look at Mr. Elmen; for she dared not. But when it was over, she turned and sat back, trembling, but only to see Max Elmen's little eyes and his

"Your Honor," said Max to the Judge with huge satisfaction, "it is now the usual hour for adjournment. I suggest adjournment, there fore, in order to enter afresh into the vital and delicate matter next to come before us

WHERE'RE WE going to lunch?" Ellison asked of Calvin.

He would have liked to escape alone; but Elli on kept beside him on the way down-stairs; and together they returned to the State's Attorney's offices, where Heminway met them and asked, "How was the going this morning?

"Not so good," Ellison replied. hour ago it looked like we had 'em in a hole; but Elmen put the Royle girl on the stand with half an hour to start her stuff, and she certainly worked up a wonderful curtain."

"When do you take her over?"
"We'll get her today," said Ellison.
"What's on here?" Calvin changed the sub-

what's on here: Carvii changed the sub-ject at the opening of an office door through which debouched several dark-haired, swarthy

"Part of the morning pick-up on Considine," Heminway informed him, referring thus to the more important of the two shootings reported to the State's Attorney's office overnight. Considine, though still in his twenties, was a man of no small political importance and was credited with a fortune of half a million gained by bootlegging and as profits of his road-house. "Oh, how's he?" asked Ellison.

"Recovered consciousness 'bout an hour ago;

but he's done.

Talk, did he?" "He did not."

"Are we holding anybody?" asked Calvin "What chance?" said Heminway. "Who'll talk? Considine knows he's finished; but he won't say a word.

Ellison opened his door. "Did Baretta do

"This was after he moved into the flat it, d'you suppose," he asked when the three below you?"
"Yes."
"How long after?"
"Ist back of it," said Heminway. "A subject upon whom George performs person-

ally doesn't return to consciousness

Calvin recollected the broad-shouldered young man who had approached him after the Royle girl had dropped in his pocket the money for the music book on the evening of his visit to the automat; and he prickled hotly at memory of his fatuity that night and later. How she had lied, perjuring herself by act and word in her sworn testimony regarding the relations between Ketlar and herself! And how she had duped him so that, in spite of himself, he had borne reveries of her and dwelt upon them and become unable to banish them.

wo o'clock and the call to court, with the People again opposing Frederic Ketlar.

"Do you recollect the evening of Saturday, the second in October?" asked Max Elmen. "Perfectly," replied Joan Daisy.

"What were you doing upon that evening?" "I was at work until about half past eleven in the office in which I was and am now A special job on hand, and I was reading back and correcting specifications."
"When you left the office, what did you do?"
"I took the elevated for Wilson Avenue."

"Please relate to the jury your subsequent actions.

"I reached Wilson Avenue almost exactly at midnight," related Joan Daisy, facing the jury at the cue from Mr. Elmen.

One moment," interrupted Max. did you fix the time?"
"The window lights in the stores were just

going out. "So the time is now Sunday morning. Proceed."

This cue released Joan Daisy to an unin-terrupted relation of the truth for several minutes and she told directly to the jury how she had gone to the apartment building, in which she lived, and passed it to go alone to the lake shore where, early upon that Sunday morning, she sat in the sand. This truth, as she very well knew from her

rehearsal with Max Elmen, was far from an ideal bit of testimony. Max would have omitted the incident altogether, were it not essential to his case; so at last he had bid her tell it just as it happened up to the point where she was leaving the beach and when she looked in the window of Adele Ketlar's flat and saw Adele and a man.

Here Max put in the question: "You saw the man clearly?" to remind the witness that now she must depart from the truth.
"Very clearly," lied Joan Daisy.

"Very clearly," lied Joan Daisy.
"Did you recognize him?" challenged Max.

"No. He was some one I had never seen

"Have you seen him since?"

"No."

"Describe him."

"What I first noticed was his dark hair."
"How dark?" insisted Mr. Elmen.
"Almost black or black," Joan Daisy repeated her perjury

"You saw this distinctly?" Mr. Elmen drove

"Very distinctly. It immediately attracted my attention because of course Mr. Ketlar's hair is light" hair is light.

Calvin was upon his feet and she gazed at him, feeling herself shudder and trying to prevent it from becoming visible. Lies, lies! she despaired; he would catch her in this one; but if she told the truth, saying that the man she had seen was so like Ket that she thought he was Ket, why then—so Mr. Elmen and Herman Elmen and Mr. Kleppman and Mr. Wein all had said—with her own hand she would be slipping the noose about Ket's neck. "Was he tall or short?" questioned Mr.

Elmen quickly, stepping forward in a manner immediately to draw her eyes to him. "Short," lied Joan Daisy.

"Short," lied Joan Daisy.
"How could you judge his height?"

"In relation to Adele Ketlar, before whom he

Hears

"What was the effect of this upon you?" "Naturally it surprised and troubled me." "What did you do?"

"What did you do?
"I went home at once," Joan Daisy said, seizing upon the truth again and feeling it selaing upon the truth again and feeling it like a solid, if temporary, support. Mr. Clarke, she saw, had sat down. "Before I reached home, I saw Frederic Ketlar coming from the boulevard."

"That is the opposite direction from the lake?

"Tell the jury if there was anything unusual either in Fred's appearance or his manner."
"Nothing at all," said Joan Daisy, obediently facing about. "He was lively and cheerful." "Was there anything whatever in the nature

of an appointment between you two?"
"Our meeting was entirely accidental. He had hit upon a new melody when improvising at the Echo Garden that evening, and he had come home a little earlier than usual to work out the tune better on his piano. humming it when I met him and we went in and he played it for me."

and he played it for me."

"Did you tell him that you had just seen his wife and another man?"

"We did not talk about his wife or personal affairs at all. We talked only about music. He was in the midst of composing his new piece and he couldn't think or talk of anything else. I got so interested that I didn't think hout withing also after he relevated to the second sec about anything else, after he played for me."

"You may tell to the jury the nature of your talk with him," bade Max; and Joan Daisy turned earnestly and told the truth:

"After he'd played his piece to me, gentlemen, and his eyes were shining with it, he said to me, 'It's great, isn't it? It's great!
"'It's good, Ket,' I said. Gentlemen, it was a good jazz tune he'd played; they'd clapped and clapped for it at the Eche that night; but I listened to it with that dream of mine in my head; and I couldn't tell him it was great; and I didn't. He didn't like it, of course; he was disappointed; so I tried to tell him what I thought—how he might be like Mozart. That's what we were talking about, gentlemen, when he—he"—she turned to Calvin and gazed at him—"he thinks we were talking about killing Ket's wife."
"You must not accuse the State's Attorrey"

You must not accuse the State's Attorney," Max Elmen interjected quickly. "It is a privilege of his position to endow himself with

privilege of his position to endow himself with any idea, however preposterous or unsupported by evidence. After Fred had played his piece for you, what did you do?"
"We immediately went up-stairs to my home," replied Joan Daisy and her gaze, which had been drawn to Max, visited Mr. Clarke again with her last word. again with her last word.

"Who was in your home at the time?"
"My mother was in her room, which was next to the one where Mr. Ketlar and I talked; and my father came in just then. We turned on the radio, getting Los Angeles."
"How did you know that?"

"The dials were tuned to Los Angeles; besides, the announcer spoke Los Angeles clearly

both before and after the song."
"Which was?" prompted Max.
"'Home, Sweet Home.' We heard it, the three of us together, from the first verse to the end, and the announcement of the station, Los Angeles, afterwards."

"Ketlar, then, was with you continuously from the time you met him in front of the build ing until after the finish of the singing of 'Home, Sweet Home' in Los Angeles?"
"Yes," Joan Daisy swore.

"And he was with you how long after that?"

"Perhaps ten minutes. Then he went down-stairs and I heard him in his room."

"What did you do?"
"I went to bed in my room," Joan Daisy related, grasping again the solid support of truth. "I went to bed and to sleep, gentlemen" she faced the jury-"for I had no idea then

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that Adele Ketlar was dead, much less did I have any part in it at all. I went to sleep, I tell you, thinking of Ket's music and the music of the Chicago Orchestra and my dream—oh, I've told you that! Well, I had it that night, gentlemen, for I'd no idea that anything was wrong until policemen in the halls waked me up and they arrested Ket and I went down to see what was the matter and they told me that Adele was shot and that Ket had done it; and they went for me and asked me questions when I could hardly think and me questions when I could hardly think and didn't know what they were saying or I was saying; but they made me answer and Mr. Clarke came and . . ."

Calvin arose to his feet and the witness stared at him. Max Elmen advanced in protective posture as though to ward from his witness a physical attack; he swang conferent

witness a physical attack; he swung, confronting Calvin and glaring at him under drawn brows; suddenly, with an abrupt shrug, he visibly altered his impulse and yielded.
"Take the witness," he said.

CALVIN placed himself deliberately for the cross-examination, standing almost directly in front of the witness and beside his table upon

which his notes lay close at hand.

He had no need of his notes; every answer this witness had uttered seemed perfectly recorded in his brain. His mind was wholly reliable, in contrast to his emotions, which confused and impeded him. confused and impeded him.

"You have a clear recollection," he challenged the Royle girl, "of the circumstances of

"You have told the truth in regard to those circumstances?" Calvin questioned deliberately, and at once, as he expected, Elmen was upon his feet, crying loudly, "I object!" "Your Honor," said Calvin, advancing, "the

"Your Honor," said Calvin, advancing, entire question is the veracity and character of this witness. The defense has been permitted to go into personal relations in con-siderable detail in the endeavor to establish one impression which I mean to show is contrary to the fact."

"I object," repeated Elmen, "to the form of the question."

"I will change it," said Calvin. "Do you wish to alter any of your evidence in regard to your first meeting with Frederic Ketlar?"
"I object!" shouted Elmen.
"Overruled," said the Judge.

"I save an exception to the ruling!" declared Elmen loudly

Joan Daisy looked to the Judge, who nodded to her to answer. "No," she said. "Was the occasion of your leaving the hotel was the occasion of your leaving the noter actually a matter of eviction because of non-payment of bills?" asked Calvin.
"I object!" pronounced Elmen.
"Overruled," said the Judge. "You offered

these matters. I cannot forbid cross-examina-

"I save an exception!" ordered Elmen; and Joan Daisy knew that she must answer and again she must lie.

Do you remember under what name your was registered at that hotel?" Calvin proceeded.
"I object!" protested Elmen.
"Overruled."

"Enter an exception!" Elmen commanded the court stenographer, and as the question, which the witness was obliged to answer, was one which he had not foreseen, he signaled an answer to her by clasping his hands, the left

over the right.

This meant, "Answer no," and Joan Daisy saw the sign; but "no" would be another lie; and what would be the use of it? Herself she had told Mr. Clarke on the night of their meeting in the automat how she had spent her life, when she was little, "dead-beating and dodging sheriffs and being thrown out of flats and Moreover, to answer "no" would be an admission that her family had gone under many names; otherwise of course she would remember the name.

"Ravenel-John Mersfield Ravenel was the name my father used at that time," she

You also used the name Ravenel?

"I object!" protested Elmen hotly: the Judge overruled and Elmen entered another exception; and now after nearly every question Elmen objected, the Judge overruled, Elmen entered an exception.

Upon the table beside Calvin lay a report, written up in minute detail by department operatives who had improved the weeks following Ketlar's arrest by a thorough examination into the past activities of the accused and also into the histories of his principal With especial thoroughness they witnesses. with especial dividences with especial dividences and hearsay regarding the girl sometime Joan Daisy Ravenel, sometime Joan Daisy Rowland, often of other names.

Calvin had the book at hand, in order that he might refer to it if need be; but he knew the pages having to do with her by heart. Names, places, times presented themselves inexorably to him and in their proper order as he proceeded inflexibly with his cross-questioning to make her admit the fact that when her family left the hotel, in which Ketlar had been employed, they had been disgrace fully ejected for non-payment of the hotel bill and that the purpose of the frequent change of the family name had been to escape pursuit and to facilitate the obtaining of accommodations by false pretense and fraud.

no," Calvin heard her "No . . . no . . . no," Calvin heard her deny, gazing straight at him and lying to him. He was determined to exclude from his 'No .

mind, as he confronted her in cross-examination, every personal contact with her; he meant to treat her as a witness, and a false witness of low character, and accessory in spirit if not in fact to the killing of Adele Ketlar; but sudden, startling recollections assailed him. He saw the girl, not as she sat perjuring herself to save Ketlar, but as she was when she had confessed to him, by the light of the street lamp, how her life had been "dead-beating" and dodging sheriffs and being thrown into the street and how she couldn't figure a way out of it for her family.

THE THRUST this from him and concentrated upon his attack; and soon he had her contra-dicting herself. She lied bravely and cleverly; but, as she herself well knew, lies could prevail only temporarily when some one else possessed the truth about you. So Calvin trapped her and showed the jury out of her own lips that she lied; and when he thought that he was about to crush her, she cast at him.

"You have it—we were thrown out of that otel, Mr. Clarke. But what I told you hotel, Mr. Clarke. But what I told you about Ket was true; he was awfully nice to me; and if we were being thrown out, and he was so nice to me, doesn't that make it better of

"After the occasion when you and your family were being ejected from the hotel at which Ketlar was working," Calvin resumed a few moments later, "you did not meet him again until last September?"

"When you found yourselves standing side by side, strangers, before a shop window on Wilson Avenue?'

"Who spoke to the other first?" "He did; but not before I showed that I recognized him," Joan Daisy added.

"After eight years you recognized him as a man you had known and not merely as some one you had seen and were willing to pick up?"
"I object!" shouted Max Elmen.

"Objection sustained," ruled the Judge; and Calvin flushed warmly but was not to be distracted from his duty to disclose the character of the witness as he believed her to be.

"He mentioned his wife to you almost im-mediately, you said?" continued Calvin.
"He told me that he was married and he told

me, very happily, about his daughter," replied

Joan Daisy, unwary in two of her words, "But he did not speak happily of his wife?" "He told me that he and his wife were Hears

separated." "Whereupon he went with you to the building in which you lived, and engaged a room in the same entry, immediately below your room?"

"I object!" cried Max, in outrage. "And resent the implication of Mr. Clarke."
"The State," retorted Calvin impersonally and very white and with his lips bloodles, 'at present offers no implication except as the facts, as they are brought out, present their inescapable conclusion."

"Your Honor," appealed Max, pulling a large gold watch from his pocket, "it is only a little before the usual hour for adjournment. Miss Royle has had a most wearing day," he said with an emotional quaver and glanced at Joan Daisy in signal for her to droop.

She failed to see it; she sat straight, confronting Calvin Clarke and defying him; and so

the Judge saw her.

"You are able to go on?" he asked her kindly.

"Perfectly able," replied Joan Daisy.

"The State is prepared to proceed?" inquired
the Judge as a matter of formality.

Calvin stood quietly, betraying by nothing else than his paleness the longing within him to escape his next duty.

"Thoroughly," he replied to the Judge; and thoroughly, as he was prepared, he proceeded with his attack upon the character of the

LE LEFT the Criminal Courts Building with no doubt that he had done right, although his own questions, together with the answers which he had forced from her, haunted his mind miserably. He had not succeeded in obtaining from her admission of the act of wrongdoing with Ketlar; but no one, he felt, could longer be at a loss as to what had been the relations between Ketlar and her.

He had eluded Ellison, after having talked over matters for a few minutes in the State's Attorney's offices, and he was on the street alone where the keen cold of the early January evening stimulated him physically, but left him emotionally fagged. He kept running over the questions which he had cast at the girl in the witness chair who had replied to him squarely, her blue eyes even to his.

He felt sure that he had demonstrated, even to the most stupid juror, how she lied and how utterly untrustworthy she was; and the con-clusion that she was also immoral seemed to him inevitable; yet some of her replies clung in Calvin's own mind and confuted him, as they had not in court; and there clung about

him a troubling image of her.

Calvin assigned his mind to other affairs, recalling how Heminway had mentioned to him, just before he had left the Criminal Courts Building, that Considine was dead and had maintained silence as to the identity of his assailant. "Nobody's talking," Heminway had added. "And nobody will. They're going to 'shoot it out.'"

The late Mr. Considine seemed to have conducted some "hijacking" operation against a fleet of trucks owned by George Baretta; and the report of the matter to Three-G George undoubtedly was the forerunner of Considine's prompt demise.

Calvin reached the boulevard and ascended the slope of the bridge until, to north and south, he saw the city speckling the night from earth to sky. "They've put together a lot of steel and stone," he said to himself, "and call it a city, when murderers shoot it out on the streets and thou means the streets and thou make a trial whom we have streets and they make a trial, when you bring

He crossed the river and in the cold walked on, with his hatred for Chicago never so bitter as upon this night after he no longer could let as upon this night after he no long: Could let himself doubt—for had he not shown it to others?—that the Royle girl was disreputable. "You saw clearly," asked Calvin, "the man whom you say was with Adele Ketlar?"



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"Very clearly," replied Joan Daisy. It was near the end of her second day upon the witness

Hear.

"Was he tall or short?" "Short."

"When police officer Cummins questioned you, immediately after you told him of seing a man with Adele Ketlar," continued Calvin, a man with Adele Ketlar," continued Calvin, "did he ask you this question and did you make this reply? Question: 'Did you see him? Was he tall or short?' Answer: 'Tall, I think!'"

"I don't remember what I said," testified Joan Daisy.

"Do you remember the color of the hair of the man whom you say you saw through the window?

Yes; it was dark-nearly black," lied Joan

Daisy.
"When officer Cummins examined you, did
"When officer Cummins and did you make he ask you this question and did you make this reply? Question: 'Was he light or dark?' Answer: 'I—don't know.'' She evaded again with, "I don't remember," as she had been drilled by Mr. Elmen; and thus

was repudiated her entire statement to the

police.
"When you met Ketlar outside the building in which you both lived," Calvin picked another point of attack, "what time was it?"
"About half past twelve."

"When you entered the building with him, where did you go?"
"To his room."

"You were alone with him in his room after midnight?"

"With him and his piano!" Joan Daisy cried. "All the time we were there, he played his piano; that's why I went in!"

DID he have whisky and wine in the room?" Calvin proceeded relentlessly

"Yes," admitted Joan Daisy, though she knew what was coming; but Mr. Elmen had warned her not to deny the drinking because "Did Ketlar offer you sherry?"
"One wine-glass full."

"Did you drink it?"
"I did," confessed Joan Daisy desperately.
"Did he also drink?"

"Who poured out the drinks, you or he?"
"He did," replied Joan Daisy, resorting to
the truth and not foreseeing the catch in the

next questions.

"Was he playing the piano while he was pouring out the drinks?"

"Or while he was drinking with you?" "No.

"What proportion of the time which you spent with him in his room was actually occu-pied by piano playing?"

"I would say—half."

"I would say-half. "A few moments ago you said 'all the time.

"Yes."

"Yes."
"Besides drinking with him, what else did
you do with him in his room?"
"We talked music; we talked music, I told
you—music!" Joan Daisy cried, driven beside
herself for the minute. "He was playing for me what he'd just written and I was trying to tell him what sort of music he might write

music, that's all we talked and all we did!"
"Was your father in the flat at the time
you and Ketlar were up-stairs in your flat?"
"You was!" the restairs in your flat?" "No-yes!" she cried, answering truthfully

at first.
"Which do you mean no-or yes? "Which do you mean no—or yesr
"Yes," replied Joan Daisy, gasping in dread
that she was losing her grip upon herself.
"Your father was in your flat when you and
Ketlar came up-stairs?"

"No; but my father came in immediately

afterwards. "He saw Ketlar?"

"Of course.

"And spoke with him?"
"Yes."

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It is a common saying among men familiar with <u>all makes</u> of tires that "a Royal Cord never wears shabby"



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"When officers Denson and Goudy questioned you, did they ask you these questions and did you make these replies? Question: 'He'—meaning your father—'saw Ketlar here with you?' Answer: 'No.' Question: 'How was that?' Answer: 'My father doesn't like I had to hide him for a few moments.

"I can't remember what I may have said in my dazed mental condition after the police waked me up and accused me of having part in a murder of which I knew nothing until they told me," Joan Daisy repeated the answer ordered by Mr. Elmen for such an emergency.

And this reply Calvin met again and again as he produced the police questions and the girl's own answers to prove that she had elaborated two contradictory accounts of her own and Ketlar's actions upon that night. But upon one point she clung and he could not shake her: Ketlar had been with her in her flat when the radio brought "Home, Sweet Home" from Los Angeles; and it was during that song, so the State itself had shown, that Adele had been shot. So the State struck its final blows upon the character and credibility of the witnes

'Throughout this evidence," said Calvin. facing her, "you have claimed that your interest in Ketlar was aroused and maintained by your belief that he might do great things in music; you did not mean to marry him?'

"I object!" shouted Max Elmen. "Sustained."

"I will make my question more explicit," offered Calvin. "At any time, before the death of Adele Ketlar, did Ketlar suggest marriage to you?"
"I object?"

"I object "Overruled," said the Judge; and Max took his exception.

lied Joan Daisy.

"Is there now an agreement, conditional upon his acquittal or otherwise, by which he will marry you?

will marry you?"

She denied it and Calvin suddenly was incited to mock her, so sure was he that she perjured herself and played all this pretense to win Ketlar for herself.

"You mean your interest in him is still purely

musical?

"I am interested to help clear an innocent man," she replied, "especially a boy who, with no help from anyone, made himself famous and who will be, if he is left alone, a great musician."

PLLISON pulled at Calvin's sleeve but he refused to heed it. "When and where," he demanded, in his exasperation, "did you acquire this great ability for ambition for another?"

"Where's my home? you mean," she cast back at him, with a sudden vehemence which took him and all the court by surprise. "He has a home, your Honor!" she cried at the "Gentlemen of the jury, he has a home in Massachusetts which was burned in Queen Anne's War. That was about 1708, if you don't know; I didn't. But don't worry over him; his home was built again in 1722; his family's had it ever since, ready for him when he came

Calvin felt his face aflame.
"You must confine yourself to answering the question," he heard the Judge interfering in his behalf.

"I'm trying to answer him, Judge. I know what he means. He means, how can I, with the sort of home he's been showing you all, how can I dream a decent thing about anyone and get an ambition for something big when I've been living around under different names in hotels and flats and being flung out of them? Where's my home? he asked me once; and that's what he means now.

"Where I live, Mr. Clarke, isn't so old as where you live; but it's a whole lot bigger

place; it's Chicago. When you didn't find any family portraits of people who'd fought with Knox or at Antietam in my flat, you figured I couldn't be any good; I couldn't get any big idea. Well, I never spent much time looking at the walls of that flat; I didn't live There's a wall I've looked at, though, that's got bigger names than any Clarke-Schubert, Beethoven, Wagner and Mozart in stone letters; and inside the wall, where any-body can go for seventy-five cents, the finest orchestra in the world plays the greatest music; and the program tells you about it, if you need to know. That's where I got my ambition for Ket, Mr. Clarke!"

The Judge interrupted her, Calvin realized; but short of physically silencing her, he could not have stopped her; and the Judge had not

really desired it.

Calvin recollected, after a few moments, that he must put another question or dismiss that he must put another question of dismissification witness. Having nothing himself, he glanced down at Ellison, who shortly shook his head. "That's all," said Calvin; and Max Elmen, grinning his delight, advanced with ostentatious gallantry to escort the girl from the stand.

IN THE morning Calvin offered evidence in rebuttal for about an hour and Elmen required a like period for his sur-rebuttal. In the afternoon Ellison opened argument by counsel with his carefully prepared, emotional appeal, in the name of the murdered wife and mother-less child, for the death penalty for Frederic Ketlar. Before Ellison had been speaking twenty minutes, he had several jurymen in

When he sat down, Herman Elmen arose for an eloquent and even more impassioned plea in the name of the pathetic mother of the un-justly accused boy and in the name of the boy Within ten minutes he had the same jurors wiping their eyes in sympathy for the prisoner. And Herman was speaking chiefly to fill out the afternoon session in order to save the morning for his father's great effort.

So, upon the sixth morning of the trial, which was Saturday, Max started his plea, fresh and with the jury all attentive and expectant, and Max himself, by personifying in comical mimicry the State's witnesses and the State's attorneys, and by repeating respectfully and solemnly the testimony of his own witnesses, staged the grand climax of his show. Throughout two hours, like an expert entertainer playing now upon tragedy, upon pathos. humor, prejudices, sympathies, fears, he held the jurymen and the hearers in the crowded court; and Calvin listened and watched.

His plea must follow and, as his argument ran in his head, he looked up and down the double rows of jurors to estimate how many could be counted upon to decide this serious case upon the merit of the evidence. He gazed from face to face of the men of old American names whom he had most willingly accepted and conceded them, one after another, to Elmen.

He gazed at the Greek, Andreapolis, whom Max had forced in, and he straightened with a start of warmer blood; for the Greek, who throughout the hearing of evidence had kept his mind his own and sat aloof, looking on, was doing that same thing now; beside him, and perhaps under h's influence, another juror of outlandish name scrutinized Max with similar coolness, neither smiling when the others laughed nor having need even once to wipe his eyes.

At a quarter to twelve Max soared into his peroration and at noon exactly, and dramatically, he stopped. He had maneuvered the State into difficulty; for Calvin either must speak but briefly or must ask for a session upon this Saturday afternoon or else he must detain

the jury over until Monday.

He made the choice quickly, for him. "Your Honor, if the court will remain, I will finish before one o'clock," he promised; and immediately he began speaking to Andreapolis and the juror at the Greek's side, presenting in logical order the fact of the crime, the evidence against the accused, the fact that the defense rested upon an alibi which in turn rested upon the character of one person. Then he gave in plain, solemn words his stigmatization of the character of Joan Daisy Royle.

At one o'clock it was over; the Judge charged the jury, who filed out to their deliberations, whereupon Calvin descended to his office. There would be no verdict upon the first ballot or at any early hour, he felt sure; for he counted Andreapolis, the foreman, and one other juror at least, as sure to vote for con-viction; and he could not imagine the weaker, wishy-washy minded men winning over Andreapolis. Far more likely, the Greek would wear them around at last to his point of view; Andreapolis would outstay them.

ALVIN went to luncheon, leaving word so that he could be called if the jury reported; later he cought his rooms, whence he telephoned to the Criminal Courts Building at seven o'clock and learned that the jury was still

He dined solitarily at his rooms. Roving, not at Calvin's will but wantonly, his mind sought the Royle girl. It seemed, in its seeking, to search about from place to place—from a restaurant on Clark Street, near the Criminal Courts, to an automat farther away; it boarded a street-car which might be carrying her home a street-car which might be carrying her home to the flat above Ketlar's. Nowhere could he quite find her; he had the strange sense of entering each place after she just had gone; and the pursuit amazingly tired him. Faster, faster he would send his mind after her but never could he catch her.

Sharply, at a few minutes before ten, his phone rang and brought Heminway's voice.

'I'm at the office. Can you come over right away?" 'What is it?" asked Calvin. "A verdict?' "No sign; but can you come over quick?"

"Why?" "Come on over."

Calvin started immediately. A conference was proceeding in Heminway's office, he found when he arrived at the State's Attorney's suite.

Ellison was there and Heminway together with a couple of other assistants detailed upon the Considine case; and with them sat three plain-clothes detectives, one of whom—a three plan-clothes detectives, one of whom—a man named Seifert—was in a swivel chair near the center of the room and plainly was the object of attention.
"Tell Mr. Clarke," Heminway bade Seifert.
"He's just tried Ketlar, you know."
Seifert, nodding, mouthed his much chewed and unlighted cigar. "I been out on Consi-

Seifert, nodding, mouthed his much chewed and unlighted cigar. "I been out on Considine, Mr. Clarke. There's a rap coming on Baretta—on 'count of the Considine bumpoff. There's a skirt who's rapping; but there's nothing doing on the Considine job yet. Nobody'll spill on that. But she's spilling on the Ketlar shooting now. Why don't this office get Baretta for that? they say."

"What?" asked Calvin. "If we want Baretta, why don't we get him for killing Adele Ketlar? they say," Seifert repeated; and Ellison, well knowing Clarke, interpreted.

"Seifert picked up a straight tip that George Baretta killed Ketlar's wife," he said. "That is impossible!" said Calvin. "It's the fact, sir; I got it absolutely straight,"

Seifert returned positively. "The Considine crowd knows and knew all along; George got mixed up with that Ketlar girl and killed her, and if we handle it right, they'll come through with the stuff on him.

Drama and Romance mingle in Edwin Balmer's thrilling instalment Next Month-and if you will fill out the coupon on page 195 you will not miss it

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breathe back to t "Glad only afra He rea some bus nod that "He's

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### The Heart of Juanita by Kathleen Norris (Continued from page 33)

business," answered Juanita very frankly.
"You didn't connect this woman's business visit with your mother's illness? I mean that the

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visit with your mother's illness? I mean that the suprise of it—the shock of it——"

She was gazing at him with wide-open, astonished eyes. "No, though it might have had something to do with it."

Juanita, keeping Kent for the meal, presided in the dark, low dining-room, at a table spread with a dragging white cloth rich with Spanish lace. The stout servant blundered thent in voluminous skirts. Juanita mur-

Spanish lace. The stout servant blundered about in voluminous skirts. Juanita murmured to her in casual Spanish that Kent found a joy to the ear.

"No," the girl said definitely, in a changed voice, when a miscellaneous collection of preserves, cheeses, heavy pastry, fruit and the rancho's own raisins had been put before them.
"I'm going to forget that I'm Juanita Espinosa, of the rancho de los Amigos. I'm going out its the world with a clean slate, and some day into the world with a clean slate, and some day
—some day, please God, I'll come back, and
buy it from whoever owns it, and live here

again.
"That's the brave way," Kent approved, looking up to smile at her. "One more question. You really think you'd better not tell me the name of the man who does know about you, who might be of use?"
"Not now," she decided, hesitating. "She said it more than once—"That you must keep a secret—for all our sakes!"
"Well," he consented reluctantly. And the

subject was mentioned no more. But he knew that he had cheered and inspired her, saw already the difference in her manner and look. ready the difference in her manner and look.
And when he left her, to swoop away on his
motor-cycle into the cold, early afternoon, it
was with something like gaiety that she said:
"I'll see you, I hope—soon. And don't
forget to be a stranger when you meet me!"

MR. FERGUSON, Miss Espinosa. This—we hope!—is Mrs. Chatterton's new companion," Anne Russell said pleasantly.

It was in the up-stairs study of the Chatterton home in San Mateo, a pleasant, orderly, sun-flooded little room principally furnished by a large flat-top desk. Anne had been instructing Juanita in her new duties. The girl was dressed in simple black serge, with a touch of white at the cuffs. She looked up under a soft blur of gold hair and gave her hand to Mr. soft blur of gold hair and gave her hand to Mr.

"Miss Espinosa. Your name at least," said Kent, lounging amiably in a chair opposite her, "indicates that you can habla Español, as the shoe shops say, like six o'clock!"

Juanita had been three days in the enormous establishment of Chatterton, but this was her first glimpse of Kent. Her home-sick, suppressed heart swelled at sight of him, smiling at her with the handsome dark eyes in the lean, handsome dark face, and showing a flash of hitter than the company of the compan white teeth. He and Mr. Chatterton, Miss Russell had chanced to mention, had been in San Francisco for a few days. The mistress of the massion, the Mrs. Chatterton about whose capability of learning a language in five months there had been so little question, and about whose beauty none, was expected home in a

whose beauty none, was expected nome in a few days more.
"Happy?" Kent found an opportunity to breathe now, when Anne Russell, with her back to them, was answering the telephone.
"Glad to have it," Juanita murmured. "I'm only afraid I can't do it!"

He reassured her with a smile, transacted some business concerning a telegram or two with Miss Russell, and departed with a friendly nod that included both women.
"He's Mr. Chatterton's secretary—I told "He's Mr. Chatterton's secretary—

nod that included both women.

"He's Mr. Chatterton's secretary—I told you that," Anne said when he was gone. "He's one of the most fascinating men I ever met. I rather fancy—I have no right to say this either." Anne interrupted herself, but womanlike she immediately said it—"I fancy that he's

been a little—wild—quarreled with his own people maybe. But one feels he's a gentleman, in spite of being''—she stopped, with a smile and a shrug—"being what he is, a sort of engaging ne'er-do-well. A man of that type acting as private secretary to Mr. Chatterton! Kent as private secretary to Mr. Chatterton: Rent Ferguson must be thirty; that's no life—there's no future in it—for him. He's been an actor, he's been on a newspaper, dear knows what he hasn't been!"

hasn't been!"

"Do you think he's handsome?" Juanita hazarded somewhat shyly.

"Handsome! He's one of the handsomest—I don't know that I ever saw a handsomer man," Anne said surprisedly, almost with a shock. "Don't you think he is?" she asked.

"I don't know that I ever thought about it call." I know that I ever thought about it

at all," Juanita admitted.
"Well," Anne assured her, "other women do.
They're all crazy about him."

Going on neatly with accounts, check-books, social lists and correspondence, Juanita Espinosa said that that was nothing to her. But she was sorry Miss Russell had said it; the phrase came back to her more than once during

The days all seemed long and strange now, yet they were not unhappy ones. She busied herself with pathetic eagerness under Anne Russell's tutelage, and the latter liked her from the first. Juanita was willing, she did speak the first. Juanita was willing, she did speak Spanish, and she was well brought up, Anne ranged her qualifications. Perhaps—it was really the only drawback—she was a little young. There was Billy Chatterton to think of, his father's only son, twenty-one years old. "However," thought Miss Russell who at twenty-eight was ecstatically happy at the prospect of becoming the second wife of a middle-aged missionary, "Billy never bothered me!" And she went on hopefully instructing funnita in the new duties and conditions of her

Juanita in the new duties and conditions of her

Juanita in the new duties and conditions of her life as a social secretary.

Juanita found it all at first depressingly big and confusing. But by degrees it smoothed itself into a pattern that, if enormous, was at least comprehensible.

To begin with, there were ten or more house servants, and almost that many outside men, chauffeurs, gardeners, men who swept paths and shook rugs and wound clocks. There was a and snook rugs and wound clocks. There was a housekeeper, a cook and a pastry-cook, a valet, a housemaid, a laundress, a sewing woman, two butlers, and a sort of under maid of Mrs. Chatterton, who had also, Juanita gathered, her own favorite maid with her.

With most of these Juanita naturally had nothing to do, but Miss Russell warned her that he metals to ready to severe in alleget any capacitation.

she must be ready to serve in almost any capacity if unexpected need arose. In the care of the ity if unexpected need arose. In the care of the flower vases, the mail, messages, telephone calls, Juanita would have need of all her diplomacy and skill.

"The main thing," Miss Russell warned her earnestly, "is not to have Mrs. Chatterton worried—ever!"

"Doesn't," Juanita asked calmly, indicating a finely executed portrait of the master of the house, "doesn't he ever worry her?"

"He adores her," 'Anne said, a little scandalized. "Everyone does."

ized. "Everyone does."
"But he looks like her father!" Juanita

protested.

She was at no loss to appreciate the beauty and youth of her new mistress, even though she had not yet seen her. The house was full she had not yet seen her. The house was full of lovely pictures of her: great shadowy photographs of a nobly serious face lighted with dark eyes; full-length portraits displaying the exquisite figure, the superb arms and throat. Juanita read resolution, independence, charm, into all the pictures. She found it hard to imagine the stiff, well-groomed, golf-playing, bridge-playing man of sixty as this radiant creature's husband.

"You mustn't judge Mr. Chatterton read

"You mustn't judge Mr. Chatterton now. He's always fussy and ill at ease; nothing goes

right, nothing suits him—when she's away," Miss Russell told Juanita. "Is she so strict?" the girl, bewildered with

details, asked once in aw

details, asked once in awe.

"She's a perfectly delightful person, and you'll adore her," was Anne's answer. "But I may as well warn you that she doesn't take lightly what—well, what you and I might take lightly. To forget a telephone message, or to do even the smallest thing that would jeopardize her—her social standing—is the one thing Mrs. Chatterton can't forgive."

"How could you possibly jeopardize another person's social standing?" Juanita asked.

"Easily," Miss Russell said seriously, "especially—especially if that social standing was at all—shaky. I'm speaking to you confidentially. For some purpose that seems good

was at all—snaky. I'm speaking to you con-fidentially. For some purpose that seems good to her, Mrs. Chatterton likes to be supreme in society here. And she is. But it's a sort of game, and you must know the rules! "For example," she went on quite unsmil-ingly as Juanita looked at her a little scared.

"When I first came here a certain Mrs. Hamilton, one of the social leaders, held a meeting for some charity at her house, and we went. When we got home I said to Mrs. Chatterton that I had picked up her beautiful beaded bag, which had slipped to the floor. She went," Anne added, with a reminiscent and quite unresentful look, "into a rage—she does that sometimes. She had dropped it deliberately, do you see? so that she might telephone later

do you see? so that she might telephone later and get into personal touch with Mrs. Hamilton over its recovery."

"For—heaven's—sake!" Juanita said slowly. "I shall be in hot water all the time!"

"Oh, no, you won't," Miss Russell assured her hearteningly. "The only thing is to remember to do nothing on your own initiative. For instance, if an invitation is telephoned, don't say that Mrs. Chatterton is engaged for Sunday. It may be that that Sunday engagement will be thrown sky-high for this new chance."

"I see—" Juanita said slowly.

"I see—" Juanita said slowly.
"And for the rest," said Miss Russell, "you do speak Spanish?"

Juanita smiled as she nodded for the twentieth time. It was the single point upon which the girl knew she might feel confident.

Ent she rarely saw; she had perhaps two glimpses of him in the strange, bewildering ten days when she studied the new work and the work and the studied the mistress's days when she studied the new work and the new environment, and awaited the mistress's return, that she might know whether or not she was to be engaged. But with Carwood Chatterton, the stately, silver-haired old master of the mansion, she presently established a surprising friendship.

lished a surprising friendship.

He was a bore, as perhaps his entire acquaintance had discovered and as Juanita vaguely felt as well. But when he walked her slowly about the gardens, showing her the progress of Eastern conifers in Western soil, it never occurred to her to appear anything but deeply interested.

deeply interested.

This led him to wood-engravings. "Isn't he terrible about those wood-engravings and those everlasting conifers!" Anne exclaimed sympathetically. "I had to be downright rude to him when I first came, or he would have wasted half my time."

wasted half my time."

But Juanita would not be rude. She walked beside Carwood Chatterton, listening respectfully, as they threaded wet winter paths; she let him untie great books of engravings. And then came cribbage, his favorite game. When he discovered that Miss Espinosa not only played well but with deep interest and even feeling, flushing with excitement when it was her crib, paling with despair when he turned a her crib, paling with despair when he turned a five-spot, his enthusiasm expressed itself

definitely.
"Well, well," he said, "you and I don't have to be afraid of the long winter evenings now,

Miss Espinosa!"

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And with an elderly man's deliberate whim-And with an elderly man's deliberate whin-sy, he put up a prize for the cribbage champion, a small dwarf, carved from the wood of Bar-bizon, colored with dyes and lacquer. Juaniz was delighted that he was so well pleased.

was delighted that he was so well pleased. This friendship gave her, in a sense, the freedom of the house. She explored it admiringly. It was a close copy of a Florentine villa, set upon low, rounded hills, in a natural oak park. The walls outside were of dull heavy plaster, with rounded corners, iron grills and the locations are at hanging iron larges. plaster, with rounded corners, iron grills and balconies, great hanging iron lamps. The lodge was a good half-mile away. Between it and the house there were a swimming-pool, rose-gardens, sunken gardens, dials, statuary, tennis-courts, a golf course, bridle-roads, con-servatories, fruit and vegetable gardens. The house was almost completely surrounded

The house was almost completely surrounded by terraces and glassed verandas where red tiles, awnings, potted hydrangeas, magazine stands, great floor cushions, wicker chairs, winged Japanese goldfish and gaudy parrots suggested lounging at all hours of the day. Inside were enormous rooms filled with exquisite rugs, furniture from Europe and New England and the Orient, books, glorious flowers.

Juanita learned, in a day or two, to find her own small, bright, chintzy quarter in a wing without the embarrassment of asking a passing maid for help. She and Anne Russell had their meals in a small, pleasant dining-room that had one window on a trim graveled and lawned

On the day before his mother was expected to arrive, the young son of the family returned from a holiday visit to friends in the southern part of the State. Billy Chatterton was an undergraduate in the State University at Berkeley, and even as she was entirely familiar with her new mistress's beautiful features, through photographs that were strewn all over the house, so Juanita had found herself more than once attracted to pictures of Billy.

He was twenty-one, she knew, a normal, healthy, athletic, popular twenty-one—his mother's and his father's idol. Billy in riding clothes, Billy dressed for tennis, golf, for fancy-dress balls and college theatricals, was in evidence everywhere.

When Juanita saw him in the flesh she thought him handsomer than his pictures; it would have been hard to find fault with his appearance, or with the pleasant openness and simplicity with which he came up to Miss Russell and herself and was introduced.

She and Anne had gone out to one of the

terraces, upon a blue and brilliant winter morning after hard rains. A bulldog with batwing ears limped his way toward them, waging his tail, and Juanita, who had befriended him before this, began to claw fondly at his big head and rumple the rough skin. His master, a big smilling how followed him.

Juanita blinked with her faint questioning frown at Billy Chatterton when Miss Russell introduced them, and followed the frown with her own shy smile, and the glance of uplifted blue eyes through the drift of her golden hair.

She saw a clean-skinned, fair-haired young man, athletically built, honest of glance and irreproachably dressed. Juanita was no critic of masculine attire, but she felt at once that Billy's clothes and the way he wore them were correctness itself. She liked his vital, square hands his endearing quick smile and the hands, his endearing quick smile, and the flash of white teeth that accompanied almost

everything he said.

When he took out his cigaret case and tapped the cigaret on its lid, she caught the faint combined odors of fine soap, toilet waters and a fresh, firm skin that was tanned by life out-of-doors. There was a charming ease, a bright and admirable poise, about everything he said and did. She had never seen quite so polished and so assured a young man, and she felt shy-ness envelop her as she pulled at Micky's ears and tried to conquer a thickness and dryness in her throat.

'He needs a bath, this feller," Billy observed.

Hears Is he-Micky's looked di "Are y instead of with Juan dogs?" he "I like up. "B up. "B
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"I supple a little fly Billy was beauty, sunlight, perfection skin, the that play gold hair slender l quite am "Well. a sweet sometime imperting

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"Is he—naturally white?" Juanita, to whom Micky's blotchy gray-white skin always had looked dirty, asked.

"Are you white, boy?" Billy asked the dog, instead of answering, while his fine hand shared with Juanita's the rubbing of his ears. "Like dogs?" he questioned.

"I like this one," admitted Juanita, looking up. "But it would be terrible to be so ugly."

"I suppose you know that they're supposed to look like that?" Billy asked quickly, not outer pleased. "I suppose they are," Juanita assented, with a little flying smile.

Bur what she said had little to do with what Billy was feeling. He was astonished at her beauty, here in this bath of glorious morning smilght, astonished really to discover no imperfection in her, even at this close range. Her skin, the soft lift of her eyes, the expressions that played about her mouth, the mist of soft gold hair at the white nape of her neck, and her slender little body in its plain dress, were all quite amazingly lovely.

"Well, Jenny's got a mighty pretty girl, and a sweet one too this time," he thought. He sometimes, because he knew his audacity and impertinence amused her, called his mother Jane or Jenny. "Miss Russell is all very well, but this girl is an absolute knockout!"

He explained that he was running in his car to San Mateo and would gladly execute any commissions for Miss Russell—for either of them. Miss Russell looked thoughtful, but said no, that she had no commissions. Juanita But what she said had little to do with what

said no, that she had no commissions. Juanita explained that she was going into town that afternoon with one of the men to buy several things. She thanked Mr. Chatterton most kindly, but they were things, she assured him, that he couldn't get for her.

"I'm getting them for the servants down on

"I'm getting them for the servants down on the rancho where I used to live," Juanita explained. "Handkerchiefs, boxes, things like that, for Christmas, you know."
"I would be glad to try, at least," Billy assured her, with a blurred idea that he might thus save her money—poor kid, she was probably breaking herself for Christmas presents. "I have excellent taste; I wouldn't get anything loud—nothing too gay, you know, nothing vulgar! Just a sweet, dignified symbol of Yuletide." of Yuletide

of Yuletide."

"I wouldn't be afraid of your getting them too gay," Juanita answered him quite literally, a trifle confused by his cheerful manner and unembarrassed flow of words.

"Oh, Miss Espinosa," he said, "you underestimate me! I assure you I'm gay. I'm almost—wild, am I not, Miss Russell?"

"You're slightly touched, I think," Miss Russell answered indulgently. The conversation was making her uneasy.

tion was making her uneasy.
"I meant," Juanita was explaining, "that these people are all Mexicans, Spanish peasants,

"Then I'm the boy for them!" Billy said simply. "Say, listen," he added animatedly, "why don't you come in to San Mateo now with mo?" with me?

Miss Russell signaled him a determined and disapproving negative, but he did not see it. Whether Juanita would have had what Miss Russell mentally characterized as "sense" enough to decline the offer Miss Russell could enough to decline the offer Miss Russell could not say. For before they spoke again Kent Ferguson joined them. He came across the terrace with his indifferent easy gait and greeted them all easily, a little special flash in his eyes as they met Juanita's.

"Well," he said, "we are all signed, sealed and delivered. Her Ladyship left Chicago last night—she decided suddenly not to visit the Palmers there—and she says she'll be here in time to say Merry Christmas!"

"Oh, that's lovely!" Miss Russell said, with genuine feeling, and Billy added, "Good for her!"

"Mr. Chatterton just got the telegram," Kent further stated, "and consequently all plans are to be changed, and he'll drive in to

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meet her day after tomorrow. Bill, you going to San Mateo?" he added casually.
"T've been trying to persuade Miss Espinosa that I could help her with her Christmas presents," Billy observed.

Did Anne and Kent exchange just a fleeting doubtful glance as he said it, Juanita wondered She suspected so, and the blood came into her face as she shook her head in smiling re-fusal at Billy and walked demurely with Anne toward the house.

The younger boy turned away, but Kent loitered along with the two girls. Miss Russell left them, and Kent detained Juanita with a light touch on her shoulder.

ow goes it?" he asked as they stopped at a French window that had been opened upon a low iron railing and a stretch of wet, shining garden.

shining garden.
"It goes very well," Juanita responded with a nervous little smile. "Of course we won't know anything," she added somewhat anziously, "until Mrs. Chatterton decides."
"I think she'll decide yes," Kent said, with his slow smile through narrowed eyes.
"Oh, if she does!" Juanita exclaimed,
"You mean you want to stay?" the second

"You mean you want to stay?" the man asked, obviously pleased.
"Oh, yes!" she said. And then, a little more moderately, she added, "It's a wonderful position for me. It's a start!"

"You've adapted yourself to it in a manner that is really astonishing," Kent said in a bigbrotherly tone of approval. "Have you done

Juanita lowered her voice. "I've searched through the San Francisco directory and all the Oakland and Berkeley directories—they happen to be here in the drug store."
"No sign of him?"

"None.

"He must," Kent remarked suggestively,

"have a somewhat peculiar name?"

She would not be baited. But she looked at him gravely. "I will have to tell you his name pretty soon," she admitted, "if I get nothing. A secret can be too much of a secret, I suppose.

"About that, something occurred to me," Kent said. "It may lead to nothing. But the presumption is that as a baby you were brought to the rancho from San Francisco?"

"Of that, I'm almost sure!" "Then naturally one feels that this man—I keep thinking of him as your father—is, or was,

in San Francisco?"
"Well, yes. I've been working with that in

mind."

"Your mother, you remember," Kent said, "mentioned 'the old Mission'—seemed to be worrying about the old Mission? Had it occurred to you," Kent pursued, "for it suddenly did to me, that she might have meant the San Francisco Mission—there's an old Mission there, you know."

The color rushed into her face, her eyes flashed like blue stars. She looked up at him, his kind, clever, handsome face, with its suggestion of indifference, of nonchalance, and she thought suddenly how much she liked him, longed to understand him, and to be somehow

"Worth trying!" she echoed. "But how could I manage it?"

"You can ask Mrs. Chatterton to let you go into town some day. She'll be off to Santa Barbara or San Francisco—she might even take you there," Kent said. "And—I wish I take you there," Kent said. "And—I wish I could manage to be with you," he said thoughtfully, as if annoyed by a detail. "I'll try to arrange it, some day when the holidays are over. And by the way, you're going into San Mateo this afternoon?" "That's one of the funny things," Juanita said, half smiling and half ashamed. "I can go off for Thursday afternoons if I care too. I'm going to do my Christmas shopping this afternoon."

"Going to walk?" Kent asked, as if her answer mattered to him not at all.

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with his sorry I "Why—I didn't think of it. But it's only a short two miles, and I get so little exercise. I believe I will—that's a good idea."

"About half past two?"

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"Moult nail past two?"
"Well, I suppose so. After luncheon."
The girl was surprised by his tone, and more surprised still when he said, "Wait for me. I'll meet you right here and walk in with you."

O THEY walked together in the cold, still afternoon. The morning's sunshine had van-

afternoon. The morning's sunshine had vanished, a quiet pall of white covered the sky, the roads were blown bare by winds, but there were leaves heaped up by the fences and the smoke of more than one odorous wood-fire ascended straight into the heavy air.

Juanita entered upon her small purchases with enthusiasm; Kent watched her with a sort of wistful pleasure. She was so young, in her rough, snugly buttoned black coat, so pretty, with her gold hair and blue eyes as innocently bight as a Christmas angel on a card.

bright as a Christmas angel on a card.
She got Lolita and Dolores and Luisa, who were comparatively young, boxes of handker-chiefs, but the babies were more elaborately remembered, and for old Lola, Juanita bought a rather brilliant suitcase of shiny, light brown "leathernere."

"She goes off regularly to visit the whole tribe, way down as far as Tia Juana," Juanita said elatedly, "and she always takes her things in a bundle of newspaper. She'll be delighted!"
"Well, come on, now," Kent said presently,

when the short afternoon had closed down into

darkness. "Let's have tea."
"Tea?" Juanita echoed, pleased. "Where?
"At the Daisy Chain; that's the best." Fluttered, she walked beside him in the

Fluttered, she walked beside him in the dark street past the windows that were packed with color and gushing with light, and into the warm little tea-shop. Juanita settled herself in one of the little lounges with a wriggle of sheer felicity.

"Isn't this fun!"

"Is it?" he asked, watching her.

"I suppose," Juanita said, suddenly looking rather solemn, when the tea was ordered, "I suppose it's all right for me to do this?"

rather solemn, when the tea was ordered, "I suppose it's all right for me to do this?"
"To do what?" Kent asked unencouragingly. "Have tea with me? That," he said, with just the hint of a sneer, infinitely distressing to Juanita, "is one of the privileges of being a working woman."

He seemed suddenly to be in rather a black

mood; it made Juanita uneasy, and she said, with a little uncomfortable laugh: "Is one of my privileges to—offer to—split the bill?"

For answer he looked at her so darkly that

she knew she had really offended him, and her heart sank. "I hate that sort of cheap talk—all men do," he assured her rudely.

all men do," he assured her rudely.

Juanita was tired, and the near approach of
Christmas was tugging painfully at her heartstrings, despite her gallant attempt to make the
holidays seem a time of gaiety and happiness.
She looked down at the little blue plate, and
the butter-ball, and the microscopic portion of
marmalade before her, and they swam in a
blur of arrows and fiery darts. She wished she
had never come shopping or included Kent in
her plan; at any rate, wished above all things
that she had not allowed him to take her to tea.

They sat in absolute silence, until Juanita

that she had not allowed him to take her to tea.

They sat in absolute silence, until Juanita saw cinnamon toast and a little Japanese teapot of pale green china before her, and blindly began to pour herself tea and to fight the threatening tide of tears with prosaic bread and butter. The little table lamp, softly mellow, shone upon her flushed, downcast face.

When she had somewhat recovered her equilibrium and, breaking into a second piece of toast. could dare a glance at Kent, she found

equilibrium and, breaking into a second piece of toast, could dare a glance at Kent, she found him with one elbow on the table and his chin resting upon his palm while he studied her. Instantly her color was up again, but there was no further danger of tears, and Juanita could ask concernedly, "Aren't you having anything?"

For answer he busied himself indifferently.

For answer he busied himself indifferently with his own teapot, presently saying: "I'm sorry I blew up. But I get sick of being so

## "No wonder you thought it needed charging



UST see what a few strokes with a wire brush did for this chap's battery.

Now, the corroded terminal is clean—and greased. The battery can do its job.

Point is, he relied on an occasional inspection by his neighborhood Willard Battery Man. The trouble was discovered before his battery ran down. That saved him a recharge.

Lots of ways we can save you money. Take reinsulation. Why figure on paying at least one reinsulation bill for every battery you buy?

You're much better off with a Willard Threaded Rubber Battery. Then you can put it up to us to do this job without charge, if the insulation does not last for the entire life of the plates.

We save you money whether you buy a new battery or have the old one repaired.

We service all makes and sell Willards.

For better radio reception, use storage batteries.

# The Willard Battery men



# your appreciated?

YOUR rouge must be different. It must please you first of all and then it must - or should make your very worst friend say, "Oh, but you are beautiful today!"

### ASHES OF ROSES\*



-has the French distinction that accomplishes this. Such creamy, colorful rouges are appreciated.

MANON LESCAUT FACE POWDER



is a dainty—and different back-ground for these rouges - in an exquisite range of color.

## Bourjois

Master of French Toiletries Mail . . This . . Coupon . . To

A. BOURJOIS & CO., Inc.

A. BOOKJOIS & CO., Inc. York City

I euclose 1Se (stamps or coin) for sample box of MANON LESCAUT in shade checked: White □ Flesh □ Rose □ Brunette □ or Peaches\* Powder □ Peaches and Cream\* Powder □ ALSO sample of Ashes of Roses Rouge □ or Rouge Mandrine □

ADDRESS

poor that a little—that a girl like you can't have tea with me without pitying me!" "Upon my word I never thought of pitying

"Upon my word I never thought of pitying you!" Juanita exclaimed indignantly. "I was only thinking of being independent, that was all. It was a joke. I know the tea here is thirty-five cents, and I certainly wasn't worrying about that!"

"Yes, I know," he said. "But if you had had tea here with—well, with young Bill Chatterton, I don't imagine you would have thought of it. However—" His tone lightened, sudden interest came into his eyes. "Nice kid, isn't he?" he said.

"He seems a dear," Juanita said warmly. "Did it ever occur to you that you are a sort of a dear yourself?" Kent asked her, with a smile so sweet and so unexpected that all the happiness came back into Juanita's heart and she felt that she could talk and laugh with him she felt that she could talk and laugh with him again. "You're so darned young," he said affectionately and whimsically, "so gold and pink and sweet—and good." And before she could be embarrassed he was talking away in his best mood—the old mood of that first afternoon on the rocks.

Afterward it appeared that Judson, one of the Chatterton mechanicians, was waiting for them with the small closed car, so Juanita and her bundles came home safely, and the afternoon of shopping became a golden mem-

ory after all.

The next day messages and flowers and callers besieged the house, and the telephone bell never stopped. Mrs. Chatterton would reach San Francisco at three o'clock, San Mateo at four, just two days before Christmas; and al-though Juanita kept telling herself that her mistress-presumptive was really nothing to her, and she less than nothing to the brilliant Mrs. Chatterton, she could not but feel a little thrill as she wandered about when the actual time of arrival came.

AFTER endless flurries, endless delays, the moment came. Miss Russell and Juanita moment came. crouched on the landing to observe the home-

coming.

First came a maid with furs and a man with rugs; then Billy, tall, in a belted polo coat; then Mr. Chatterton, courtly, delighted, fussy; and then a well-made, beautifully groomed woman who looked no more than thirty-three or thirty-five, slim in a marvelous tailored suit, smiling under a tipped hat brimming with aigrets, rustling, laughing, jingling, dominating everything with a clear-cut, somewhat affected voice, and with quick sentences in a distinctly English accent.

engish accent.

"Oh, but how charm-ing—really. It's all extraordinarily sweet to get back to! Oh, lovely — quite — lovely! Elsie — Bates — Mrs. Murdock," she was greeting the servants 'so nice to see you all again!"

Juanita was just above her as she tossed furs, gloves and loose outer coat to a maid, and coming close up to her ruddy, gallant old hus-band caught his cheeks in her hands and said laughingly, "Carwood, you've missed me most

horribly?"
"My dear—my dear——" he said, almost stammering in pleasure and confusion. "Pve been an absolute bear!"
"I don't believe it," she said merrily. "Oh,

there you are!'

The last phrase was for Kent Ferguson, who came out of the study with a paper in his hand. To Juanita, watching from above, he looked To Juantia, watching from above, he looked very handsome, loosely built, tall, his dark head smooth, a smile in his slightly narrowed eyes, as he crossed the splendid hall.

"Oh, hello!" he said mildly. "I had no idea

four o'clock, is it? Awfully, awfully nice to

see you back."

They stood looking at each other a moment, and then Mrs. Chatterton, as her husband turned away, said amusedly with a slow, indulgent smile: "How dare you even try it! You know you've been watching the clocks!" "Well, maybe I have," Kent said, with a

smile and a grin.

That was all. He held her hand a few seconds, and then some friends came in with a rush of laughter and welcome, and then others, and Juanita heard their babel of pleasant, rich Hed

They all moved toward the library; there was firelight there, tea, cocktails, more arrivals. The maids went quietly about catching great armfuls of fur, carrying trays.

The mistress of the house had come home.

T was almost six o'clock when she came slowly up-stairs, this time lightly leaning upon her son's big arm. He was laughing, teasing, murmuring amusedly with his mother, who paused once, facing him squarely on the stairs, the ball laughing and half scandalized as with a half laughing and half scandalized pro-test at some reported escapade.

"Billy Chatterton—I never heard anything

quite so shameless!"

'I give you my word!"

"And you are—you are glad to have your old mother back again!" the woman asked, with a sort of pretty luxuriance in her own charm and power.

"Oh, lady—lady!" Billy answered. "There's

"Oh, lady—lady!" Billy answered. "There's nobody in the world like you!"
Miss Russell, escaping before them from her eavesdropping with Juanita, had hastily drawn the younger girl into a little study on the same floor as Mrs. Chatterton's suite, and they were giggling and clinging together there when were researched that the little was considered. when unexpectedly Mrs. Chatterton herself opened the door.

"Anne!" said the beautiful, imperious voice.

"Anne!" said the beautiful, imperious voice.

"Anne Russell, where are you?"

"Oh, Mrs. Chatterton!" Anne Russell laughed, in confusion and apology, as she touched a light, "we were just shamelessly peeping over the bannister. We saw you arrive, and then we got through quite a heap of the property witching again. letters here, and then we were watching again

when you came up."

The light over the desk was illumined and the little study flooded with an even cone of green radiance in which Anne Russell's honest, flushed young face was fully lighted. But Juanita, black-clad, with her flying soft gold aureole about her broad forehead, was still in

Perhaps the mistress was not displeased with this eager espionage, for there was a half-smile on her lips as she said: "Oh, come—won't you see enough of me, getting through all the hard work we have to do in the next few days! I've two trunks of Christmas presents, and not a card written or a ribbon tied. Mr. Chatter-ton," his wife added negligently, "tells me you

ton," his wife added negligently, "tells me you have found me a secretary, Anne. I suppose you're still set upon being eaten by cannibals and drowned in floods in that heathen place" "Quite," Anne assured her smilingly. Mrs. Chatterton had turned away now, pausing in the hallway only to say negligently over her shoulder: "I think perhaps I shan't go to dinner, Anne. I feel tired and frightfully dirty and all the rest of it. Come in word, your half pour half an hour, and bring in, won't you, in about half an hour, and bring any letters or messages that seem important, and—by the way, you might bring Miss—"A careless nod indicated the shadow that was Chatter. Juanita. "Although," drawled Mrs. Chatterton, moving away, "she understands, of course, that the Spanish is the important thing, and that I will—positively—have to have Señor Morenas decide about that!"

She went into her own door, Billy leaving

She went into her own door, Billy leaving her reluctantly, to go with flying, thumping steps to his own quarters on the floor above. There was life enough now in the big house that had been so quiet, Juanita, thrilled, impressed, a little resentful, said to herself. This lovely, gracious, insolent woman appeared to radiate it. Doors opened and shut. Telephones trilled. Maids came and went. Anne Russell somewhat nervously arranged the sheaf of letters that had been ready since early morning, somewhat nervously coached her morning, somewhat nervously coached her understudy in her part. At about seven o'clock the two women went

into Mrs. Chatterton's bedroom together.

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AS pioneers in the field of oral hygiene, we believe that the makers of Listerine are logically qualified to introduce this new and drastic note into dentifrice advertising. And we believe that a very definite public benefit will result from this endeavor to make the nation properly conscious of the disease dangers that may result from tooth abscesses.—Lambert Pharmacal Company.

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## He was an old young man at forty

Son of a famous family of horsemen, it was the ambition of his father to see him mature into one of the leading sportsmen of the country.

Even as a boy of five, he began to ride. In his 'teens he was giving as good account of himself on a polo pony as many players much older. His hunters were the envy of his friends.

His big aim, however, was international polo. But just as he was attaining this goal his health began to fail, and now when he should have been in his very prime, he was an old young man of forty.

Shattered health, due to tooth neglect! Hidden wells of poison in his mouth had made him practically an invalid.

### Do you realize this?

Do you know that, according to eminent dental authorities, 78 out of 100 adults today have tooth abscesses: that usually they do not know it themselves and that such abscesses may directly cause many dread diseases?

Among the diseases so caused are rheumatism and joint diseases; heart and kidney trouble; stomach and intestinal derangements; to say nothing of more minor disorders ranging from simple headaches to insomnia and nervous affections.

In spite of these grave dangers that lurk in tooth abscesses, re!atively few people today ever think of visiting a dentist until pain drives them there. Whereas, only a good dentist can really place you on the safe side.

### Protect yourself

You are probably like most other human beings; so while at this moment you realize all these dangers you, too, will very likely put off going to your dentist.

In the meanwhile, however, you owe it to yourself to take one simple precaution: There is a dentifrice that will do very much to ke. p your teeth and gums in a healthy condition. Consequently, more and more dentists are today recommending Listerine Tooth Paste.

Because Listerine Tooth Paste, and this tooth paste only, contains all of the antiseptic essential oils of Listerine, the safe antiseptic. These healing ingredients help keep the gums firm and healthy and discourage the breeding of disease bacteria in the mouth.

### Quick results—and safe!

This is an age when people want quick results. Listerine Tooth Paste is so formulated that it cleans your teeth with a *minimum* of brushing, calling for much less effort than is ordinarily required.

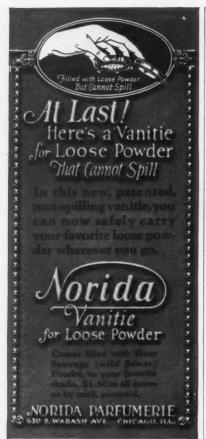
Also, this paste cleans with absolute safety. The specially prepared cleanser it contains is just hard enough to discourage tartar formation, yet not hard enough to scratch or injure tooth enamel. And, of course, you know how precious tooth enamel is!

Finally, Listerine Tooth Paste is sold at a price that is fair—large tube 25 cents—the right price to pay for a good tooth paste. Try it. Enjoy really clean teeth. But don't forget the importance of seeing your dentist regularly.—Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.

If your dentist has not already handed you our booklet on tooth abscesses and a sample of our dentifrice, you may have both of these by addressing a postal to the Lambert Pharmacal Co., Saint

HIDDEN WELLS OF POISON IN YOUR MOUTH?

@ 1925, Lambert Pharmacal Co.





She had had her bath now, was powdered, perfumed, robed in some combination of lettuce-green taffeta and coffee lace, so delicately puffed and flounced and ribboned that Juanita could think only of a saucy little inverted French lamp-shade turned into an exquisite and living reality.

Her own maid, the Frenchwoman Justine,

was completing the operation of washing her rich, reddish brown hair, fluffing it softly in hot towels, pressing the white temples with sympathetic fingers, massaging the scalp. Juanita, whose quick blue eyes missed nothing, saw that the white, pink-nailed hands had been treated; they were not aristocratic hands—they were a little blunt, a little square, but their texture and color were faultless.

Mrs. Chatterton had beautiful, large, bright

brown eyes; her face was well shaped, the skin sensitive and white, and the color a brunette's rich, bright glow. Her mouth was small; her smile flashed into view small, regular teeth, pearly white. She gave an immediate im-pression of vitality and personality; to herself Jane Chatterton was the center of the universe, and everyone in her immediate neighborhood

became instantly aware of it.

Now, as always, she was playing a part—
"showing off," Juanita characterized it. But she was doing it charmingly, and to watch her was like watching an actress in a favorite rôle.

I'm GOING down to dinner after all, Anne," she said as Anne Russell came in, "and if we could get through most of this"—she glanced at the correspondence her secretary carried— "I could rest late in the morning.

The bright eyes found Juanita

The bright eyes found Juanita.
"This is the young lady, Anne?" she asked, looking frankly and steadily at the younger girl. "Sit down, both of you. You've explained of course, Anne," pursued Mrs. Chatterton, in her pleasantly modulated, unhurried voice, "that—just at the moment the Spanish is the important thing? Señor Morenas will come to me three times a week. But every day—serv day—further con-Morenas will come to me three times a week. But every day—every day I must have conversation. That's—don't pull so, Justine, I've a slight train headache—that's imperative." "Miss Espinosa is half Spanish," Miss Russell explained, with her air of suppressed eagerness. "Spanish is her mother tongue." Mrs. Chatterton had closed her eyes. Lying

back on the chaise longue, she looked, if pale

and a little weary, extremely beautiful.
"See who that is knocking, Justine," she

murmured.

"She hurt your head?" Miss Russell murmured concernedly, as a nod from the French-woman sent one of the other maids to the door. Juanita, satisfied that there was to be no hurry about all this, leaned back slightly in her chair and breathed more easily. It was a strain, to be sure, this meeting with the fabled

mistress of the big mansion, but after all she was but a cog in Mrs. Chatterton's machine; however important to her, Juanita, the question of who filled the post of secretary for a few quiet winter months in California was com-paratively trifling to her employer.

paratively trifling to her employer.

"It was a message from Mr. Chatterton, Madame," the maid said, returning. "If Madame would prefer a light supper in his up-stairs library, he would be glad to arrange it. Mr. Billy will be dining with friends."

"One moment," said Mrs. Chatterton. And she pressed a beautiful ringed hand tight across her eyes. "Tell him," she said, after an interval in which there was absolute silence in the room, "that of course I'll come down, and he is to get whom he likes for hidge afterward." he is to get whom he likes for bridge afterward." And still with closed eyes, as the maid turned away, she caught Justine's clever hand with her own white fingers, staying it. "Not just this moment," she murmured. "And put out that center light, will you, Justine? What'simportant, that you have there, Anne?" she asked painfully.

Anne plunged into her letters. Invitations,

Anne plunged into her letters. Invitations, club notices, messages, she flashed through them all, and Mrs. Chatterton, with whom the maids had quite finished now, lay with shut eyes, languidly directing her.

"We'll go to that . . . Say as prettily as you can that I can't manage it, will you, Anne? . . . Send them a reasonable check, so that my name won't head the list."

Anne penciled notes busily upon margins, and Juanita sat listening.

Anne penciled notes busily upon margins, and Juanita sat listening.

The beautiful room was lighted only by exquisitely modulated little lamps now; one glowed like an opal upon the wide, littered dressing-table; one was just beyond Mrs. Chatterton's head and lighted the lovely, inwhile feet with the clean lines of a bit of the control of the clean lines of a bit o mobile face with the clean lines of a bit of rare marble as she rested with shut eyes.

"You should be doing this, Miss Espinosa,"

Miss Russell said, with a smile and in a cautiously lowered tone, when for a few seconds

there was a pause.
"I'd be glad to!" Juanita whispered back.
But before she could reach for a pencil, Mrs.
Chatterton's rich voice broke in.

"Are you a Californian, Miss Espinosa?"
"Yes, Mrs. Chatterton," Juanita answered, a little frightened, but maintaining her pretty, a little frightened, but maintaining her pretty, convent-bred manners. "I was born down in Monterey County."

The older woman was silent for a moment. Then she said: "How did you get hold of her,

"She saw the advertisement in the Argonaut, Mrs. Chatterton. I had to advertise," Anne explained. "I tried through the Spanish Consul and the Mexican Consul—but you never saw such funny, fusty old ladies as they sent me. Women who had never earned money

"I'm alone." Juanita's voice thickened

"I'm alone." Juanita's voice thickened

"I'm alone." Juanita's voice thickened treacherously, and she was still for a few seconds. "I lost my mother six weeks ago," she said, very low.

said, very low.

"I'm sorry," Mrs. Chatterton said in a strained voice. "Will you tell me her name?" she asked, with an odd effect of incoherence, with a breathing almost convulsed.

"Her name was Maria Espinosa," Juanita said simply, but with a slightly puzzled, slightly frightened look at Anne. "Everyone called her the Señora."

"Will you go, please?" Mrs. Chatterton said harshly, with a direct look at Juanita. She sat

up, her slippered feet on the floor.
"What is it?" Anne, as frightened and puzzled as Juanita, asked sharply, bending over Mrs. Chatterton as Juanita hastily left

the room.

"Who is that girl, Anne?" her employer demanded, eyes fixed on her face, her breath coming hard between her bitten lips.

"That's the girl who applied for my position, Mrs. Chatterton," Anne returned, astonished at her manner. "She's a little Spanish girl—"

at her manner. "She's a little Spanish girl—"
"Nonsense!" said the other woman. panting.
"Nonsense, Anne! Don't mind me, I'm tired
beyond all reason——" she broke off quickly, in a changed tone. "That girl reminds m don't mention this, of course—it's simply that I'm so desperately nervous—but for a moment she looked-

"Of course you are," Anne said soothingly, as the other lay back with closed eyes.

"It's nothing," Mrs. Chatterton said, open-

ing her eyes with a strained smile, and speaking in an exhausted but perfectly composed voice. "Explain to Miss Espinosa that I am nervous—tired. And send Justine to me, will you, Anne? I shall be quite myself again after a good night's sleep."

Juanita comes unexpectedly upon love, and makes a dramatic discovery concerning Mrs. Chatterton, in Next Month's Issue—which will come to you automatically if you will mail us the coupon on page 195 she ons, ough the shut

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ed m In this month of gift choosing and giving— See Eversharp and Wahl Pen

ALTHOUGH we look upon this as the month of May, nevertheless the harbingers of June are already present in the flowering of the early June brides.

This is a gift buying month!

Not only are the ministers active but even now the institutions of learning are loosing upon the world, the bold, masterful graduates and the sweet girl graduates.

When the invitation or announcement appears in your morning's mail, what do you expect to do?

Seriously, the best possible thing is to choose the nearest of the thirty thousand Eversharp dealers.

Go to his store.

Beautiful gift sets for men and women \$4,50 to \$100

Select an Eversharp, Wahl Pen, or an Eversharp, Wahl Pen Combination. Have the salesman put your purchase in one of those

EVERSHARP

Wahi Products WAHL PEN

handsome silk-lined gift boxes—and everything is over but the pleasure.

You are justified in feeling perfectly satisfied with yourself. No one could have done better.

Eversharp and Wahl Pen are the products of the foremost manufacturer of fine writing equipment.

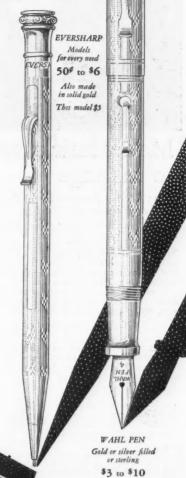
They have beauty to carry a heart full of sentiment.

They are useful, which signifies your thoughtfulness.

Their precious metal construction insures that they will wear well—for remembrance.

The qualities which have made Eversharp and Wahl Pen the world's standard writing instruments are the qualities that make them the first and best thought for all gift occasions.

Prices to suit your purse and the situation.



Wabl Eversharp and Wabl Pen Made in U. S. A. by The Wahl Co., Chicago Made in Canada by The Wahl Co., Ltd., Toronto Prices same in Canada as U. S.

Also made in solid gold This model \$8

The New WAHL EVERSHARP

PERFECTED

and WAHL PEN

### Makes hair easy to manage · ·

Adds Glossy Lustre-Instantly! Keeps Wave and Curl In

Wash your hair as often as you like, and have no more trouble afterwards.

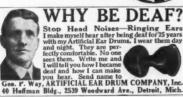
A little Glostora brushed through your A little Glostora brushed through your hair when you dress it, makes it so soft, pliable, and easy to manage, that it stays any style you arrange it—whether long or bobbed—on any and all occasions. It acts like magic! It keeps the wave and curl in; brightens, softens, and gives dull, dry, or dead looking hair new life—immediately!

immediately! A few drops impart that bright, brilliant, silky sheen, so much admired, and

makes your hair fairly sparkle and glow with natural gloss and lustre—instantly! Glostora is inexpensive and you can get

a bottle at any drug store or toilet goods counter. There is nothing better for children whose hair lacks natural life and lustre, or is hard to train, or keep in place.





Have a Satin-Smooth Hair-Free Skin

Science has finally solved the problem of removing hair pleasantly
without discomfort to the skin or
complexion. This with NEET, a mild
and dainty cream. You merely spread it
on and then rinse off with clear water. That's all; the
hair will be gone and the skin left refreshingly cool,
smooth and white! Old methods, the unwomanly rasor
and severe chemical preparations, have given way to
this remarkable hair-removing cream which is the accepted method of well-groomed women everywhere.
66e at Drug and Department stores or by mail.
Money back fit fails to please you. Buy now.
NAMNIBAL PHAR. CO., 801 CULY ST., ST. 1001S, MO.

### I Was Dying (Continued from page 35)

true of me. I believed implicitly what my New York doctors had told me, though Doctor G. W. Colby has since confessed that his protestations of my ultimate recovery were in-spired by a desire to buck me up.

"Make a business of getting well," they had told me. "If you work as hard to mend your health as you did to break it, you'll win. Since you can't afford a sanitorium you can cure yourself by following a rigid régime. Unless yourself by following a rigid regime. Onless some acute symptom develops stay away from doctors. Beware of charlatans. Fresh air, rest, nourishing food, sensible clothing, eggs, emulsion, early to bed, courage—you can get all that without paying doctors. Remember, it's a career too. Make a success of it."

YES-that's the career of which I can say

without boasting I made a great success!

Just as I had concentrated upon a newspaper career, I now concentrated upon a health The battle of the bacilli was on! Life became just one raw egg after another. Routine, always routine. Up at a quarter to eight, a cold bath, brisk alcohol rub, breakfast, emulsion, sitting on the porch wrapped up in rugs till eleven, two raw eggs, straight or in milk, more porch resting until luncheon, emulsion, the porch again, at three-thirty two raw eggs, the porch until five, an hour's rest before dinner, emulsion, two raw eggs, to bed in a room like a sleeping porch and always as cold.

The most exciting outdoor sport was the daily short walk with the counted intake and counted outlet of the breath. Trying to work up to where I could take a long breath that would last till I counted sixteen!

The only time I could be lured within four

walls during the day except to eat was for the most exciting of all indoor sports—getting weighed. Was I holding my own? Yes, the scale registered the gain of two ounces more than three days ago! Then came the gain of half a pound and then the day when the shameful ninety-six pounds were a thing of the past. I had attained ninety-eight—quite a personable creature! I must be getting well!

One winter day, when I was able to make

the trip up Cheyenne Canyon, we returned as a golden sun sank behind the mountain.

The most glorious sunset in the world!"

exclaimed a woman.
"Oh no!" I protested, suddenly suffocated with memories of that walk home from work I would never take again. "You've never watched the sunset in Thirty-fourth Street with the silhouette of the elevated in black relief against a flaming sky!'

relief against a flaming sky!"

Since then, from the Palatine, I have watched the dying glory of the sun-gilded Campagna fade before the ghostly mists of a Roman twilight. At Lesbos, where burning Sappho loved and sang, I've seen the blue Ægean turn to gold. I've watched the poppy-covered fields of Philippi stained blood-red. Still—I can't quite smile at my heartfelt pæan to the world's best sunset.

And then came spring and the longing for the open spaces.

"Remember, you're not strong enough to re on a ranch. Wait until you're acclimated," live on a ranch. was the admonition when I left New York.

was the admonition when I left New York.
"Never take violent exercise, never overdo.
It's a fallacy, this idea of roughing it at first."
And that is true, for I have seen young men go under from plunging into violent ranch life. But an added two pounds in weight and a lightened pocketbook made ranch life not only possible but imperative for me. Twenty miles out of Colorado Springs by wagon, behind Cheyenne mountain, was a lungers' reteat incredibly chean. Kind people, indiffertreat, incredibly cheap. Kind people, indifferent food, natural beauty, air like anodyne, sunshine, a mountain stream plunging beneath

Sunsine, a mountain stream plunging beneath the window, log cabins where we lived. Now I should have confessed before this that, while a bona fide T. B., I had never really belonged to the tubercular haute monde. I had

never lived in an expensive sanitorium. Nor had I otherwise attained the inner circles of the tubercular elect. To be sure, I was well tempered with bacilli; I could run a temperature with the best of them; I had an unrivaled cough; I was emaciated to a skeleton; stillners there were spots on both my lung the cough; I was emaciated to a skeleton; still-while there were spots on both my lungs there was, alas, a blot also on my 'scutcheon. I had never had a hemorrhage! However, I must admit that I dodged a consumptive just as eagerly as they dodged me. One learns so much about reinfection and its prevention that one almost dodges oneself.

Lungers must have their little jokes, and germs do not entirely kill a sense of humor, grisly as it may seem. I was admitted to the social circle of ranch life through a parody on a song I had written in a moment of forced levity. It was entitled, "Listen to the Lungers Cough," with easily imagined variations substituted for the trill of the mocking bird. This gave me a great vogue among those poor souls who had learned to laugh at their affliction. who had learned to haugh at their amiction.

One good vaudeville turn deserves another, so I encored with the "Lay of the Last Lunger" in which the "props" were of course the inevitable eggs. So enthusiastically did the turns develop that soon we were introducing our trained troupes of microbes to supplant the trained elephants and seals. Our feeble fun culminated in a pretentious skit entitled "The Battle of the Bacilli."

Ghastly attempts at humor, but they served their purpose. They made us laugh. Mail arrived occasionally from a country

post-office six miles away. One day there came a telegram. The wire was strangely providential, for cheap as the ranch was, even sunshine and fresh air demand upkeep. It was a renewed request that I take a position on the Denver Post.

So I went to work—but unfortunately too soon. That is one of the things with which victims of tuberculosis cannot trifle. You cannot hurry nature. Eight months of rest even in a healing climate is not enough to repair the ravages of such a disease, which in my case took five years to cure completely.

In two weeks from the day I started to work I was ill in bed. It wasn't the first setback I had had. The other time I had escaped the expensive fingers of a surgeon, thanks to a timely telegram from my New York doctor, just as I had consented to be carted off to a hospital for an operation. a hospital for an operation.

This time in Denver, however, discouraged at my inability to work, I listened to the importunities of an acquaintance who wanted to bring a friend, a doctor, to see me. He told me there was nothing the matter with me, just a little bilious attack.

But oh, when in a moment of weakness I told him I had come to Colorado for tuberculosis, how things changed! Immediately he curosis, now trings changed! Immediately he informed me that I was dying and couldn't last the year out unless I took his magical serum treatment. With the warning from New York in my ears, I refused. I bulwarked myself behind the truthful plea of no money. "But you're in a dangerous condition, you're he insietd." II can't let you die.

dying," he insisted. "I can't let you die.
You're a friend of X. If you get well from your almost hopeless state, it will be an ad-Don't worry vertisement for my method. about the money.

And so I fell, in a moment of terrorized illness and discouragement, just as no doubt countless other lonely lungers have fallen. Then two

months later an enormous bill arrived and automatically I stopped the treatments.

Denver, as I have had occasion to attest, has some of the finest physicians in the country. But the snares of the charlatans are no more actually at the snares of the charlatans are no more actually as the stopped where peculiar to Denver than to any place where helpless humanity offers harvests to the unscrupulous profiteers of affliction.

One of the specific aids which counted in my

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fight for health was being taken into the home of the late Judge James B. Belford. Here in this cultured home with its fine library and fine friendships, with the Judge and his brilliant wife—now dead, alas—with his daughter, the well-known newspaper woman, Frances Belford Wayne, I was for the first time made to come that I was an outcome. forget that I was an outcast.

HE importance of physical well-being in the fight with tuberculosis cannot be over-accentuated. Yet if something could be inwented to break down the devastating effects of spiritual ostracism, I believe more consumptives would make the grade to complete recovery. There is no terror quite equal to that

of aloneness.

How I used to watch the playbills in Colorado Springs and Denver for familiar names from New York! My work had led me often into the theater. I had interviewed almost all the well-known stars of drama and opera. What a breath from my old life when they come West!

opera. What a breath from my old me when they came West!
Rose Stahl, Kathryn Osterman, the beautifulfda Greeley-Smith, what hope they brought!
Never can I forget an interview with Madame Schumann-Heink in that brief two weeks' return to work. I did not mention why I was in Colorado, but she must have guessed. The great diva was trying to ask something. She was embarrassed, hesitant. Tears were in her eyes as she followed me to the elevator, holding on to my hand. A futile effort to say some-thing—I guessed what it was, and, touched beyond words, I hastened to assure her that I needed nothing, that I was working and was quite all right. Few things have moved me more than this inarticulate sympathy of a great

more than this inarticulate sympathy of a great woman who wanted so to help me in a material way and whose spiritual help made the dark road seem suddenly bright with hope. There were others, too, who understood. The last persons I interviewed in that brief interregnum of work were Fred Stone and his wife Allene Crater. The trouble they must have taken to discover what had become of reahave taken to discover what had become of me when I disappeared from the columns of the paper! But the flowers and the message reached me on a dark day and helped turn the tide. You can't dodge raw eggs and fresh air, but oh, the "cheerio" helps so much!

That's why a dinner with Irvin Cobb at the Brown, when laughter put my lungs to the ultimate test, definitely started me on the road to recovery. The kindness of people to you in

to recovery. The kindness of people to you in adversity makes the memories you never forget. Economic problems are not a disadvantage to the consumptive once the up-grade is made. It's not bad to have something to take one's mind off of microbes, sputum and temperatures. Thanks to a now defunct magazine which yearned for stories about people, and a still thriving magazine with a penchant for hectic episodes, I managed to keep the wolf

nectic episodes, I managed to keep the wolf from devouring my supply of eggs and emulsion. And then at last I was able to get back into hamess! From the Post I went to the Times and from the Times to the position I was to leave with such regret on the Rocky Mountain News. I don't know what news-paper conditions are in Denver today, but never have I experienced such freedom of exnever have I experienced such treedom of expression in my work, such practical application of equal rights for women as the late Senator Thomas M. Patterson demonstrated in his paper, the Rocky Mountain News.

"But what a waste," said a friend the other day when I spoke of my regained health and of the freedom and understanding on this Denver paper. "Five years of your life gone and not one thing added."

The remark brought me un suddenly.

and not one thing added."

The remark brought me up suddenly.

Memories began to crowd out of those five years. One persisted, visualizing a desolate little colony of lungers in tattered tents on the bleak, wind-swept prairie near Denver. An article written from the fullness of my heartfelt understanding. A check and the offer of a position from John C. Shaffer of the Chicago Evening Post—the check accepted for these



## He found her at last!

"FAIR STRANGER—I know who you are," he smiled; "you are a rose disguised as a Beautiful Lady!"

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woman has this type of skin, and should use the Naturelle shade.

Olive Skin: This skin generally accompanies

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type of skin is usually found with light hair,

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poor tuberculars, the job rejected, for I was a lunger. Another check from Lillian Russell, who had read the article, and then the cam-paign by the News, other articles, wide-spread interest—and today a real sanitorium in place of those ragged tents!
Still, I wonder if the things I learned were

not as great as the things I lost. A knowledge of real values, of real people, of real friends, of real suffering, of real humanity. Was it a waste for an ambitious careerist, eyes focused on New York, to know that people read and appreciated, lived and aspired outside the confines of Manhattan Island?

And now sometimes when I glimpse the sunset in Thirty-Fourth Street, the silhouette of the Elevated in black relief against a flaming sky, I think with a pang of longing of the gran-deur of Cheyenne Canyon; and when, my mind filled with memories of what might have been, I see the gold dome of the World Building, my thoughts rush back to the snow-crowned head of Pike's Peak, and I wonder . . .

The Month of Your Son's Birth

(Continued from page 37)

and behold, there was my old friend February at the head of the list! February had 382 names, as against an average of 206 names each for the other eleven months, and a low point of 149 for June, the month of brides.

Then a gleam of hope lighted up my mind. If for any reason it was the habit of February to register a much greater total number of births than any of the other months, then there would be naturally a larger number of geniuses born in that month, just as there would be a larger number of all other kinds of people.

Well, did February as a matter of fact have more total births than any of the other months? I had to find out. I got together a mass of figures dealing with 21,605,646 births in Europe and in the United States. This was certainly a large enough number to give me a

certainly a large enough number to give me a fairly accurate average birth-rate per month. So I worked out the distribution of these births month by month. And February had fewer births than January, March, April, May and September, about the same number as August and October, and more than June, July, October and December.

U PON analysis these figures yielded very significant results. March, which beat February by the largest number of general births, beat it by 9.2 percent. On the theory of the more general births the more genius births, March should have had 9.2 percent more geniuses than February. Instead of this, February showed 56.5 percent more than March.

By analogous reasoning, February should have shown 5.2 percent more genius births than June, since it had 5.2 percent more general births. Instead of this, February showed 163

percent more genius births than June.

At this stage of my inquiry I had to go on a mission of investigation in the Far East—to China, Japan, Korea and Manchuria. A year later I was back in my mountain fastness. I looked over the birth material with a fresh eye. Now, I reflected, when you are confronted by facts which appear to run counter to all probability, what do you do? Set up possible explanations until you find one you can't knock to pieces, and accept that as true unless or until some one else delivers the brook out blow for you. knock-out blow for you.

I believe my first tentative explanation furnished the clue I had been seeking for so many years. Suppose, I said to myself, I examine my figures from a new standpoint. Instead of fixing my mind on the month in which people were born, suppose I fix it on the month in which they were conceived—that month in which they were conceived—that is to say, on the breeding month instead of on the birth month.

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Allowing for a nine months' period of gestation, May would be the conception month of persons born in February.

May? What was there about May which could give its conceptions such superior qualities? No answer being forthcoming at the moment, I resorted to a device which more than any other has aided me in my various investigations. I turned to a mechanical aspect of the problem.

of the problem.

I took a sheet of engineer's drafting paper, laid out my general birth months and my genius birth months as their corresponding breding months, and got the diagram on page 36, which the reader should consult at this point. It will be noted that the January births now appear as April breedings, February births as May breedings, and so on. The upper curve represents genius breedings, the lower curve general breedings. curve general breedings.

curve general breedings.

The curves show quite clearly that for most of the year the amount of genius breeding follows quite closely the amount of general breeding. This is all according to the law of probability. But in respect of the two intervals between April and May, and May and June, the law of probability is represeded.

between April and May, and May and June, respectively, the law of probability is reversed. Between April and May the general breedings go down 1.4 percent, whilst the genius breedings go up 5.5.5 percent. Between May and June the general breedings go up 8.4 percent, whilst the genius breedings go up 8.4 percent, whilst the genius breedings go down 36.1 percent.

These remarkable figures could be produced the by some striking quality in May as a

only by some striking quality in May as a breeding month.

"What is it?" I demanded of myself.

Well, the answer, I must confess, is simple—almost too simple: May is the natural breeding month. It is the month when all nature renews month. It is the month when the grass takes on its green, when the leaves burst from the prison of their winter buds, when all animals mate.

What could be more natural than that man,

who is but a civilized animal, should respond when the impulses which lead to his creation

are at the high tide of their spring vigor?

The truth of this was not hidden from the astrologers who assigned to March, April and May the zodiacal signs of the Ram, the Bull

and the Twins. And so my puzzle was no puzzle at all. Probably Mother Nature was smiling indulgently upon me as I ploughed through my exhaustive figures. I hope, at any rate, that she gives me credit for disinterestedness, for I was not born in February.

## The Outlaw's Daughter

(Continued from page 85)

(Continued from page 85)

rose. When he saw that they were all looking at him with the look that such an apparition merited, he blushed brightly and smiled, disclosing a genuine dimple high up under his left eye. He then set down his suitcase and removed his stiff conventional straw hat.

"I wonder," he asked politely, "if any of you gentlemen happens by any chance to be Mr. Mark Warden. I'm looking for him."

Now there are countries where to be "looking for" a man may signify nothing more formiable than to be the bearer of a message from his wife, but such a country is not Mist Creek.

dable than to be the bearer of a message from his wife, but such a country is not Mist Creek. There the phrase has its especial significance. The watchers by the stove remained voiceless. Warden's daughter, however, moving four sharp steps from the counter, spoke.

"I'm Mark Warden's daughter. He lives up Grizzly Canyon at the foot of Eagle Mountain and he's not usually at home to visitors, stranger, but, since you're—looking for him—you might try your luck."

Her tone was her father's, a grim one, and

you might try your luck."

Her tone was her father's, a grim one, and her eyes, leveled on the fair-faced youth, glittered like a viper's. Having so spoken and so looked, she clapped her quirt against the leather of her chaps, turned smartly, swung down the aisle and out of the shop door.



Their gleaming leveliness adds charm to the whole appearance

# a moment's notice

## -yet she was proud to show her nails

The thing you can depend on to remove stubborn dry cuticle quickly and safely

O matter how you file, clean and polish your nails they will not look attractive if you have hard ridges of cuticle drawn tight on the nails or splitting off in shreds.

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Cleans INSIDE



OUTSIDE and BETWEEN

**OOTH BRUSE** 

"Wait a moment, Miss Warden," called the new-comer in his pleasant voice, "I'll see you to your horse," and he went swiftly after her.

"Hold him back!" cried Abel Saunders.
"Ware that quirt!" shouted Holloway.
But the shop door clashed upon their warng. They hurried to posts of observation, for if they were too late to save this Parsifal they could at least bear witness to his fate. Barbara Warden had reached her pony and

was filling the saddle-pocket with her pur-chases when her would-be cavalier came up.
"May I help you mount?" he murmured
and laid his hand on Powder's bridle. he murmured

The rest of the episode was hidden from Nick Watt's guests in a sudden and active cloud of dust. It went off down the road with a dark and plunging center, laced by the light-

ning of a quirt and the girl's vivid laughter.

There remained the stranger, dust-covered, standing with a faint air of surprise, his hair only a trifle ruffled, gazing in frankest admiration after her. He sauntered back to the store, the knot of observation untying itself hastily before his entrance.
"That girl can ride," he announced heartily.

"But it doesn't seem to me a safe horse for a woman. I should think her father would be anxious about her." With a blue silk handkerchief he dusted off his suit and added a soft phrase which went the rounds of Mist Creek and remained its byword when some particularly vicious creature had to be described. "Poor little thing!" he murmured.

The better part of what was left of the afternoon and evening was spent in giving informa-tion to the stranger. He was told about the starved wanderings and death of the government surveyor, about the fate of the two agents, about the lashing of the Warden girl's admirer, and about the earlier and darker rumors which covered as with a cloud the Bear Creek

Canyon and the base of Eagle Mountain.
"And I reckon," Saunders concluded, "that

that there hotel building concern has quit."
"It was the Looney Lake Hotel Company that sent me out," Mr. David Lane informed them mildly. He had listened to them with the most courteous and silent attention and now, without further comment, taking advantage of a dazed silence, he bade them good night and repaired to his modest bedroom at the near-by road-house. Before breakfast of the following morning he had disappeared. Rumor, smiling widely, gave it forth that, not wishing to explain himself, Mr. David Lane had gone out the way he came, to report to the Looney Lake Hotel Company that there were too many lions in his path.

ABEL, while the gossip and the laughter went their rounds, maintained a non-committal silence, drinking his coffee and eating his hotcakes and listening to the chatter of his folks, with a fat man's sobriety. It is doubtful if he had ever been taught the little poem, "Two eyes and only one mouth hast thou". but the virtue it preaches he had certainly acquired. For his two eyes had seen the departure of David Lane and he might, had he willed, have corrected the error of Mist Creek

A light step on the road-house porch, a soft and cheerful whistling in the square, had drawn Abel to his window before the break of dawn. A figure was moving quickly from the town but not in the direction wisdom in-dicated—a youth in a light gray suit and a pair of Oxford ties, changed in no respect since yesterday except that a cloth cap had replaced the straw, and that he carried a knapsack on his shoulders.

Very young and inadequate he appeared to the eyes of Abel Saunders, but active he seemed and light of foot. The great dewy hills stood up before him, dark with their mysterious pines, the sky had that strangely elating height of the far West, the sun was invisibly visible, scaling the crystal steepness back of spowscaling the crystal steepness back of snow capped peaks. Nothing but a grisly wilderness, haunted by the ghosts of lost and murdered men, lay between the tiny cluster of

frame houses and the canyon fastness of Mark Warden. Before he took the mountain trail the young man turned and looked back. He stood outlined above Abel, incredibly slender against the giant background of their world.

Abel cupped his mouth in both hands and

ent his great voice following through the thin and heady air.

"Hev-yo'-got-yer-gun?" he shouted. That lighter voice called back: "Wor need one, thanks. Never travel with a gun, Don't know any more about guns than I do about horses. So-o long!' And he vanished behind the waiting trees,

Abel had returned to bed and to sle wondering if he had not dreamed a dream.

BUT there was nothing dream-like in the later departure of Lew Kenton in the direction Warden's lair. Booted and spurred was he and armed, with a six-shooter on his hip and a quirt on his wrist and with a shotgun under duit on his waste about the square while they all listened and admired, had a wild and bloodshot eye as though he foresaw battle and murder and sudden death. Kenton made his farewells loudly, and loudly he told them beforehand of his deeds. He would "kick Warden between the horns and send him down the trail talkin' to himself"; he would "learn the girl her manners and how to take a kiss"; he'd "open up the country from here to Looney's Lake." He wouldn't be carin'—whom he shot—to kill. Let 'em look out. "So long, you folks, soo long!"

His quirt bit heavily, the pony leaped and wheeled, spurs flashed. Kenton was off. "He's sure a man," sighed Mrs. Watt, tied

to a storekeeper but romantic still; "the West

to a storekeeper but romanute stin, the weak had ought to be proud of Lew."

"If he don't get back tomorrow," said Dewey anxiously, "Warden or no Warden, gentlemen, we got to set out after him."

"U-hum," said Abel Saunders, the first time

he had spoken since dawn.

The trail to Warden's ranch house was plain enough; it was blazed and it had been traveled only yesterday by Powder with Barbara Warden on his back. Without hesitation David Lane attacked and followed it, his eyes with a sort of dreamy infallibility picking up the distant glimmer of a blaze or the faint ascending thread of a pathway among the innumerable twinkling boles of trees. It was dark and dank and sunless, sharply odorous of hoar frost and of wet pine. The birds began to sing as the light struck their green homes, and there were noisy little streams.

Over these the young fellow leaped or used the stepping stones or fallen timber for a passage; his light shoes had rubber soles and sage; his light shoes had rubber soles and served him like the hinder hands of a monkey, limber and clinging. He took off his cap and stuffed it into his pocket and his blue eyes began to glisten with the northman's keep delight in loneliness and savagery. He could hear distant cracklings, the heavy sucking feet of a moose traveling across the swamp feet of a moose traveling across the swamp has been sucked to the same traveling across the swamp feet of a moose traveling across the swamp feet of a moose traveling across the swamp feet of a moose traveling across the swamp feet of the same same feet of the same below his trail; at about three o'clock he cam upon the tracks of a giant grizzly so fresh that in muddy places the water had not settled in their prints. Later, half-way up the narrow canyon side opposite him he saw the monster himself, moving slowly, his snout busy with berries or with ants. At dusk a troop of elk crossed his trail, stepping lightly

down towards the valley, wary but not afraid. Before dark he chose his camping site with a good deal of sagacity—a tiny grassy meadow below the trail and on the border of a stream, so hidden by high encircling hills that the little smoke and glimmer of his Indian fire could not be seen from any spot farther than the rath impediately above him. It was from path immediately above him. It was from just this spot, however, that it was seen by an eye that had been peering for it, a shrewdly scheming eye that held, besides the glow of vengeance, a malicious speculation.

Lew Kenton had been as early a riser that day as Abel Saunders, and, having witnessed the

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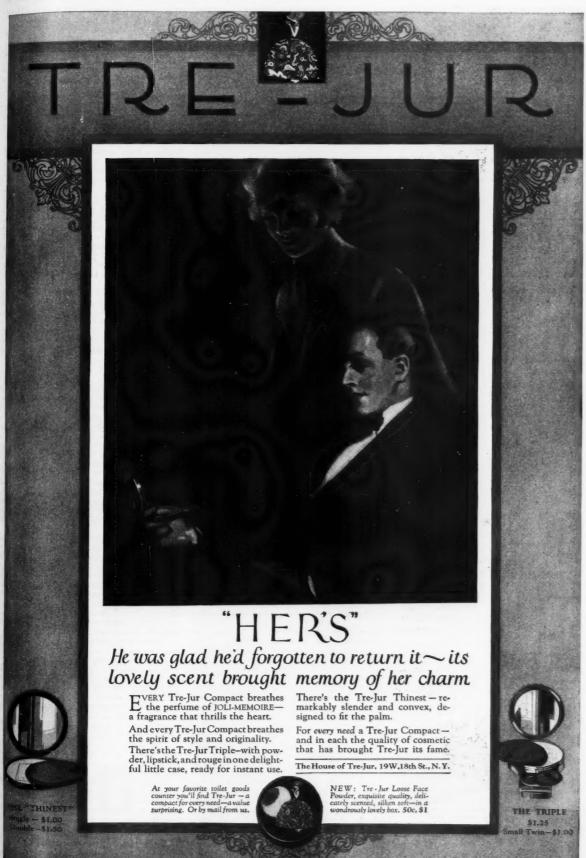
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departure of what his instinct for generalship told him to be a shock regiment, he was in no mind to overhaul it. He watched the frying no mind to overnaul it. He watched the frying of fresh caught trout, however, with a growing interest and finally persuaded himself to descend the slope and share the camp-site of his rival adventurer. He was greeted by David Lane with scant enthusiasm.

HEY told me you were planning to go up to see Warden, Mr. Kenton," he remarked after he had performed the hospitalities de-manded by the occasion, "but I'd hoped to get there first. I have some important business to discuss with Warden and—I believe you want to quarrel with him."

"I just want to give him a piece of my mind, and to pay my respects to Miss Warden."

"To pay your respects to Miss Warden?" the young man repeated softly.
"Sure." Lew fixed his eye on the fire that danced ruddily therein. "There's a plenty of fellows in Mist Creek that would like to make up to their there." up to that there gel, wasn't they scairt of her. She derned near shot young Jimmy Stone. But you ain't studyin' to take an interest in

"No. My business is with her father." "Bears' cubs is usually fierce. Young griz-zlies—it's the way she was trained. She'll hev to be broke over by some feller . .

"You've studied out a new—opening, have you?" "Yes, sir. It ain't goin' to be a compliment

this time."
"I haven't had much experience with girls —but I'd like to know the sort of compliment that might get me a slash like that of yours,

Kenton."

The sentence was so mildly spoken that Lew could not make up his mind whether our make up his mind whether its leave the list. not to take offense. He peered across the little fire at his host, who sat with his knees drawn up beneath his chin, his large and long-lashed

"The kinder compliment a feller would be apt to pay—a female grizzly," grinned Kenton, deciding to take the question in good part. "The darter of an outlaw had ought to be glad of any kind of compliment, I figure." "Jimmy What's-his-name figures that way, too?"

"Likely. The ladies of Mist Creek don't take much stock in Warden's girl. ain't trained to take her seriously, savvy?

"And you think she'd make you a satisfactory wife?" demanded Lane in his softest factory wite?" demanded Lane in his softest fashion, suddenly lifting those long-lashed eyes of his. Lew looked into them and blinked. The firelight was deceptive, of course, but he had fancied them blue and now they shone like gray steel.

"I'm not sayin' she would," Lew grunted. A flame of color ran up young David's cheek and he began abruptly to prepare himself for slumber, making a pillow of his knapsack and rolling his body in an army blanket. "Poor little thing," he murmured and turning so that by no chance would his eyes behold his companion first upon awakening, he contemplated Jupiter above the pines.

You'll say that just onct too often, Pretty face," Lew muttered, and lay where he could watch his host at any moment of wakefulness. The first moment, however, came when the

sun struck his face and by that time David had gone.

The trail as it neared its ending grew more and more distinct, but at one point it forked bewilderingly and here David went tempo-rarily astray. He picked it up again, however, after veering away from a fainter path that led to a glint of water through the trees; and presently he arrived at the homestead bars. As he swung his lithe body over them, he was aware of the cabin just ahead, with smoke from its chimney, with curtains in its windows, with flowers at its door-sill, with an air of alert and active occupancy. He gave its owner little opportunity to prepare a welcome but, running quickly across the flowering. grassy space, threw open the door and stood

Hea

upon its threshold.

A bearded man sitting at his breakfast in A bearded man sitting at his breakfast in the middle of the clean, well-furnished room, looked up sharply at his entrance, tightening in every limb and feature. Then he rosslowly, pale as death, backed from the intruder, step by step across the floor. So sickly fearful was his aspect, so shake and shriveled his whole body by this fear, that the words David meant to speak were startled back into his throat. He had not expected a reception so weirdly silent as this one. When Warden's back came against the wall, he cried out once, pulled a gun from his belt and cried out once, pulled a gun from his belt and, flinging a hand across his eyes as though to hide his own deed from himself, he fired. The bullet grazed David's temple and traveled

sorry," David cried out, white-faced, the blood running down his cheek. "I—I didn't mean to frighten you. I never thought of the resemblance. I'm his son. You never killed him. He died only a year ago. As soon as I heard the truth from him I started looking for you. He meant you to—live like this, to be afraid. You never killed Asher Lane at all. I tell you—never. I'm not a ghost. You're free."

Warden let fall his gun, came forward with wide staggering steps, dropped down into his chair and flinging his arms across the break-fast table, burst into a great passion of tears.

Presently David went over and sat beside him, his arm across the shaken shoulders, and that broken outlaw lifted his face and listened and, at last, spoke.

E HAD been afraid. Barbara had told him that a man had come to town, looking for him. He'd been afraid. Well, that was nothing new; for years he'd been afraid, lived in fear. "You don't know what that means, Lane, living in fear. You can't smile straight, swallow straight. look straight. I'd come as far as I could, changed my name, made myself a lost man . . . Then they began to try to smoke me out. I did my best to scare 'em off and,' he laughed on the last of his sobbing breaths, "it looked like the devil was on my side, working for me, for the surveyor they sent out got lost and died—of hunger—and another chap killed his friend by chance and nearly went out of his

"They began to be more scared of me than ever. Nothing scares people more than-fear. Isn't that strange, boy? Fear has made me act as fierce as a trapped beast. Fear has made me snarl and threaten, fear has made me turn my girl's heart against the world. And your father-and him in selfexcept defense—you are the first man I ever really shot at . . . I thought you were his ghost. Just fear! A scared man with his back against the wall—scared half to death."
"That's how I found you," said David. "I

was looking for a scared man and I just hit on that psychological fact. When I learned of a man everyone feared, a man afraid to be visited, a man that didn't want to move from his lair nor have his lair looked into, I knew I'd found a scared man. Mark Warden—Jim Jarvis—I want now in my father's name to ask your pardon for his cruel revenge.

Jarvis stood up suddenly, struck his hands together and laughed aloud.

"By God!" he said. "Any hotel company that wants can have my place. I'm going back to the world, to human beings, and books and lights and noise. Barbara-Barbara!

He went to the door, shouting like a boy, stopped and turned back uneasily.
"Queer she's not home," he said. "She's usually back from her dip in twenty minutes, has breakfast with me. Do you suppose she saw you and got shu?"

has breakfast with me. saw you and got shy?" But David, with a sudden intuitive alarm, was paler than his escape from death had made him. He saw Lew Kenton's eye with the ruddy flames dancing in it. "Has anyone

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m, ad ith THEY were teasing her about a young man who had recently stopped calling on her.

She took their banter gracefully and merely laughed. For, she didn't have the heart to tell them the real reason. In fact, she, herself, had discouraged the acquaintance. And even the man never knew why.

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been here—except me—this morning?" he asked. "Lew Kenton?" he "No."

"Let's go out and meet your daughter," he said hoarsely. "On horseback if we can. Be quick." And with the light swiftness charcteristic of him he went past Jarvis towards the bars of a corral.

"Don't you try to catch up Rake," called Jarvis warningly, but the impetuous youth, before the words had time to give him pause, had climbed the bars and had dropped neatly

nad climbed the bars and nad dropped neatly on Rake's piebald back.

Now it is a fact well-known to ranchmen that an outlaw horse, however vicious, refractory and wild under the skilled hand of a trained rider, will sometimes be terrified and startled into incredible docility by the bewildering temerity of an ignoramus. thing of this sort must have happened to Rake, for instead of rubbing David off against the bars and kicking him to death, he stood stock still, his eyes bloodshot with alarm.

For years he had been the most intimidating horse in Mist Creek, and now this lightweight hero, this feathery paladin without an oath nero, this feathery paladin without an oath or a snarl, with neither quirt nor spur, had dropped across his naked withers and was urging him forward with a light and childish heel. Jarvis ran to save this son of a former enemy, but before his astonished eyes Rake passed, moving like a drug fiend, his neck stiffly extended, and set out down the trail at a smooth transcaled. a smooth tranced trot.

David met Barbara's pony dragging his reins and whinnying backwards. He slid from Rake, who returned home in a series of belated bucks, and examined the other horse, whose impishness seemed to be subdued by an anxiety. He was preoccupied to the point of willingly permitting a strange rider to climb up him and to turn him back in the direction

of the mountain pool.
Arrived there, David dismounted and made a rapid examination of the ground. There was nothing to reassure his alarm; rather, he found trampled grass, broken branches, the tracks of an animal larger than Barbara's and, at a little distance, Lew Kenton's heavy quirt. The tracks slid down the grassy slope towards a density of forest, and David, arming himself with the quirt, followed them on foot, breath-

with the quirt, followed them on foot, breathless, his heart pounding. He tried not to trust
the hideous hints of his imagination.

The horse whose track he was following had
run no smooth course, but had turned and
pranced and struggled as though disturbed
by an uneasy rider. Then, suddenly, there
was the very horse itself, standing very
quietly, empty of any rider, cropping at the
grass. David, trying to still his heart-beats,
listened intently. Surely there was a low
voice talking to itself down there. He crept
through the brush now like a snake and saved through the brush now like a snake and saved

himself from suddenly plunging forward. Below him, screened by a tangle of vines and foliage, lay a sudden and deep hollow, a hole in the ground into which, like some ugly spider-creature, Kenton had dragged down his prey. Barbara's mouth was bound by her own silk scarf and her slim wrists were tied tightly behind her with a length of rope that also served to lash her securely to a tree, running round and round her body so tightly as to forbid movement. Near her, blind to every other thing, stood Kenton, fiercely flushed, breathing hard, his eye aflame, and balanced in his hand that lady's quirt he had bought yesterday for the merciful breaking

"And now that I've given you a piece of my
"And now that I've given you a piece of my
"And now that I've given you a piece of my mind, you female grizzly," he was saying,
"I aim to teach you somethin' about the real
uses of a whip."

As he raised his arm with a hissing and triumphant breath and the girl's slight body contracted in preparation for the blow, David dropped like a mountain cat, noiseless from his ledge, landing square on the big man's shoulders and, as he fell, striking him about the head with the handle of the heavier quirt.

The rescuer needed this initial advantage, and with it his wiry strength and lithe activity served him well enough; it was not many seconds before he had bound the hands and feet of the dazed and frightened bully. a hint from the enemy, he used for this purpose Kenton's scarf and belt. Then, rising, his delicate young face as hard and sharp and colorless as stone, David took up the thick quirt he had thrown aside and with it lashed the prostrate plunging body until its furious efforts to rise turned into impotent writhings, and at last to cries for mercy.

When his eyesight and his mind were cleared by the exhaustion of his fury, David remembered the girl.

He went over to her quickly, breathing hard. and untied her with shaking fingers. He wanted to cry in the reaction from his sick fear and sicker rage. Barbara, however, freed, stood before him, rubbing her wrists, a little pale certainly but with all her look of a witch upon her face. In a stony silence she gathered up her coat, her handkerchief, the const that hed served to him her her level and her level a rope that had served to bind her, and wer deliberately over to look down at Kenton.

deliberately over to look down at Kenton. He was sobbing and biting at the grass. "Good job," she said but her lips turned white. "I—I—oh, where's my horse?" "Up there," said David, closely and curiously watching her. "But his—is nearer. I can put you up. Do you need help?" She shook her head and climbing up the lades like a cat swang bergelf into Kenton's

ledge like a cat, swung herself into Kenton's saddle. She had the grace to wait, however, for David's slower ascent and when he stood beneath her, looking up, her eyes met his squarely though with an effort.

David searched them. He could make

nothing of them; their pickaninny sparkle had been quenched; they were cold and brilliant, very wary. Her hand was tightened on its long rein, her body was gathered as though for an emergency. That mouth of hers, the color warmly returned, was set and hard and dangerous. She expected nothing better of dangerous. She expected nothing better of him than of the others. She was as ready to cut him down, glad to be above him there in a posture of safety and of power.

E CAME closer to her stirrup and laid his light hand over one of hers. He felt it stiffen.
"They tell me, Barbara," he said gravely, "that you hate men—that a man can hardly speak to you without being in danger. Well, I am going to be in danger, it seems, for many a day to come. For I am going to speak of
—many things to you—many things."

He felt her shiver and saw the pallor creep

He felt her shiver and saw the pallor creep over her face. She kept her bright hard eyes with greater difficulty fastened upon his. "You're not afraid of me, are you, Barbara?" he asked and pressed her hand tenderly in both of his. "Poor little thing!" he whispered brokenly. "Poor little frightened thing!" With a suddenness that startled him, she fell forward on the horse's neck, weeping, sobbing talking wildly.

sobbing, talking wildly.
"Oh, don't!" she wailed.

"Oh, don't! I can't bear it! I can't! It isn't that mannor what he would have done to me, that makes me cry. I could have borne to be -better. better-But-but She looked heart-brokenly down and with an exquisite gesture, timid and motherly, she put a hand on either side of his bent head. "Oh, I love you for speaking so gently to me. Oh, nobody ever spoke to me like that before."

The next evening into Mist Creek rode Oh,

David, pale and fair and sweetly pensive, on Lew Kenton's horse, while riding beside him like prisoners of bow and spear went Mark Warden, with quiet eyes, and Mark Warden's daughter, lovely and gentle as Griselda, while at a distance back of them stumbled the swearing and humiliated shadow of a twofisted he-man. So they were met by a party of anxious would-be rescuers, with Abel Saunders at their head.

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## The Red Lamp

(Continued from page 47)

designed to carry the drainage of the higher

designed to carry the dramage of the higher fields on one side to the lower on the other. "Have you searched this pipe?" I asked. "I looked in. If I'd had a pair of overalls I'd have gone in. But as the only clothes I have with me are on me——" He smiled again. "It's a good job for a ferret," he said.

He gave me up reluctantly at last and pre-

pared to go.

"So you think it's only an ordinary case of hold-up?" he asked.

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"I think it's a damned unpleasant case of hold-up," I replied, and he went away. But I have been thinking of his phrase since his departure.

How much of the present world disorganization lies in that very use of the word "ordinary"! Time was when no hold-up was ordinary, and an act of physical violence or a murder caused a shock that swept us all. Is it true then that one cannot turn the minds of a people to killing, as in the recent war, and then expect them at once, when the crisis is over, to regard life as precious? And is this the reason Greenough spoke of its being a "queer time in the world"?

Is every criminal then merely seeking escape from reality?

from reality?
But why the word "criminal"? Was not I myself seeking to escape it, when on June eighteen I wrote in this very Journal:
"Yet what is it that I want? My little rut is comfortable; so long have I lain in it that now

my very body has conformed .

For the rest of this afternoon, I have made my will! "To my dearly beloved wife, Jane Porter, I bequeath," et cetera.

Porter, I bequeath," et cetera.

There is something strangely comforting in making a will; it is as if one has completed the last rites, and now, with such complacence as may be, faces whatever is to come. Like shmael in "Moby Dick," I survive myself; my death and burial are locked up in my desk. I am "like a quiet ghost with a clear conscience, sitting inside the bars of a snug family vault."

A ghost, too, I begin to feel, among other ghosts . . . .

CNORE it as I will, there is a certain weight in the slowly accumulating mass of evidence at my disposal, a weight and a consistency which have commenced to influence me. I am bound have commenced to influence me. I am bound to admit that, if I were able to conceive of the survival of intelligence beyond death, I could also conceive that poor old Horace has been on hand during some of our recent experiences. Not Thomas's "George," the spirit evoked by Mrs. Riggs and still surviving in the lamp; not some malicious demon, frightening honest falls by rigging hells and principles and province proving the control of the province help and province provinces.

folk by ringing bells and pinching women in the dark. But a mind like my own, only greater in its wider knowledge, and painfully trying in its bodiless state to communicate that knowledge to me

The sum total of evidence is rather startling.

(a) Jane's photograph, taken on Class Day.(b) Jock's refusal to enter the main house,

persisted in up to this time.

(c) My own curious telepathic message, relative to the letter.

(d) Jane's experience under the red lamp in the pantry. (Doubtful.) the pantry.

(e) Halliday's lights over the marsh. (Again doubtful. It may have been the unknown, finding the boat-house occupied and seeking a

way to the beach.)

(f) My own experience in hearing Uncle Horace's peculiar cough and smelling the odor of his asthmatic pastilles, or cigarets.

(g) Jock's peculiar conduct at the same time.

(h) Peter Geiss's vision on the sloop, and his identification of it. (Yet Peter is a staunch supporter of "George." Had he been looking for each existing the statement of the state for such a visitation, would he not naturally

have seen George?)
(i) And the fact that this vision responded in time with the attack on Halliday.

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In this attempt to refresh my memory I have not included Jane's premonition the night Carroway was murdered, or her dislike and distrust of the house. Nor have I included the vague stories of haunting told by Mrs. Livingstone, Annie Cochran or Thomas. Of the latter, they are not only beyond my personal experience, but they are, if the word may be used in such a connection, apparently without motive.

With Jane, too, I feel that a faculty which enabled her to rise in the morning without seeing her clock, may be extended further without touching the supernatural. I grant her a strange power, possessed doubtless by many criminals and a few human beings, of being able to see and hear what cannot be seen and heard by normal eyes and ears. But as I grant this same faculty to Jock, it seems to me to be rather a question of ordinary limitations than of a peep-hole, as I may put it, into another world.

On the other hand, I must not disregard the On the other hand, I must not disregard the fact that Jane seems an essential part of the phenomena which I have recorded. On the two occasions when I have had the strongest impression of some disembodied presence, she has been asleep near-by. In the case of the photograph, it was Jane who operated the camera; in the pantry of the main house, it was Jane who saw the face behind her, reflected in the window. And so on. I am driven to wondering if, in some states,

Jane herself does not provide the medium for these manifestations. Whether she does not throw off some excess of vital matter, in which the poor naked and disembodied intelligence may clothe itself.

But that is to accept the whole theory of spiritism, and I am not prepared to do that; to travel with Cameron and little Pettingill, weighing the dying with the one and claiming that the purely chemical loss of weight is the weight of the soul, and sitting in the dark with weight of the soul, and sitting in the dark with the other, asking non-physical intelligences to commit various physical acts! Putting their belief in eternity into the grasping hands of a paid medium, and seeing God in the pulling of a black thread.

Which reminds me of an amusing conversation at luncheon today, Halliday's last meal with us before returning to the boat-house. "What becomes of all the mediums?" Edith

asked suddenly, apropos of nothing at all. "What becomes of all the hairpins and dead

birds?" I asked, not too originally.
"But it is queer," she persisted.

"But it is queer," she persisted. "These women come and make a furore. Then all at once they disappear."

"They get discovered and then quit," Halliday said. "And of course, even a medium

must die in time. Not that they actually die, of course. They simply go into the fourth dimension."

"And what's the fourth dimension?"
"Why, don't you know?" he asked. "The simplest thing in the world. It's the cube of a cube. And once you get into it you can turn yourself inside out like a glove. Not that I see any particular use in that, but it might be interesting."
Edith, it appears, intends to write an article

JULY 17

Do not like young Gordon. He has little enough time to himself—only, I gather, an hour or so after luncheon, while Mr. Bethel

sleeps—but he spends that here, if possible.
Edith snubs him, but he is as thick-skinned as one of the porpoises which rolls itself in the

"Why, if you're so clever," I overheard her today, "don't you go out and do something? Use your brains."

"It takes brains to do what I'm doing," he said, "and don't you forget it."

But as to what he is doing he is discreetly

silent. There is a book under way, but he parries any attempt to discuss it.

Also, he seems to delight in investing old Mr.

Bethel with a considerable amount of mystery. The Boss is having one of his fits today, he will say.

"What sort of fits?"

"That would be telling," he says craftily, and ostentatiously changes the subject.

Edith, who has a very feminine curiosity, has questioned Annie Cochran, but without much result. The "fit" days, so far as we can make out, are merely days when the invalid is less well than others, and mostly keeps his bed: Annie Cochran, however, has her own explana-tion of them; she believes that those days follow nights when "George" has been partic-ularly active, and when presumably Mr. Bethel

has not been sleeping on his good ear.

And as proof of this, she produces the fact that twice now, having left her teakettle empty on top of the stove, she has found it full in the morning. As Mr. Bethel cannot get down-stairs unassisted, and as the secretary has always stoutly maintained that he has not left his room all night, Annie Cochran falls back on "George"; and one must admit, not without reason . .

Poor Carroway was laid away yesterday, after the largest funeral in the history of these parts. And so ends one chapter in our drama. Ends, that is, for him. What is to come after no one can say

One thing has tended somewhat to relieve the local strain. No sheep have been killed for eighteen days, and the altar in the field still remains without oblation. There are, I be-lieve, one or two summer people who still make it the objective of an early morning excursion, hoping to find on it who knows what horrid sacrifice. But they have only their walk for their pains.

Maggie Morrison, who passes it every morning in her truck, makes a daily report of it to Clara, and so it filters to the family.

"Clara says the altar is still empty." "I suspect her of longing to lay a chicken on There is something pantheistic it herself. about her."

Jane—or Edith, as it may be—is silent, reflecting on the meaning of pantheistic.

It is Maggie, too, who brings us much of our local news. Today, for instance, she inform us that the detective has gone away, "bag and baggage" from the hotel, and probably this accounts for the lighter tone of this entry. I am reprieved, at least until some other sheep are killed.

Later: Halliday and I, late this afternoon, made an examination of the culvert, or pipe, in which our unknown hid after the accident. We chose a late hour, in order to avoid the procession of cars which winds along our back roads-the farther back the better-during the afternoons.

In this we were successful, for although, like myself, the general sentiment is one of reprieve, there are few still who will trust themselves out after twilight. Mr. Logan, the rector of the Oakville Episcopal Church, Saint Jude's, had an experience in point the other night. Calling late on a dying parishioner he ran out of gasoline on the main read some six miles from home. line on the main road some six miles from home. He endeavored to stop various cars as they flew past, but in the general terror no one would pick him up, and after being fired at by one excited motorist he gave it up and walked back to the rectory.

We must have presented a curious study for any observer, working with guilty haste, and I in particular emerging from the pipe covered with mud and a heterogenous collection of leaves and grasses. Not only was Halliday too broad in the shoulders for easy access, but his injury forbade the necessary gymnastics.

But I found nothing, save that undoubtedly

some one had preceded me into it. A man skilled in such matters might have read a story into the various marks and depressions, but they were not for me.

I retreated, inch by inch, and was again free as to my legs but a prisoner as to the remainder of my body, when Halliday called that a car

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was coming. I had three choices: one was to remain in my present shameful state; another was to emerge and face the public eye, looking

was to emerge and face the public eye, fooking as though I had been tarred and feathered; and the third was to retire into my burrow.

I retired. With that peculiar venom with which fate has been pursuing me, I retired, and a moment later the car stopped over me and Starr spoke.

"Looking over the scene of your trouble?" he

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said.

"Looking for the clues you fellows can't find," Halliday retorted easily.

I could hear Starr snort, and chuckle drily as he let in his clutch again. "I'll give you a dollar for every clue you find," he called, and the car moved on.

When Halliday gave me the signal, I emerged feebly into the open air and stood upright. "That was a narrow squeak," I said.

But he was looking after the disappearing car. "Yes," he said. "But I think it was a mitche." mistake. I should have told him you were

there."

The net result of the search was not encouraging. True, Halliday picked up, outside the pipe, half of the lens of an eye-glass, but there is no proof that it belonged to his assailant. On the other hand, I myself had made a discovery of a certain amount of importance. Halliday had said that the man he had picked up had seemed to be a heavy man, broadly and squarely built.

But my experience showed me that no very

But my experience showed me that no very heavy man could have entered the pipe. We have, in effect, to recast our picture of the murderer; a man of medium size, we will say,

compactly if muscularly built.

Tonight, sitting down to make this entry, I Tonight, sitting down to make this entry, I have missed my fountain pen, and as it has my initials on it we must recover it tomorrow if possible. It would be extremely unpleasant, under the circumstances, for Starr, for instance, in a burst of zeal to find it in the pipe.

True, Peter Geiss could swear that at the moment Halliday was attacked he and I were

moment Halliday was attacked he and I were looking for a ghost in the fore-rigging of the sloop. But I am at this disadvantage, that they give me no opportunity to defend myself, for they make no accusation. Their method is that damnable one of watchful waiting; Greenough's psychological idea that, given enough rope, a criminal will hang himself.

COUTH and Halliday went this morning to recover my fountain pen. Edith in spite of our protests determined to crawl into the pipe for it. To this end she put on my mechanic's overall in which I oil and grease my car, and

very sweet indeed she looked in it.

But the pen was not there. She found the cap of it, embedded in the mud, but not the pen itself. It looks as though Starr has lost no

Edith, I believe, suspects something. There is a growing gravity and maturity in her; she tries to show me, by small caresses and atten-tions, that she believes in me and loves me. But she knows that there is something wrong.

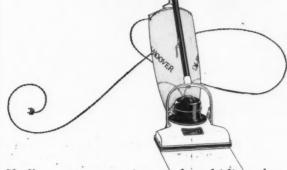
And she has, I think, quarreled with Halliday. There was nothing on the surface to show it, on their return today, but he declined our invitation to luncheon and went off, whistling at the boat-house. This afternoon, while Mr. Bethel slept, she accepted young Gordon's invitation to go canoeing, and had the audacity that the same set to great from under poor to take the canoe, so to speak, from under poor Halliday's nose. According to Jane, she needs a good shaking. There is, I understand, no

definite engagement between them.

"Much as I—care for her," Halliday said to me, while he was still invalided here, "and I guess you know how it is with me, Skipper— I'm not going to tie her down until I've some-thing to offer besides myself. She's young and

I'm not going to take that advantage of her."
"But you do care for her?"
"Care for her? Oh, my God!" he said and groaned, poor lad.

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Three years, he has figured, maybe four. 'Three with luck."

And what Edith cannot understand is that he does not dare trust himself for that length The urge that is in him is so different of time. from hers; sentiment and attachment on her side, and strong young passion on his. Heigh-ho!

When one thinks that a mere ten thousand dollars or so would stop all these heart-aches, and that there are men to whom ten thousand dollars is only a new car, well, heigh-ho

MUST not forget to enter that Halliday last night believes he saw the red lamp burning in the den behind the library of the main house. He told me the details this morning as he waited for Edith to don my overalls.

It was his first night, after his accident, at

It was his first fight, after his accident, at the boat-house, and he could not sleep. "I had a good bit of pain," he said, "and at one o'clock I got up and went outside. There was a sort of dull red light coming from the windows of the library of the other house, and I watched it for a while. It was extremely faint, but at first I thought it might be a fire; then, as it didn't grow any, I saw it must be a light of some sort."

He knew the stories of the red lamp, but he also knew I had locked it away, so after a time he started up toward the house. He was about

half-way up the lawn when it went out, sud-denly, and left him staring.

But he was curious, and he went on. He made a complete circuit of the building, but there was no movement or sound from within, and so he turned and went back again. and so he turned and went back again. He believes the light was in the den, not the library, for he saw only a diffused reddish glare, as though it came from behind. He could not, through any of the three long French windows which open onto the terrace, see the source of that glare

Here, then, is corroboration of my own impression of some few nights ago, but with a difference. For I saw the light itself, a momentary flash as though a breeze had for an instant pushed open the heavy curtains at the den windows, and then had let them fall

again.

I am convinced that young Gordon has never seen the light, or he would have spoken of it. He is fluent enough about what he calls the "spooky" quality of the house. It is unlikely that Mr. Bethel, imprisoned in his upper room, can have a knowledge of it. Yet we have two dispassionate observers, seeing it at different times and under different circumstances, a light apparently of spontaneous origin and no known cause.

Cameron says (Note: "Experiments in Psychical Phenomena," a book I had sent for some days before) that the production of lights is very common; he quotes the appearance of bluish green lights in the experiments with Mary Outland, the brilliant star-like white points of Mrs. Riggs, and the luminous white effulgence which was frequently seen hanging over the head of the Polish medium,

But in no case is the production of red light mentioned, and in every instance this spon-taneous production of light is in the presence of

In the case of Markowitz, for instance, I find on referring to him:

Following the appearance of this star-like light, usually came the materializa-tion. Sometimes there emerged from between the curtains of the cabinet, while the medium was in sight and securely held
—a large white face; again it would be a small hand and arm which apparently came, not from between the curtains, but through the material itself.

But this is no field of conjecture for a man about to go to bed. My nerves are not at their best, anyhow, and in spite of myself, I find that from behind the slight breeze which is waving my curtains, I am expecting something extremely unpleasant to appear.

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A sudden and terrifying storm outside, Above the howling of the wind I can hear the surf beating against the shore. Halliday reports, over the telephone, that the float is in danger and that the runway has broken loose. But there is nothing to do. I have just been out and I do not propose to be scaled. out, and I do not propose to be soaked again.

(Note: The approach of the storm had made Jane very nervous, and I had driven in to Hayward's for a sleeping medicine for her.) It is indeed a night for dark deeds. And for

It is indeed a night tot dark decess. And for dark thoughts . . .

I wonder if I have any justification for my suspicions? Why should Hayward, preparing to go out to an obstetric case, start me along a new and probably unjustified line of thought? Surely, of all men in the world, he has the best carry other. I must be carry the carry right to carry ether. I must be careful not to do as Greenough has done, allow my necessity for finding the guilty man to run away with my judgment.

judgment.

And yet, in spite of myself, I cannot help feeling that Hayward fulfills many of the requirements. He alone, of all the people hereabout, is free to move about the country at night without suspicion. He knew Uncle Horace "as well as anybody." He is—and God forgive me if I am wrong—enough of a subset to know and use the clove-hitch. sailor to know and use the clove-hitch

There are other points, also. He is about my age, if anything, older; but he is a muscular man. And he is, like all general practitioners in the country, a surgeon also. He would know how to find the jugular vein of a sheep . . . I have re-read this. Possibly Greenough is

right after all, and I am a trifle mad. For why sheep? Sheep and a stone altar! And only an hour or so ago he was saying to me, in his professional voice: "Tell her to take plenty of water with it, and not to be impatient. These things take an hour or so to get in their work."

"In all earnestness I appeal to you to consider the enormity of the idea," wrote poor old Horace, more than a year ago. But while killing sheep is unpleasant, even sad, there is no particular enormity in it. I pass by a leg of springtime lamb without considering that a tragedy lies behind it. The murder of Carroway, too, cannot come under the strictures of that letter; it was done as a matter of protection.

Nearest of all to the possibilities suggested by the letter comes the attack on Halliday, and if the sheep-killer did that, why not have put his devilish symbol on the car during that silent ride of a mile before he prepared to strike? Why have crept in later and done it?

But here again—the doctor had access to the car, after Greenough had examined it. He went in alone and was there some time.

Was it, then, the doctor's typewriter which wrote the cipher over which Halliday has been puzzling? The Gel Tr, K 28?

AGGIE MORRISON disappeared last night, disappeared as completely as though she had been wiped from the face of the earth by the

Livingstone telephoned me the facts at seven this morning, and Halliday and I took the car and went over. We have been out with

After luncheon young Gordon joined us, sent by Mr. Bethel, who had not heard the news until that hour. It was all we three could do to keep Edith from starting out also, but it was not work for a woman.

Tonight the search is still going on. Starr has sworn in more deputies, and the entire countryside is aroused.

Jane has been ill all day.

TULY 21

No trace of the unfortunate girl tonight, and all hope of finding her alive is slowly being abandoned .

The girl went in to Oakville yesterday to do some shopping, and remained for dinner with Thomas and his wife. In spite of Thomas's prophecy of a storm she insisted on staying over for a moving picture, and it was therefore ten-thirty when, alone in the farm truck, she started out of town.

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Nothing more is known of her movements, save that she got as far as the Hilburn Road, about two hundred yards beyond the Livingstone's gate. The truck was found there yesterday morning at daylight by an early laborer on the Morrison farm, who, however, thought that she had abandoned it there during the storm the night before and neglected to report it.

At the farmhouse itself there was no uneasiness, as the family supposed the girl had remained in town. But when the hour came for her to start out with her milk delivery, and she had not arrived, inquiries were set on foot.

The truck shows no signs of any struggle, and that robbery was not the motive of whatever has happened is shown by the fact that the missing girl's pocketbook was found behind the seat of the truck, where she usually placed it.

Greenough and the Sheriff were on the ground when we got there, as well as a small knot of country folk kept at a distance by a deputy or two, and already a small posse, hastily recruited, was beating the wood near-by. Such clues as there may have been, however, had been obliterated by the storm. There is no trace of the dreaded symbol in chalk . . .

Halliday has reconstructed the story, in view of his own experience.

"The fellow was waiting," he said, "and hailed her, as he hailed me. He knew nobody would pass a man caught out in a storm like that. He got in, and closed the storm curtains, and of course she hadn't a chance in the world."

He does not therefore agree with the general conviction, that we are dealing with a sexual crime. And that word "general" does not include all of the population; there are many, I understand, among the more ignorant who have put together the almost uncanny violence of the elements that night, a night indeed for demons, and the complete disappearance of the unfortunate girl, and are building out of it and their own superstitious fears a theory that the girl's body will never be found; that she has been, indeed, spirited away.

It has its elements of strangeness, at that.

It has its elements of strangeness, at that. Possibly five hundred men and boys have been searching steadily since yesterday morning; the back country, where it happened, is fairly open; the sea, with its salt marshes, both of which would give unlimited opportunity for concealment, is fully six miles by road from where the truck was found . . .

MUCH talk is going around as to a story from the lighthouse on the extreme tip of Robinson's Point today.

On the night of the tragedy, a flying night bird of some sort broke one of those windows of the lighthouse which protect the light itself. The keeper and the second keeper repaired it as best they could, but the terrific gusts of the wind made them uneasy and they remained on watch.

(Note: In lighthouses of a certain type there is a small aperture, running down through the successive floors of the building, and through which, as the light revolves, the weights of the clockwork mechanism of the lamp slowly descend.

It should also be said that the Robinson's Point light is a red flash, timed at ten seconds.)

They sat, high in the air, in the room just beneath the light, now and then glancing up to see that all was well. The storm increased in violence, and as the sea came up the surf beat on the rocks below with a crashing only equaled by the thunder itself. As is usual in the high tide of the full moon, the low portion of the point to landward, and the keepers' houses, the engine shed, boat-house and oil storage tank were



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soon cut off from the mainland by a strip of angry ocean.

evertheless, they were comfortable enough and the underkeeper had actually fallen asleep at eleven o'clock, when there came a sudden lull in the storm. It was that time, which I well remember, when there came one of those ominous and quivering pauses in the attack which seem, not a promise of peace, but a gathering together of all the powers of wind, sea and sky for one final and tremendous

And in that pause Ward, the light-keeper, heard something below in the tower. He touched his assistant on the shoulder and he sat up. Both of them then distinctly heard footsteps on the lowest flight of stairs, five floors below.

They were alone in the tower, cut off from the mainland by a rushing strip of tide, and no boat could have landed through the surf. And outside was that unearthly quiet which was more sinister than the storm itself. Neither more sinister than the storm itself. Neither one of them moved or spoke, but the keeper remembers that, as the steps came on inexorably, a cold air began to eddy around the small circular room, and that he looked up at the red light apprehensively.

The light, one sees, was the habit of a lifetime. Even then, with his body fairly frozen with a terror of whet was on the staircase he

with a terror of what was on the staircase, he looked up.

At the top of the second flight the steps paused, and both keepers drew a breath. Then they heard a small dry cough, and the steps recommenced on the third level.

Up and up. The stairs curved round the inside wall of the tower; and they knew they would not see what was climbing until it was fairly on them. They sat there, their eyes glued to the door, and heard the steps coming up the last round. Whatever it was, it was on It reached the top, and the next step

would bring it into view.

Then the storm burst again, in an explosion that fairly set the tower rocking, and simultaneously the electric lights in the room went out.

It was then that the assistant keeper swears that something touched him-something cold; but there seems to be no doubt, whether that is true or not, that the whole room was filled with the cold eddying wind referred to before. I prefer to trust the head keeper's statement.

Ward is an unemotional type, and this is what he says:

"I was scared enough but when the lights went out I looked up at the lamp. It's an oil burner, and it was all right. Old Faithful, we call it. Well, you have to understand that we weren't entirely in the dark, even then; some of the red light from above came down, and I could see where Jim was standing. I couldn't see him, y'understand, but I could see where y'understand, but I could see many.
And there was a third party in the room, over near the stair-door. That is, h was there one minute; the next he was gone.

They did not make an immediate investigation. True to their type, they ran up and in-spected the lamp, but it was "sitting pretty," as Ward says. They had candles, for it was as ward says. They had candles, for it was not unusual for storms to put the Oakville light company out of service, and keeping close together they went down through the suc-cessive floors of the tower. They found nothing, and the outer door was still closed and helted. bolted.

In view of so detailed and corroborative a statement, the final support of my early skepticism has had a severe blow . . .

TULY 22

The body has not been found, and the Sheriff has raised the reward to five thousand dollars. This, with Livingstone's original five hundred for the sheep-killer, which is to go to the finder of the murderer, as being in all probability the same individual, raises the reward to fifty-five hundred dollars.

Today, however, certain information acquired by Halliday has shifted the scene of the search to the salt marshes and the bay, and tonight as I glance from my window I can see lanterns moving in the marsh beyond the main house, and up and down the shore. Jane has made coffee, and those of the searchers who come up this way from the beach have been stopping in.

Every bit of woodland in the county, according to the Sheriff, has been beaten without re-

ing to the Sheriff, has been beaten without result, and tomorrow they will drag the bay.

We get a curious reaction from the men who are searching. The police, of course, see in it nothing unusual, and are prosecuting the case with vigor. But the fishermen, always a superstitious crowd, seem to me only half-hearted in the search.

The story from the lighthouse has convinced them once more of the diabolical nature of whatever is at work among us, and there is current also a tale from some passing motorist that the red lamp was burning in the main house at midnight the night of the nineteenth. Coming up from our salt marsh, there is

more than one who has made a wide detour to

Halliday's discovery, made today, is as follows: He calculated just how far the truck would have to go after it was hailed, before it stopped, and went back to that point, which was not far from the entrance to the Livingstone drive. Already the crowd of searchers and sensation hunters had pretty well de-stroyed any clue that might have been left, but about twenty yards from the gates he found marks in the mud indicating that, not only had the truck been backed to that point, but it had been turned there and headed back

Just where it left the road again, if at all, is a question. I believe Halliday has taken a scraping from the wheels and proposes to have it analyzed. He finds something suspicious in it. I cannot say what.

HAVE spent today reorganizing my house-hold. None of the women, including Clara, are to leave it after nightfall unaccompanied, and although no entrance into any house has yet been attempted, Halliday and I have spent the late afternoon tightening window locks and adding new bolts.

I took advantage of the opportunity to tell him my suspicions about the doctor. He was so astonished that he let go of a window

sash, dropping it on my finger.
"The doctor!" he said. "Never in this world, Skipper.

Skipper."
And when I had put forth all my evidence he was still skeptical.
"I admit, of course, that the weight of it is rather startling," he said slowly. "But it wasn't the doctor I picked up. I'd know him, even in the dark."

"I'm not so certain of that, Halliday. But I think Maggie Morrison would have."

'Meaning? "That I don't believe she would have stopped that truck at night for anyone she didn't know You have to consider the character of the girl; she was as timid as a rabbit about some things. Superstitious, too. I say she would have gone by, after your experience, unless she had had a particular reason for stopping. And I still think she recognized this man, possibly by the lightning, which was practically incessant, and so she stopped."

"You're right in one thing, probably," he id. "She had a reason for stopping."
Edith has been recalcitrant about not leaving

the house in the evening, but has finally agreed

"I can write," she says resignedly. haven't really buckled down to it yet."

But nothing is more clear than that Edith's dreams of opulence are slowly fading. Her article on "The Beach at Low Tide" has been returned to her, and the Morrison mystery is being covered as spot news by those who are doing it as a part of the day's work, and on a salary basis.

Jane has entirely recovered, and has today resumed work on her tapestry, with us a

barometer of to dine at "Come ov telephoned, I've had the You do evolver as a "Everyboo Later: D ening for and on an im letter. I ma hat, under ime, he was "Curious! me. "W]
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barometer of normality. She has even agreed to dine at the Livingstones' tonight, not particularly to my delight.

"Come over and dine," Mrs. Livingstone telephoned, "and let's have a little bridge. I've had the horrors for three days."

"You don't object to my wearing my revolver as a part of my evening outfit?"

"Everybody's doing it," she said.

"It is buse has been turned into an arsenal."

Later: Doctor Hayward stopped in this evening for a final professional visit to Jane, and on an impulse I showed him Uncle Horace's letter. I may be mistaken, but it seemed to me htter. I may be mistaken, but it seemed to me that, under pretense of reading it a second

that, under pretense of reading it a second time, he was playing for time.
"Curious!" he said, when he passed it back to me. "What do you make of it?"
"The last part of it is fairly clear. He was in tanger, and knew it."
"But the rest of it?" he said. "What does he

sy? The wickedness of the idea. What

"You haven't any opinion on that yourself?" "No," he said slowly, "I can't say that I

The tension, or whatever it was, seemed to relax then, and he gave me back the letter and stood thoughtfully jerking at his watch-chain. He smiled faintly. "As a matter of fact," he He smiled faintly. "As a matter of fact," he said, "I thought the early part of it was adsid, "I thought the early part of it was addressed to me, when I commenced it. We'd had a long argument not long before his death on euthanasia. I believed in putting the mist out of the world; he didn't. But of course the end of it settles that. It wasn't for me."

He laughed again, bit the end of a thumb, with the med then got the heat

he augned again, bit the end of a thumb, hesitated, and then got his hat.

"Danger!" he said. "And the police! No, hat wasn't for me."

"And you still believe he died of heart

disease?" "It was his heart, all right," he said, and going out, climbed heavily into his car. He semed abstracted, and made no reply to my

good night. I can read into this what I like. His manner was not that of a guilty man; on the other hand, it was not entirely natural, either. He was both watchful and self-conscious. And I do not believe he read the letter twice.

TULY 23

MRS. LIVINGSTONE has given me something to think about The dinner went off very well. A trifle too

much food and service, according to Jane, for a

meal en famille in the country.

"One can see they have not always had money," says Jane, with the calm superiority money," says Jane, with the

But the bridge was irritating. It is always a mistake to seat four people at a table, and place cards before them, when their minds are fall of another and totally different matter. Thus: I would deal and bid a spade, for example, and wait patiently for Livingstone b sort his cards. In the pause conversation between the women would be going on.

Finally Livingstone would say: "Who dealt?" "I did," I reply, as patiently as possible.
"And bid a spade."
"A heart," from him.
"You'll have to say two hearts."
"All right," he assents reluctantly. "Two

Then we wait. Mrs. Livingstone finishes what she is saying and picks up her cards.

"Let's see," she says, "did anybody do any-

"I dealt," I say, "and bid—"
"It wasn't your deal, was it? I'm perfectly
sure I dealt that last hand."
"We have the blue cards," I explain. "Now
I have bid a spade, and Mr. Livingstone has
bid two hearts. If you want to declare anything—""

"I don't," she says promptly, and starts laying out the dummy. We restrain her by main force, and Jane looks bewildered.



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"I'm afraid I'm a little mixed," she says. "You bid two spades, Mr. Livingstone?"
After two hours of that sort of thing last

night I was ready to go out and bite a hole in one of the porch pillars. But Jane at that point tactfully ended the game and saved my reason.

Nevertheless, the evening was not without a peculiar interest of its own. While Mr. Livingstone took Jane to see his hothouses, I had a few moments alone with his wife, and I received what is to me a new angle on the whole mysterious busines

We were in the library, and I was wandering around looking at Livingstone's books. They were the usual uncut editions a man thinks he should have on his shelves, but reserves for his old age to read; Darwin, Huxley and Haeckel, de Maupassant (in English), Tennyson, Wordsworth and Shelley, and of course, Emerson, among others.

In one corner, however, was a large and well-worn collection of books of an entirely different character. They were, as a matter of fact, books on psychic subjects, and as I glanced up from them Mrs. Livingstone was watching me

F you do not know what you believe on these matters," I said, "you must certainly know the opinions of others."

'And you?" she said. "Are you still a cynic? carrion crow?"

I turned and faced her.
"I don't know what I am."

"Ah! You have heard the lighthouse story?"
"Yes."

She said nothing for a moment, then:
"What about your new tenant? Your Mr. Bethel? Has he made any complaint?"

"Not yet. As a matter of fact I have talked to him only once.

And that was?"

"Mostly about hot water and a beef cube,"
I admitted. "And the direction in which the He struck me as an extremely house faces. irritable and material type."

"Tritable and material type."
"Tritable and material," she repeated thoughtfully, "and yet I suppose you know they are saying that he is using the red lamp."
"The red lamp is locked away. So far as I know, he doesn't even suspect its existence."

For some reason or other that puzzled her. "But it's been seen burning," she proteste

she protested, after a blank pause.
"It is locked in a closet in the upper floor,

"It is locked in a closet in the upper noos, Mrs. Livingstone, and I have the key. What is more, I heard that story some time ago, and investigated. So far as I can tell, it has not investigated by the story of course, been disturbed since I put it there. he may have brought another similar lamp, but that's going rather far, isn't it?" "Annie Cochran would know."

"I'll ask her, if you like. But privately, I believe that if she so much as saw such a lamp, she would run shrieking from the place." She picked up some knitting at her elbow

"You have changed since I last talked to you," she said at last. "What has brought about that change, Mr. Porter?"

"A good bit has happened since then."
She looked up at me searchingly.

She looked up at me searching, "Including the lighthouse," I agreed soberly. It was then she put down her knitting.

"Including the lighthouse," I agreed soberly. It was then she come back?" she asked, "the conthest of the south."

"Why has he come back?" she asked, atching me intently. "Why is he earthwatching me intently. "W bound? Have you no idea?"

"I haven't an idea what you mean by earth-bound."

"Just what I appear to mean, and you know it," she said rather sharely

But after a moment, during which she continued her curiously searching gaze at me, she picked up her work again with a smile.

"There's always a reason," she said. can laugh if you like; Liv does. But I know what I know. There is always a reason, when they come back like this. A very good But beyond that she refused to go. Whethe she has an inkling of this "reason" to which sh attributes what she refers to as his "comin back" I have no idea.

The conversation, as I record it, seems as extraordinary as the entire situation; two in telligent people, a man and a woman discussin the return of a spirit to earth, much as they might that of a friend from Europe:

What brought him back?

"Goodness knows! Some sort of business perhaps.

Some of the humor of the thing occurred to me on the way home, and, with no disrespect, I chuckled. What in the world are you laughing at?

Jane demanded. "Sheer relief that that's over," I said. It was then that Jane made the remark about the Livingstones not always having had money

JULY 24

The truck, according to Halliday's analysis had been driven through heavy leaf mold. But a second drenching rain toward morning and still continuing, discourages him. Into the bargain, the cars of searchers and summer tourists alike have made it practically im-

possible to identify any trail.

He has given his information and the result of the report to Greenough, but that gentleman of the report to Greenough, out the appears to think he requires no assistance.

appears to think he requires no assistance.

"If you amateurs would keep out," he grumbled, "we would get somewhere with this case. Some day one of you is going to be missing, and I'll have more trouble on my hands."

From which one may gather that Mr. Greenough feels that we are not through with the situation.

himself is frankly Greenough Whether his espionage of me assures him that my single excursion the night of the tragedy to Doctor Hayward's and back again, or whether he believes that this new catastrophe bears no relation to the sheep-killing, I do not But the fact remains that, when we met today, he showed me more civility than he has shown in our casual encounters recently. But I have reason to believe that I am still being carefully watched, especially at night, and that his vigilance has increased since the loss of my fountain pen.

He has, in his mind, definitely connected me with Carroway and it is, I dare say, necessary only to establish some connection between this recent mystery and the ones that

have preceded it, to set him at my heels again.

As a matter of fact, until the body is found, or some such connection is established, he has no case in law against anybody, according to Halliday.

"There can be no murder without a body, ys Halliday. "The law of corpus delicit, you says Halliday. "The law of corpus delicit, you know. He either has to find the Morrison girl, or failing that, pin his case to Carro-

He (Halliday) and Edith have taken the car and gone out this evening. Iane is very uneasy, but I feel that they will be safe enough The best time to travel is immediately after

a railroad accident.

ND now where are we?

We can no longer doubt that the same hand which throttled Carroway and attacked Halliday, has brought about the disappearance and almost certain murder of Maggie Morrison.

Halliday knows it. Edith knows it. I know But what use are we to make of our knowledge? What effect, for instance, will it have on my own serio-comic position? Could Greenough arrest me on suspicion? Although Halliday laughs at that, he is, I think, a trife uncertain. He feels, as I do, that before long Greenough will have to satisfy the public by an arrest of some sort, and that I am the only person against whom he has the shadow of a

We held a three-cornered conference at the boat-house this afternoon, while Jane slept

Hearst' after lunche taken fully trifle pale, b vote of con "You," s hiding a kni out at nigh you can't e The sma

What de Halliday go and approx Ap the same as ance, save Halliday spot back a had waited able to see

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Edith in th and the light It may b he did not that, until marshes, t ound was without its onlookers. Not unde haps a doze trampled in those used

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Annie neither other hous I stopp The day Morrison c

ess into a each day; heir nets see the las on the bay There a me the a body secu bottom of the lowest

But if t outside, it For one me through thanks to

event whi

after luncheon, and for the first time Edith was taken fully into our confidence. She went a trifle pale, but she slipped a hand into mine as a vote of confidence.

"You," she said, "the gentlest soul on earth, hiding a knife under that float there, and going out at night in a boat to kill somebody! Why, wen't even row a boat properly!"

y, 1925

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ULY 25

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out at night in a boat to kin somebody! Why, you can't even row a boat properly!"

The small laugh which followed helped us

What developed last night is as follows: What developed last night is as follows: Halliday got out of the car at the spot where the truck was found, and had Edith go back and approach slowly, along the road from town. Approximately, the conditions were the same as those of the night of the disappear-

the same as those of the night of the disappearance, save that no rain was falling.
Halliday, it appears, was searching for that spot back among the trees where the unknown had waited, secure from observation but still able to see the truck's lights far enough away to be able to run out and hail it before it had

After two or three experiments he found the roper location, and there commenced a sort of intensive search with the pocket flash, with Edith in the car to warn him of any approach, and the lights out.

It may be as well to add, too, that the reason the did not make this investigation earlier was that, until the search shifted to the sea and the mashes, the vicinity where the truck was found was still the focal point, and was rarely without its constable or its group of curious mlookers.

Not under the tree he had selected, but perhaps a dozen feet away from it, he found, well tampled into the ground, a small screw cap made of tin; exactly similar, he tells me, to those used on the cans of certain makes of ether, and underneath which there is a cork.

"In my case, he was unlucky," he explains.

"He went through the same procedure, and took the cap off before he hailed me, but the ork came out. He had better luck this last

As to his discovery of the murderer's in-ternal symbol, he is more reticent. He had some sort of a "hunch" to examine the trees

some sort of a function to examine the trees themselves, he says simply.

"What do you mean by a 'hunch'?"

"I don't know. Just an idea, I suppose."

"You thought there might be something on a

"I don't know that I thought about it at all, Skipper. I just turned the flash up, and there it

Perhaps I am wrong, but his explanation does not quite satisfy me, nor, I think, does it satisfy himself. With all his keen intelligence satisfy ninself. With an his keen intermediate be is strictly conventional; I think he believes it would somehow invalidate his manhood to confess that his "hunch" might have been a guidance by some unseen source.

But the triangle enclosed in a circle was there, a true call thinks from the road.

on a tree, only thirty feet back from the road.

JULY 26

ANNIE COCHRAN says absolutely that there is neither a red lamp nor a red lantern in the other house

I stopped her this morning and asked

The day has brought no developments in the Morrison case, which has settled down more or less into a routine. The searchers are fewer each day; the fishermen have gone back to their nets and trawls, and today will probably see the lest of the executive of the control of the c see the last of the attempts to drag likely spots on the bay.

There are many now who believe that this time the anchor rope is shorter and that the body securely anchored to the ooze at the bottom of the bay will not be uncovered by

bottom of the bay will not be uncovered the lowest tide.

But if the day has brought no developments outside, it has brought one or two to us here.

For one thing, the morning mail returned to me through the dead letter office my letter of thanks to the young woman in Salem, Ohio, an event which would puzzle me more did I not

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suspect the lady of using a fictitious name for all her apparent frankness

For another, Jane has at last unbosomed herself. She maintains that on the night of the nineteenth she saw Maggie Morrison, clairvoy-antly. Rather, on the morning of the twenantly. Rather, on the morning of the twentieth, for granting that she has actually had another of her curious psychic experiences there is a discrepancy in time here as marked as the interval between Uncle Horace's death and

her vision of him lying on the library floor.

Maggie Morrison disappeared presumably at eleven o'clock the night of the nineteenth; Iane's vision occurred at three the morning of the twentieth, or four hours later

This morning, at eleven o'clock, Jane left the cottage for the first time in days, giving as an excuse that she meant to look over Warren Halliday's clothing and bring back such as

required mending.
"I need a little attention of that sort myself." I observed. "I don't mind competing with a tapestry—after all, that is art, and what am I to art?—but I resent competing with a younger and handsomer man."

She gave me the smile with which every wife greets an old familiar jocularity of every hushand, and left me to my reading,

WHEN an hour, however, had gone by and she had not returned, I began to grow uneasy. Halliday, I knew, was out on the bay, and in such times as these any small deviation from the normal is upsetting. I started after her, therefore, and was startled not to find her in the living quarters or on the veranda. But when I called she answered from below, and going down I found her among the boats. "Well!" I said. "And are you going fishing?"

"Vell!" I said. "And are you going nsning."
"I was just wandering about," she said.
"There's another boat, isn't there?"
"Halliday's out in it. Why?"
But she pretended not to hear me, and went

up the steps again. Even then she made various excuses not to leave at once. She went inside, and I could hear her straightening the

inside, and I could near her straightening the small living-room. When there was nothing more to do she came out again.

"I don't think he has cooked a thing since it happened," she said. "Suppose we wait for

him and take him back to luncheon?"

She is no actress, is Jane, and it began to dawn on me that she was determined to wait for Halliday's return, and that she had one of her hidden reasons for it. It was there, sitting on the boat-house veranda, that she finally told her story, which is detailed in the extreme.

extreme.
"You remember," she said, "the night of Maggie's disappearance, that a storm was threatening, and that I was nervous. I felt queer—I can't describe it, William. I had a sort of premonition, I think. Anyhow, I didn't want to go to bed, and when I told you that you tested of the latter Haras all forces. that you started off to Doctor Hayward's for a powder."

"You had meant deliberately to stay awake?"

"Yes. Once in a while something terrifies me, and I am afraid even to wink for fear something happens while my eyes are closed. It was like that

Edith was writing something or other, shut in her room, and after you had gone the storm began to come up, and I felt queer and jumpy. I went around the windows down-stairs, and then went into the living-room and sat down to wait for you."
"Let's see. What time was that?"

"It must have been ten o'clock; maybe a

little later. Then—I hate to tell you this, William. It sounds so silly."
"I've been thinking some pretty foolish things myself lately, my dear," I said gravely.

"Go ahead."

"Jock was very strange, from the moment we went in there. He sat and stared at that old parlor organ. I—"

At the parlor organ! What in the world-"At the parlor organ," she says positively.

"Or rather, above and behind it, where it sis across the corner. And after a while, I though I saw something there."

I saw something there."

"What sort of 'something'?"

"I can't tell you," she said, and shivered.
"That is, it wasn't really anything. It was like a mist. I could just tell there was something there, and then Jock lifted up his head and howled at it, and—I don't even remember getting up-stairs, William."

Now, so far, this runs fairly true to form; the usual strange combination of the grotesque—witness the parlor organ—overtrained.

—witness the parlor organ—overstrained nerves due to the approach of an electrical storm, and Jock, absently staring at nothing and preparing to give the storm howl for how.

It is the remainder of Jane's story which seems worthy of consideration, in view of her previous average of hits.

previous average of hits.

She went to sleep, sinking fathoms deep into unconsciousness, but at three o'clock she wakened, suddenly and fully, and sat up in her bed. But she was not in a bed at all. She was in a boat, and Maggie Morrison also was init, lying at her feet. After a time—she has no idea how long—the vision faded, and she was still sitting up in her bed.

"Did you see Uncle Horace in the same ay?" I asked.

way?" I asked.
"Wakening out of a sleep? Yes."

"Was there the same sort of light?"
"Not a light, exactly. It doesn't come from anywhere. I can't describe it exactly; the things I see are luminous."

She has, however, her strict limitations; she speaks of a boat, but whether it was quiet or in motion she has no idea; asked if she and the girl were alone, she thinks not, but can give no reason for so thinking. Asked as to why she believed the girl was dead, she says: "I fall that she was dead," and then qualifies that by adding: "Besides, I never have these visions unless some one has died."

This, like most broad statements, is an error, but in this case the general developments bear her out. I myself believe that, if she saw the Morrison girl at all, she saw her dead.

She saw no rope on the body or in the boat,

and there was no sign of injury on the girl.
"She looked very peaceful," says Jane, and sets me to shuddering.

On one point, however, she is entirely definite. She maintains that there were pieces of cloth tied around the oar-locks of the boat. "White cloth," she adds, as an afterthought.
"Why cloth?"

"To keep the oars from making a noise," says my Jane, who has been in a row-boat perhaps a half-dozen times in all her life .

WE SAT on the veranda while Halliday came in with the boat; he had been out, I dare say, on some scouting business of his own, and I confess to a sort of terror that by some unlucky chance we might find the oar-locks of my boat, wrapped with white cloth, "to keep the oars from making a noise." But they

showed no stigma of crime.
"Why," I said to Jane, as Halliday tied his boat and came with his splendid stride up the run-way—"why did you come down here to look at our boats, my dear?"

She showed a faint distress "I don't know, William. I just had a feeling

that I had to come. I have not asked her why she has suppressed this experience for so long. Carrying it down with her to pour my breakfast coffee, going with it through the day, and at night mounting the stairs with it and so to bed. Brushing her hair meticulously, and settling Jock for the night; going in to kiss Edith and tuck her into her fresh white bed, and then closing her door and shutting herself and the right. shutting herself away with it for the night.
And always with the guilty feeling that she was withholding that which should be known.

For she no more doubts that Maggie Mornson was killed and thrown into the sea from a boat with muffled oar-locks than she doubts her own existence. But coupled with that certainty has been her dread of possible publicity,

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and that ever present feeling of hers that whatever power she has is somehow shameful.

My poor Jane.

RE blow has fallen again, and this time almost at our very door. That it is not murder is not due to any lack of intention, but to weakness in execution. I have spent a large portion of the day in urging Edith and Jane to go back to town, but without result.
"Not unless you go," Jane said firmly, and Edith and I exchanged glances.
As a matter of fact, last night's events have left me in a more precarious position than before, and I feel that any move on my part would only precipitate matters. Greenough has given out a statement to the reporters that an early arrest may be expected, and I do not

V, 1925

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an early arrest may be expected, and I do not for the life of me understand why he has not pounced already.

I imagine the only thing that has saved me, of far, has been the single fact that Peter Geiss knows I was on the sloop the night and hour when Halliday was attacked. That puzzles him

To record last night's strange affair in

I could not sleep, a condition which is growing chronic with me lately, and at or about midnight I went down-stairs and outside. The night was extremely dark; I paced back and forth along the drive, keeping at irst close to the lodge, but gradually extending my steps as I grew accustomed to the darkness. After twenty minutes or so of this, and at the extreme of my swing toward the other house, I heard some sort of movement in that direction, and stopped to listen. It was a cautious disturbance of the shrubbery, and I swung in among the trees and stood listening. It was not repeated, however, and I turned It was not repeated, however, and I turned

It was not repeated, however, and I turned to go back.

I had, however, lost my way, and for some brief time I floundered about. At last I found the sun-dial by striking against it, and thus orienting myself, turned about and struck back toward the lodge. I had not gone ten feet before I heard the bell ringing.

(Note: A large bell on the kitchen porch of the main house, and used before the telephone was installed, to summon the gardener. It is rung by pulling a rope attached to it.)

It rang sharply, twice and then abruptly stopped, and the sudden silence seemed somehow ominous, like the stillness after a shriek. There were no lights in the main house, and

There were no lights in the main house, and

no further sounds came from it. I dare say at such times one does not think; that one acts automatically. Some one has said, "with the spinal cord—not the brain." I do not recall thinking at all, but I do recall trying to feel my way through the trees, and that I ran into one and was partially stronged for an instant

and was partially stunned for an instant.

The house was still completely dark and silent. I felt my way with more caution, skirted the shrubbery, and at last found the railing leading up the steps to the kitchen. Here I was in safer ground, and I crossed the small porch to the door with increased confidence only to stumble over constitutions. fidence only to stumble over something and almost fall. I knew at once what it was and I felt suddenly ill, although my brain was as active as ever in my life. In the pit of his stomach man is always a coward. But I stomach man is always a coward. But I found some matches in my dressing gown pocket, and striking one bent over the figure lying prone at my feet.

What new tragedy has the Professor stumbled into? In order not to miss any of the thrilling chapters of Mary Roberts Rinehart's novel, be sure to take advantage of our plan for Cosmopolitan to follow you on your vacation. See page 195.



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### Some Boloney! (Continued from page 61)

writer. I guess she's here to see the big egg himself."

Well, I took a coupla quick thoughts. figured where with these important, people, why the way to get friendly with them in a hurry is to show no fear. Just treat 'em human and they fall for it. So I twirled my new yellow cane I had just bought, set my kelly at a friendly angle and run down the

"Hello, Mrs. Rainsford!" I says. "Pleased to welcome you to our lot! My name is Softer, father of the great child actor, do you get it?"

"Ah?" says she. "Yes, the kid you are gonner write the piece for," I says. "An, yes, you are, you know you are, girlie! I want you and me should get better acquainted first, then I'm sure you will. How about a bite of lunch? I know a spot where they serve it in cups, as the sweet old song goes. What say, can you make it?" "I haven't the remotest idea of what you are talking about," said she. "Are you actually

the father of the child for whom these people

wish me to write a scenario?"
"Never doubt it!" I says. And the kid is just like his popper full of talent and good to the ladies! Shall we slide down-town for a bite now, or do you want to see Benny Silvermount first?"

"How extraordinary!" says Mrs. Rainsford. "Just wait until I see Mr. Silvermount!"

And with that brief remark she swept past me and on into the office. Naturally I waited. She was inside pretty near half an hour I should say, and then a misfortune happened to me. I got tired sticking right around the gate, see, and so I had strolled over to a set where see, and so I had strolled over to a set where Carstairs was working Estelle DeLux in a dandy sequence where the heavy had to wring her neck. Well, of all things, while I was over there Mrs. Rainsford come out of the old man's office and missed me! I seen her take a look around and then make a bee-line for her limo. Naturally I yelled hey, wait for poppa, but I guess she didn't hear me, and by the time I reached the gate she was gone.

Well, that dumb Dora commenced laughing and I says, "What's the funny story? Why didn't you call for me?"

"You wasn't paged until just now," she says. "Mr. Silvermount wants you in his office at once," she says, "and I am not laughing, I got the hebie-geebies."
"Aw, go tie up a noodle!" I says and walked

in to see what could I do for big Benny.

behind that big desk of his which he thinks is a fort, I guess. "Oy! Oy!" he says to me as quick as I got into the room. "For what in the world don't you mind your own business? Didn't I tell you to lay off Mrs. Rainsford?"

"Oh, that was no trouble to me at all," I says, "if you refer to our luncheon date. I'll

get her to sign, don't worry."
"You'll get her to sign a warrant for your arrest maybe," shouts Benny, furious. "What you said to that woman, I don't know. But what she said to me I understand plain! She's off the whole proposition entirely. She won't write Billy's picture, she won't meet the kid or so much as take a look at the stuff we have made with him already! She's quit on us cold, and you evidently done it!"
"Well, that's really her loss!" I says

"But the scenario department ain't got a thing for Billy!" says Mr. Cohen, who is Mr. Silvermount's yes man. "Not a thing and we got to make his next picture quick!"

"To say nothing at all about the big help Mrs. Rainsford's name would of been," says Mr. Silvermount. "What are we going to do for a story? We got to have something big, with a lot of punch to it," he says, "something new that has a kick!"

"Don't worry over Mrs. Rainsford," I says. "I'll see to it she gets you that scenario yet. I always could get a woman to do anything I wanted."

As the sweet old song goes, "A woman never As the sweet on some goes, A woman nere knows what she has lost until a good mathematical throws her down." And I certainly and determined Mrs. Rainsford was gonner lean that tune before I got through.

ARTHUR was down to the lobby of the Alexandria waiting for me when I blew in around three-thirty.

"Well, old bean, what have you been up to?" he says.

"For one thing," I says, "I asked your gid friend Mrs. Rainsford out to lunch and th think I done it on purpose. You call her on the phone, Arthur, and fix up the damage. She's probably sore as a crab at me, but trust your apple sauce. I forgot to get her on the phone, and the studies fortest the phone is the phone in the phone is the probably sore as a crab at me, but I trust your apple sauce. I forgot to get her purpose that you call the studies fortest her purpose is the property of the property in the property in the property is the property in the property in the property is the property in the property in the property is the property in the property in the property is the property in the property in the property in the property is the property in the property in the property in the property is the property in the prop number, but you call the studio first and they will tell you it."

"I certainly will," says he, "a little later in the day. By the way, I found the map of those oil lands I was speaking to you about. Let's go into the lounge and take a look at them, what say? They are a wonderful proposition, honestly, and I wouldn't be willing to part with them except for the fact of my friendship for you, Softer, and my great ad-miration for your executive ability."

miration for your executive ability."

Well, it seems he had six lots in a good section out there. Anyways, oil had positively been developed only twenty-five miles away, and you never can tell in this part the country, especially near Hollywood, you may meet a gusher any minute, see? Then after I had said well, they sure looked good at twenty thousand cash, and I'd make up my mind very soon, why by that time I had to quit work and go get that darn kild of mine off of location and bring. that darn kid of mine off of location and bring him home. And when I got him there a little surprise was waiting for me. More abundance No sooner, hardly, had we entered our

handsome Spanish type home then I realized strangers was amongst us. A guy was waiting in the hall with all the cheery welcome of a

reformer at a burlesque show.
"My name is Anderson," he says. "Are you
Mr. Softer, the father of William Softer?" The kid spoke right up. "Sure, that's pop," he says. "You ought to know pop," he says. "At least pop claims most of the cops know him since he got that big car."

"What made you think I was a cop, young feller?" says the bird.

"Well, ain't you?" says Billy.
"Why, yes, in a way I am!" says the felt.
'Mr. Softer, I am from the Board of Education. Our records show that your son has not been attending school. Will you please explain why?

Well, naturally I drew up my dignity at that

and looked the feller right in the eye.
"Say," I says, "don't you know who I am?
"I haven't the remotest idea who you are," he, "except that you have a delinquent

"And just why he should go to school is more then I can see," I says. "He's busy with more important things."

"Yeh, I'm a movin' picture actor," says Billy. "I am doing some great stuff right now.

Islily. "I am doing some great stuff right now. I heard Mr. Silvermount say so, and he knows on account he's a grown-up man."
"What!" says the grand inquisitor, "are you Billy Softer, the young 'un himself!
Well, I declare! Say, I've never seen your pictures, but my wife has, and she likes 'em too!"
"Yeh," says Billy, not interested. "Can I

"Yeh," says Billy, not interested. "Can I play with your badge a little while?" "Sure you can, son," says the officer, giving it to him. Then he turned onto me. "I'm very sorry, Mr. Softer," he says. "I didn't realize who the kid was. But even though he's one of the big names on the films, the law gos for him the same as for any common kid. You got to educate him, and if you refuse to do so you "But if I school, it'll course I do involved, a is getting says. It he will wor I make goo

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Why, t suppose you "More a Well, v Anderson. quisite nun ture work

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seeing you around he falling for "Aw, go "Well, worth of von't hav Well.

any more "Eddie you what pendantbuying a pendant?"

self, can'to sister who you had pendant f ou know living on i do so you render yourself liable to arrest."
"But if I take him off the lot and put him in school, it'll break his contract!" I says. "Of school, it'll break his contract: I says. Course I don't care nothing about the money involved, although I don't mind telling you he involved, although I don't mind telling you he hundred a week." I is getting twenty-five hundred a week," I says. "It's the moral principle I care about. I have given the Silvermount people my word he will work and it is especially important that I make good right now.

I make good right now."

"Why, they know the laws as well as you do," says Anderson, "and undoubtedly they suppose you are taking care of his schooling."

"More abundance!" says I. "How can I?"

"Well, why don't you hire a tutor?" says Anderson. "If he is instructed for the requisite number of hours a day, his motion picture work will be allowed to reason the same work. ture work will be allowed to go on-otherwise

"A tutor!" I says. "Well, I had thought of that. As a matter of fact I was gonner get one tomorrow anyways. I been worried quite some time about Billy's education, so I been teaching him a little myself in the little spare time I get."

"Yeh," says Billy. "Pop taught me to cuss taught me I shouldn't, so that's all right now."
"I perceive you've been a great help to your son, Softer," says Mr. Anderson. "Just see that you don't let the good work weaken. bat you don't let the same secure you will be hearing from us every little while, and the next time I call I hope I will have the pleasure of meeting this tutor you have the pleasure. were thinking about just before I got here

So then we all says well, good-by, as friendly as a coupla he-wild cats, and Anderson beat it do-a indoor sport that has never really ap-pealed to me.

I decided I would hire a tutor all right, but I would do it myself. I had a feeling where if I left it to Mary she might get one of them narrow-minded feminine views about strict bours and the letter of the law. So I decided where I wouldn't mention the subject to her when she come home that night and not say nothing about Mr. Anderson or anybody, see, until I had my own brand of tutor all hired.

Well, I need not of bothered about me not talking that evening, on account when Mary come home she didn't give me no chance. "Eddie Softer!" she says. "I suppose you think that when you go about with all the quiet activity of a circus band I ain't gonner has about it but that's where you're wrong."

quiet activity of a circus band I ain't gonner hear about it, but that's where you're wrong." "Whatter you mean?" I says.

"Just exactly this!" says she. "My office boy told me twict now he's seen you around with that DeGrant feller I told you I wouldn't have in the house, and I suppose you have gone and got yourself all sewed up for a bunch of bum stock or worthless lands."

"Mary, you oughter be ashamed of yourself," I says, "sending out your office boy to spy on me. Whatter you mean by that, anyways?"

many, your office boy to spy on the sy, "sending out your office boy to spy on me. Whatter you mean by that, anyways?"

"Spy nothing!" she says. "He couldn't miss seeing you! That man DeGrant has a reparound here, Eddie, and I won't have you falling for his stuff!"

"Aw go tie up a noodle!" I says.

lalling for his stuff!"
"Aw, go tie up a noodle!" I says.
"Well, don't you buy a plugged nickel's worth of anything off of him!" she says. "I won't have it! And that ain't all, neither."
"Well," I says, "if you're carrying around any more excess baggage, unload it!"
"Eddie Softer," she says, "if only I could tell you what I think of you! That diamond pendant—you must be crazy, thinking about buying a thing like that!"
"Say, whatter you know about any diamond."

"Say, whatter you know about any diamond pendant?" I says. "Keep your nose to your-self, can'tcha?"

"Well," says Mary, "a girl in my office has a sister who works in Haas's and she told where you had got them to lay aside a diamond pendant for a birthday present for me. Now you know, Eddie Softer, all the money we are living on is the kid's, excepting only the salary we make. we make. You got about as much chanct of



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Address State buying me that ornament as I have of paying for a one-way ticket to heaven in Russian money. And I won't have you buy me it on any credit you get through being the kid's father, see?"

"I ain't blind," I says. "All I care for is to please you, Mary. Will you let it go at that?" "I will," says she. "I'm too exhausted to argue any more." I always could get a woman

to do anything I wanted!

Well, the next day I give Arthur a ring and says meet me down-town, will yah, and he says yes, indeed, old topper, and we meet in the lobby of the Alexandria, which was our favorite parking space.

"Now lookit here, old Boston baked bean," I says, "I guess I am some judge of character and some jury, too, and so I want you should come in with me on a big deal of importance. It seems that darn kid of mine has got to be educated, and the worst part of it is, he can't be and at the same time work, like I have un-dertaken he would. The Board of Education here ain't intelligent enough to get my point of

"Ah!" says Arthur. "But where do I come

in?

"Well, my idea is this," I says. "Onct in a while you have give me the honor to loan you a little money. For that reason I am gonner make a proposition to you, although I realize it may hurt your feelings. I know you got big holdings out here, and that eventually you're gonner be rich outer them. But in the meantime, how would you consider moving out to

my place and being tutor to my boy?"
"I—er, well!" says Arthur, the greenhouse falling out of his eye. When he got it placed back there in the strange way they can do it,

why I went on.
"Of course I wouldn't ask you to do no actual teaching," I says. "The boy would go to work every day, see, just like he does now. But if a doc from the emergency ward of the educational hospital was to call, why you

educational hospital was to call, why you might admit to him that you give Billy the required number of hours' education each day."

"Well, of course you understand this is a most unusual suggestion," says Arthur, flashing his blinder at me. "But my extreme feeling of friendship for you moves me to consent."

"And when will it move you out to our house, old time-piece?" I says.

"Whatever time you mention," says he.

"I mention tomorrow afternoon," I hinted.
"Mary will be down-town at that time, and I

"Mary will be down-town at that time, and I want your arrival to be a surprise to her." "Fine!" says he. "I'll be there. Three

"Fine!" says he. "I'll be there. Three o'clock, eh, what?"
When a little later I went home to my beautiful Spanish type house, I felt, well, that is a good day's work done. And the next night, when Mary blew in from work, of course Arthur was already occupying one of the guest rooms. When I told her who was the

stranger beneath our roof she nearly hit it.
"Good land, Eddie Softer!" she says. "After everything I have told you about that man, you dare to hire him to look out for our Billy's education! What do you want the child to be—a pickpocket?"

"Now lookit here, Mary," I says. "You ain't the kid's father, I am. And I got a perfect right to hire my best pal to be his tutor if I want. You say you think he's crooked.

I want. You say you think he's crooked.
Have you got the least scrap of evidence?"
"Well, no, I haven't," she hadder admit.
"He ain't ever been in jail so far as I know,
but I'll bet that ain't his fault."

"Well, he's here and he's going to stay," I

"There ought to be some legal way for me to interfere," says Mary. "And if only I was "I'd find out what it was."

ribere ought to be some legal way for me to interfere," says Mary. "And if only I was going to be home I'd find out what it was." "Whatter you mean, be home?" I says, sort of scared all of a sudden. "Say, you ain't ain't getting married or anything crazy like that, are you?"

"Not a chance!" says she. "I got to go up to San Francisco for two or three weeks, though, and I expect to leave tomorrow is opening up a branch there, and the m was to have done it has been taken sick. The firm paid me the compliment of asking would I do it. But I sure hate to leave that cake eater on the premises!"

eater on the premises!"

We give parking space to a little pause then. And finally Mary broke it. The woman generally does. "I want you to send for him," she says, "and for Billy. I want to talk to the three of you all together."

"Well, all right," I says. "Only don't pull no nasty stuff, see?"

Well, Mary got the bunch of us together, and when she had done so she put her am around Billy, who as usual had run to her like

around Billy, who as usual had run to her like

a pup.
"Mr. DeGrant," says she, "I want you to
know that our Billy's word can be depended
when he makes a promise, he keeps it. upon. When he makes a promise, he keeps it. That's why I'm gonner ask him something while

the two of you experts in business is present.
"What d'you want, Aunt Mary?" says that
darn young one of mine. "I'll do like you tell
me, honest engine."

me, honest engine."
"I know it, dear," says she. "Now listen, Billy. Aunt Mary has to go away for a little while. And Mr. DeGrant is going to look after the control of the you. For the next few days while you are still on the lot, you will study at whatever time he tells you. But when you get through working, I want you to promise me that you will study every single morning. And study hard, and be able to tell me all about your lessons when I get home. Will you promise?"

"Sure I promise!" says Billy, playing with her beads. "Say, Aunt Mary, don't you sometimes wish we was back home where we

sometimes wish we was ack nome where we used to have the hot-dog stand? 'I do!"

"Ah!" says Arthur. "Did you really keep a hot-dog stand? Only fancy! I thought you told me you were a noted amateur golfer."

"Nonsense!" says Mary. "The only links he ever saw before he came out here were sausage."

links. And now, Mr. DeGrant, it's up to you. I shan't be gone one minute longer then I am obliged to be, and just remember what I said about Billy."

More abundance! Mary went off on her trip up the coast, and for a while things went along with us much the same as usual. Billy finished his picture right on schedule, like he always does, he's such a good little worker. But when it was done I didn't dare to start Arthur setting him at any lessons, for two good reasons

The first of these was, of course, that I had give Arthur my word he didn't need to do nothing along them lines. The second give me a good sound legitimate business basis for carrying out the original plan, namely that the from day to day when Billy would haf to commence working again. The trouble at the studio was they couldn't get no story to suit him, but I knew how them scenario departments are—they might dig up something any

It was a little over two weeks that they kept us hanging around from day to day. But of course we didn't keep ourselves prisoners on the studio's account. We would turn Billy loose in the morning after breakfast, and then I and Arthur would maybe take a little spin down to Tia Juana or some place on some business. But we always left word with the servants to take any telephone messages that might come while we was gone. And as I was It was a little over two weeks that they kept might come while we was gone. And as I was saying, for over two weeks there wasn't any. Then like a bolt out of blue cloth I and Arthur drifted up to my house around noon one day and what would I find only a telephone message to call up the Silvermount at onct and ask for Mr. Cohen.

"Great heavens, Softer, ain't you ever home?" he says as soon as he gets me. "I been trying to reach you for over three hours." "I was out on business," I says coolly. "I hadda look at a power boat I was thinking of. What can I do for you, Mr. Cohen?"

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Pore control advances complexion care to an exact science—in accord with Nature. For all time it puts an end to coarse pores. banishes the menace to your skin of dust and dirt and infectious air germs.

and dirt and infectious air germs.

Pone control is no new fad. It simply abandons outworn ideas — as does nearly every important discovery. Princess Pat chemists were free to think independently. They did not have to defend old fashioned creams established by custom, but unsupported by merit. They could be merciless in disclosing faults—and they were. But let the facts speak for themselves — first about disappearing

The "Rubbed-in" Powder Foundation and What It Does

If open pores are a danger—as admittedly they are—what about the pores distended, pores forced open and held open for hours? Almost, the question answers itself. But Princess Pat chemists experimented for months and made the answer conclusive. Women were induced to make tests lasting days, using scores of disappearing creams. These creams vanished right enough from the skin surface, but the magnifying glass disclosed pores choked and gorged. Day by day, such pores weakened. Finally they lost power to contract normally. The inevitable result was coarse pores. result was coarse pores.

So much for disappearing creams. Princess Patchemists discarded them—sought for and found a base for powder which not only leaves the pores closed but nourished throughout all the hours powder is used.

Why the Usual Creams So Often Disappoint

Next, all the familiar creams that cleanse and nourish were classified, analyzed and studied to discover virtues and faults. Practically all had merit—but only up to a certain point. They contained cleansing, soothing and nourishing oils which benefited but without exception such creams had to But without exception such creams had to open the pores to do their work—and

left them open. Consequently whatever touched the skin thereafter easily entered the pores and found lodgment. Princess Pat chemists considered this a grievous fault, of incompleteness. To it they logically traced complexion ills mysterious and unexplained. Such creams were not condemned—far from it. For countless complexions—at least temporarily—reap the benefits and escape the dangers of old fashioned complexion care. But what a wonderful achievement for science if the pores could be closed and there be no dangers to escape; always positive ben-efits instead!

#### Pore Control Solved by Princess Pat Twin Creams

Almost at once the chemists were faced with a problem which seemed insurmountable. The indispensable oils for nourishing and vitalizing the skin relaxed and opened the pores. And every ingredient that could be added to close the pores acted first, offsetting the cleansing and nourishing. Then came enlightenment: the double effect could not be secured in one cream. It would take two, each formulated separately but planned to combine on the skin!

Thus Princess Pat Twin Creams came into being, bringing beauty possibilities beyond the fondest dreams of women, or scientists. And the use of these two creams that give pore control is so simple—and delightful. One is called Princess Pat Cream—the other, Princess Pat Ice Astringent. Princess Pat Cream is applied first and left on temporarily! Right over it, you apply Princess Pat Ice Astringent. With the application of this second cream there comes a most delightful second cream, there comes a most delightful sensation of coolness and freshness. The

pores at once contract and become normally invisible! They are controlled, closed against dirt, dust and germs.

That is the whole treatment! You then wipe all cream from your face—and find the skin as soft and pliant and clear as that of a child. You have not rubbed or massaged, because that is unnecessary. You have spent not to exceed two or three minutes. A remarkable feature of pore control is the fact that the novisibility action control is that the nourishing action continues throughout the day. Closing the pores does not arrest it. So your skin never ceases to benefit during the entire twenty-four hours of day and night. The result is marvel-ously rapid—and permanent—complexion beauty.

As for powdering—you are ready without further preparation. For the exquisite softness and naturalness of the skin itself is the best base for powder ever discovered.



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There is a tremendous difference in bobs. Some are wonderfully attractive and becoming, while others, well—which kind is yours?

I wish you could picture the becoming kind I have in mind—the sort that makes men turn to admire. I can't tell you what the color is, but it's full of those tiny dancing lights that somehow suggest auburn, yet which are really no more actual color than sunlightis. It's only when the head is moved that you catch the auburn suggestion—the fleeting glint of gold.

You have no idea how much your bob can be improved with the "tiny tini" Golden Glint Shampoo will give it. If you want a bob like that I have in mind, buy a package and see for yourself. At all drug stores, or send 25¢ direct to J.W. Kobi Co., 614 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wn.

Golden Glint **SHAMPOO** 

"You can think of the studio and your job onct in a while!" he says. "I've got the boy's new story at last, or will have it in a week, and in the meantime it is very important for you to have Billy at home this afternoon shortly after The great Anne Rainsford rushed in of her own accord and said she'd changed her mind, she'd be glad to do the script for Billy. I don't know in the least what has happened, but she wants to see him late this afternoon, and you better be sure he's home and washed up so's you both can be got ahold of."
"Aha, ha!" I says. "I am delighted I got

that dame to change her mind, and I sure will

have Billy here!"

Then I hung up and went looking for Arthur, and thinking to myself, there now, ain't women all alike? You give 'em the sheik's rush and they let on they don't like it, but they all come back for more! Oh, I know women—I have lived!

Well, I didn't make no more scruples about breaking the news to Arthur then I would breaking a hard-boiled egg. I just naturally went up and cracked it, thinking he would be glad to bite in. But his usually boyish laughter didn't gurgle so good as usual. I was kinda

surprised.
"What's the matter, old chappie?" I says.
"Gay up! After all these weeks that you been vainly trying to get in touch, why you will at last meet your old girl friend again!" "Yes, yes, quite splendid!" he says, not with

any more birdlike quality in his voice than a second-class crow. "That will be delightful! So she has actually signed for the boy's next side has actually signed for the boy's next picture. I never thought she would."

"Oh, well, I dunno!" I says modestly. "I always could get women to do pretty near anything I wanted!"

"Wait half a mo!" says Arthur. "As I understand it, Billy will go to work on this new pic-ture immediately it is ready—and meanwhile it will be announced, probably at once, as the biggest thing he's ever had?"
"Right-o!" I says.

"Then if anything were to prevent his making it, the failure would be a mighty serious thing for you?"

You said it, Arthur!" I says. "But why all the crape-hanging? I and you, we understand each other, don't we?"
"I wonder!" he says. "I say, Softer, I find

"I wonder!" he says. "I say, softer, I find I'm in need of funds quite unexpectedly. Can you arrange to let me have five thousand until next week, old boy?" "Why, Arthur!" I says. "I can't do that. I

ain't got it!'

"But the boy has!" says he.
"Sure he has!" I says. "But Mary is trustee
of all his cash. I can't touch a nickel without
her written consent."
"What?" says he. "Do you mean to tell me

that you've been dickering with me over those oil lands at twenty thousand dollars when you hadn't a chance in the world of buying them?"
"But, Arthur, you don't understand," I says.

hadn't a chance in the world of buying them?"
"But, Arthur, you don't understand," I says.
"You bet I do!" he says. "You've been
playing me for a sucker, that's what! But
you're going to buy those lands and you're
going to do it this afternoon."
"I am not!" I says.
"Oh, yes, you are!" says he. "Because if you
don't I'm going right to the Board of Education and tell them that you have not permitted
me to teach Billy so much as one single lesson

me to teach Billy so much as one single lesson since I have been in this house. And that in addition you offered me money to pretend to be teaching him during the making of this picture of Mrs. Rainsford's. Then, when I get through with that, I'm going to the newspapers with the story of your past. Hot dog! You boloney!"

"Arthur," I says, gasping, "I ain't got any twenty thousand dollars, I tell you."

"I believe that part of the story," he says. "But you've got two thousand dollars, I know that. You drew your salary this morning means." You drew your salary this morning when . I was with you, remember. The week that was due, and next week's. I'm selling you these six lots for two thousand dollars."

"That's blackmail," I says. "The land probably don't even exist."

probably don't even exist."
"Oh, it exists, all right," he says. "As for blackmail, you're crazy. The title to this land is good as gold. Call up the Guaranty Company and find out for yourself. Call a lawyer pany and find out for yourself. Call a lawyer and have him look over the deeds in my presence, if you care to. I got them all made out to you in case of just such an emergency as this. I don't say the lots are worth fifty cents. Very likely not. But I assure you they exist, out in the middle of nowhere! No, my dear boy, out in the middle of nowhere! No, my dear boy, and the property med cash in a hurry and I make the control of the contr I merely need cash in a hurry and I am sure you will buy them at my price."

Well, of course my executive ability showed wen, or course my executive abinty showed me right away where there was a lot of good business sense in what Arthur suggested. Naturally I would of preferred to wring his neck to parting from that jack, but I could see where in the long run it would be better for Billy and all of us to accept his offer of these

lots at that figure.

So the next coupla hours was pretty busy for us, on account nothing would satisfy Arthur except for me to close at once. He even insisted I should drag in a lawyer which I personally picked out myself, and make the sale entirely legal. I got one comfort out of thisthe land was on the map some place, all right, the law-bird knew that. And when he was gone I set down a moment, kinda wore out by such a strenuous business day, but not so tired

I couldn't speak a few choice words to Arthur.
"Of course you understand, Arthur," I says, "Of course you understand, Arthur," I says, "what has happened is entirely between I and you. Mary ain't to know a thing about it, and all must go on quietly as before. I also expect you to have a heart and realize that I ain't got the money to keep on investing in real estate nor nothing else," I says, "so go easy now! You certainly protected yourself good this time, but there is a limit, and onet this Rainsford nicture is finished, why I may

get peevish and call a cop or something."

"Oh, don't worry!" says Arthur, putting back his windshield which he had forgot all about during the excitement. "I shall not about during the excitement. trouble you in the future!"

"More abundance!" I says. "Just don't forget, that's all. And now I got to go get hold of that darn kid of mine and drag him

With which few words I started off on my child-hunt, with a heavy heart and a dollar and thirty-six cents in my pockets to last me the next two weeks. Oh, I have lived!

As usual none of the servants had seen Billy any place. The young 'un had run off, but since he always come back of his own accord, why they had let him go at that. And about then I commenced to wish to Gawd, not for the first time she had went away either, that Mary was home. I will say when she was there that big bunch of grapefruit out in my kitchen at

least paid some attention to my orders.

The time was getting later by the minute, and my usually gay spirits, which is one of my most attractive characteristics, was awful low when, after nearly an hour of completely failing to locate the young 'un, why I give it up, realizing where he would undoubtedly come home pretty soon now of his own accord. And just as I had made up my mind to this, I seen something which I realized would revive the

fallen arches of my spirit.

This was a big electric sign over a movie theater not far from home, and it had my wonder boy's name on it. They was showing "The Soul of a Boy," his last release, and I thought well, I will drop in a minute and take a slant. On account while of course I had seen it plenty of times before, there was one part of it I never got tired looking at, and that was the title where it says

SILVERMOUNT PRESENTS Billy Softer "The Soul of a Boy" under the personal management of Edward H. Softer, his father

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You see, I had forced them mean birds over to our lot to put my name on in letters the same size as Billy's, and I liked to look at it. Whenever I had one of them slumps that comes to all of we big business men at times, why I would run in and take a slant at my name, and my confidence would get refreshed. I got not the slightest doubt that many a

bank president has done no less.

Well, more abundance, no sooner hardly had
I sat down then two rows in front of me I seem a kinda familiar looking head. At first I couldn't hardly believe my eyes in that dimness, but after another minute I realized where sure enough it was that darn kid of mine

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And Billy wasn't alone, neither. He had a little girl along with him, and I suppose the young 'un has inherited my sex appeal, or maybe it was the bag of candy he was feeding to her, but she seemed real devoted, the way

women have generally been with me.

Well, naturally I didn't wait long before I says, "S'st, Billy!" And at once he turned

right around.

"Hey, you two kids come right out this minute!" I says, getting up myself, and in no time the two of them followed, without no hats, and scared half to death.

He little girl was about Billy's size, but very plain dressed, with flat yellow hair.

"Hey, pop, this is my sweetie!" says that dam kid of mine. "Her name is Lily. I was taking her to see me in the pictures."

"Well, the party is off!" I says. "Here I'm

chasing all over creation looking for you when chasing all over creation looking for you when there is important work to be done, and here you are loafing your time away in a picture show!" I says. "Come along home at onct! Where do you live, Lily?"
"Out at Golden Gables," says she, "please."
"All right, come along, the two of you," I says, dragging them to the car, and pretty near wild to think that darn kid of mine hadder go rick up some chaufferu's child or gardener's to

pick up some chauffeur's child or gardener's to pick up some chaufteur's child or gardener's to play with. And I was so mad, what with finding it was already after five o'clock, that I didn't say a word more until I had got them both in the house. Then I sat down and made that boy of mine face me square.

"Now, Billy," I says, "to commence with, where did you meet this little girl?"

"I sit next to her in school, pop," says he.
"You which?" I says.
"I sit next to her in school," says he. "Every

morning. And just like I promised Aunt Mary, I do study, pop, but I'd rather look at Lily."
"And where is this school," I says, "if I may

"And where is this school," I says, "if I may ask?"

"Right around the corner, pop," says Billy. "The Golden Gables Public School—you know, the pretty new one."

"And you been going to it without telling me?" I says. "To a common, vulgar public school, picking up strange kids and everything!"

"You was never up yet mornings when I started, pop," says Billy. "Aunt Mary signed the card for me. And I promised."

Well, for a minute I certainly didn't know just what to do. I felt like turning him right over then and there and giving him what was

over then and there and giving him what was coming to him. But before I could decide on any action, one of them alleged servants of mine, a specimen in pants, actually give a little service. He come to the door and threw out his chest.

out his chest.

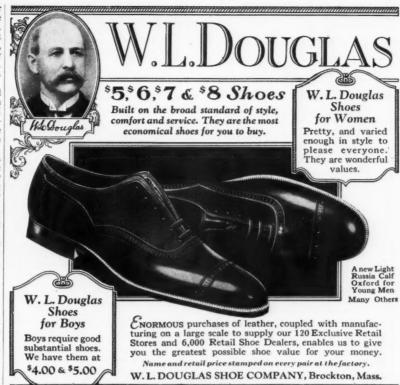
"Mrs. Rainsford calling, sir!" he says.

"Well, answer her, can't you?" I says.

But he didn't need to do nothing on account
Mrs. Rainsford was right at his heels. She had
no hat on and she come straight into my
magnificent parlor like she didn't even notice it.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Softer," she says
coolly. "I had not intended to come over
today after all, but one of the servants told me

coolly. "I had not intended to come over today after all, but one of the servants told me that my little girl was here, and so I thought I'd run in and get her and at the same time have the necessary talk with you. We live almost next door, you know."



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"Aw—yes, of course!" I says. "So dear little Lily is your child! I was just trying to find out what the charming little vamp's last name was! Her and Billy are quite clubby, it seems."
"Yes." says Mrs. Rainsford. Then

says Mrs. Rainsford. Then she ries, says Mrs. Kainsiord. Then sine shoved the two young 'uns out the door. "Run along, you two, and play outside a few minutes until I call you," she says. "That's the way!" Then as soon as they was gone she the way!" Then, as soon as they was gone, she come back to me. "Sit down, please, Mr. Softer," she says, drawing up a chair herself. "Let's be as brief as possible, for both our sakes." sakes

"Oh, I'm in no hurry!" I says. "Can't I offer you tea, or a little shot, maybe? I got some pre-war stuff!"

"Mr. Softer!" she says. "No, certainly not! Mr. Sorter: sne says. "No, certainly not! I have come here merely because the Silver-mount people tell me that you can legally control the child. I must say, Mr. Softer, that after our first meeting I felt that I could not possibly have considered." possibly have anything to do with you, or any-one connected with you. But since Lily began one connected with you. But since Lify began to bring your boy home to play in the afternoon, I have changed my mind. It is on his account that I am going to write his story. And on his only: He is a splendid little chap, and a great child actor. I have seen all his work since I met him. And like all really great people, he is exceptionally truthful and frank. Because of this, Mr. Softer, I now know

a great deal about your household."
"So you've been pumping my kid, eh?" I says. "Fine lady you are!"
"Mr. Softer, please don't be more absurd than nature has intended," says she. "I certainly have not pumped him. Billy in his complete lack of understanding of the need for hiding anything has told me things which I could only too easily interpret. I may say I am utterly devoted to the child and it is purely in his interest that I am here. You have a tutor in the house by the name of DeGrant, I understand?"

"Yes, indeed!" I says. "Of course I believe in sending my kid to the public school the same as you do, Mrs. Rainsford. But for manner, English and all that boloney, you know,

"Mr. Softer, can I see Mr. DeGrant?" she world do you suppose I suggested coning to your house to tea instead of asking you and Mr. DeGrant to mine?"

"Why, I dunno!" I says. "I thought maybe you was curious about how the house looked inside."

"Great heaven, give me strength!" says Mrs. Rainsford, "No. Mr. Softer, I did it because I particularly wanted to see Mr. DeGrant, and I felt almost sure be a proper to the control of the felt almost sure he would not cross my threshold!"

'Well, you can see him right now," I says. "He's been trying to get in touch with you for a long time. And he was tickled to death when he heard you was coming this afternoon. Just wait a sec!"

I give a ring on one of these embroidered belts they got in all up-to-date Spanish-type houses, and pretty soon that onion of a butler decided to show up.

"Tell Mr. DeGrant to come on down, his girl friend is here!" I says.

The gimmik threw out his chest. "Mr. DeGrant left about half an hour ago, sir," he

"Well, when'll he be back?" I says, impatient. "I really couldn't say, sir," says Soup & sh. "But I shouldn't think he was returning, Fish. sir. He took all his luggage, and that new fitted suitcase of yours, sir."

Well, more abundance! Language didn't fail me, but that authoress woman took the

fail me, but that authoress woman took the stage right out of my hands.

"Very well, you may go," she says, and onion beat it quick. Then she turned on me.

"I knew he wouldn't face me!" she says. "I was certain it must be the same man.

By this time I had got back my breath if not the fitted suitcase. "I always suspected there was something wrong with that bird!" I say "As a matter of fact I paid him off this

afternoon. Only I didn't like to mention that

"Know him—I should say I did!" says she, human for the first time. "When I found he was supposed to be taking charge of my darling was supposed to be taking charge of my daring Billy, I was determined to expose him at the first possible opportunity. Why, Mr. Softer, do you know what that man did?"
"No!" I says. "Not everything, I guess, Go on, unload the story!"
"Well," gave the "a good many years are."

"Well," says she, "a good many years ago, when my husband was living, this man was employed as his confidential secretary. We came out here when the place was far less developed than it is now, and my husband bought a good deal of land. Then the oil bought a good deal of land. Then the oil mania started. John, that was my husband, had some holdings not far from Santa Monica. And this chap DeGrant learned that there was supposed to be oil on them. Without a word to my husband about the rumor, he managed to persuade my husband to sell him some lots out there at a ridiculously low price. After he had title the boom began and prices soared for a little while. But there was no oil after all and the project fell flat. But the moral principle of the thing, do you see, Mr. Softer? It led my husband to investigate DeGrant thoroughly, and we found he had done us rather badly on several previous occasions.

So we dismissed him, of course."
"The dirty dog!" I says. "I suppose he cleaned up on them lands while the boom was

She give a laugh—just like a regular feller. "Well, no!" says she. "I understand that he held out too long. We at least had that held out too long. We at least had that satisfaction. He fell, with a good many others. But I suppose he will clean up on it now."
"Why?" I says, the funniest feeling con I says, the funniest feeling coming

"Why?" I says, the funniest feeling coming over me, like something was gonner happen. "How could he clean up now?"
"Why, don't you know?" she says, surprised. "That's the property the Silvermount are going to build on, and they only lack six lots—the ones he holds. When they get them they will break ground immediately. I happen to know, because I recently sold them some of the property myself."

Well, all at onct I realized where Mrs. Rainsford was probably one of the very loveliest ladies I had ever see. But at the same time when she took that sweet little Lily-girl of hers and went home, so's I could use the phone, well that was one of the happiest moments of my life. Here it was half past five and I had only a little over half a hour to do a lot of busi-

ATURALLY the first place I called was our lot, and for onct Big Benny Silvermount was still there.

"Hey, Benny, that you?" I says. "Well, this is Eddie Softer. I got a little surprise for you. You know them lots you been needing for the new studio? Well, by hard work I managed to get ahold of them this afternoon, and I am gonner let you have 'em at practically your own figure!"
"What?" says Benny. "You got them lots?

Now I suppose we are in for a hold-up sure!"
"Nonsense, Benny!" I says. "I like to do my friends a favor. I got these in a unusual way, and I done it on purpose for the company's

and I done it on purpose for the company's benefit. Just go ahead, name your own figure, and I'll deliver tomorrow. Only I want cash!"
"You would!" says Benny. "Well, there ain't no use you arguing, Softer, we will not pay one cent over ten thousand, the same as I told the real estaters already."

the real estaters already."

Well, I dropped the phone just then, something made me, but I picked it right up and give him a straight business answer.

"But you don't need to pay no more then that, Benny!" I says. "I ain't no gunman. I'll be over with the papers in the morning."

Oh, I have lived! I suppose I could easy of held out for more juck and got it too. But it is

held out for more jack and got it too. But it is just them big-hearted, generous impulses has held me back all my life.

Well, after this snappy little business talk

Hearst there was and so I g

Haas Bros Say, th "I have pendant. night and the cash. send up a Vou know About a d wonder bo wanner giv

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buying it o present for "I won" Well, ju and he giv both arms more then out my po girl friend.

"Oh, sh "Anne R see a lot o Rainsford picture. fternoon the tutor That o and she w

child! It Well, I she spoke sweet of take it aft And I only, "Yo women to

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there was still ten minutes left to closing time, and so I got on the phone again and called up Hass Bros. the jewelers.
"Say, this is Mr. Softer speaking," I says.
"I have decided I will take that diamond pendant. Send it up about this time tomorrow night and I will give the feller that brings it the cash. And while you are at it, you might send up a good knife suitable to a small boy. You know, something he can't hurt himself on. About a dollar and a half. Yeh, it's for my wonder boy—he's been real good lately and I wonder boy—he's been real good lately and I wanner give him a reward."

Well, I hung up, and of all things, who had been silently standing behind me the whole while only Mary McCree her own self, back from San Francisco.

from San Francisco.

"Oh, Eddie Softer, I heard you order that diamond pendant for my birthday after I told you not to!" she says, as angry as is humanly possible for any woman to be on hearing such a

possible for any woman to be on hearing such a thing. "You know it ain't right!" she says. "Oh, if only I could tell you exactly what I think of you!" "Well, Mary," I says, "maybe some day I am gonner ask you to. And in the meantime you get the pendant, see? After a lot of work I put over a deal while you was gone, and I'm buying it out of my own money. That and the present for the kid both."
"I won't take it!" says Mary hotly. Well just then in run that darn kid of mine.

Well, just then in run that darn kid of mine, and he give a yelp at the sight of her and threw both arms around her. The sight made me feel more then ever generous, and I pulled two bits out my pocket.

"Here, Billy, that's to buy candy for your girl friend, " I says

"Who is his girl friend?" says Mary, jealous

the tutor go.

right away. ngnt away.
"Oh, she's little Lily Rainsford," I savs.
"Anne Rainsford's daughter. We families
see a lot of each other now. I have got Mrs.
Rainsford to write the young 'un's next
picture. In fact, she come over to tea this afternoon, and between us we decided to let

"That catty widow!" says Mary. "So you

and she were deciding things about my sister's child! It's time I come back, I guess!"

Well, I didn't say nothing, so after a minute she spoke again. "Eddie!" she says. "It was sweet of you to get me that pendant. I—I'll take it after all."

And I didn't say nothing to that neither, only, "You're welcome." I always could get women to do anything I wanted!

## The Haunted Lady

(Continued from page 41)

morning. The servants, whose quarters were some distance from the house, had heard voices sometime after midnight. They did not know exactly what time. Hilarious voices. know exactly what time. Hilarious voices. Then angry voices. They didn't recognize the voices. They didn't pay any attention, because there were often voices in the bungalow. have been a shot, but which they took for an automobile exhaust on the highway. Mrs. Greer had had a guest for dinner, but he had left duly by the front door and his hat and coat had been a shot, but which leaves the highway. had been presented to him by the Japanese house-man. The guest was fortunately able to account for his movements from that time on. The servants knew nothing of anyone who had

ome after his departure.

Mr. Greer had not been at home for dinner.
They did not know what time he had returned.

He was driving his own car.

Maurice Greer said that he had telephoned the moment he came home, and the telephone at the police station had rung at exactly ten minutes after four. He had left the Samarkand, where he had been playing bridge with some ecay is caused by germs



You brush your teeth, but do you clean them all? This brush reaches every tooth every time you brush.

It has a curved surface that fits the shape of your jaw. It has saw-tooth bristle-tufts that reach in between teeth. It has a large end tuft that helps clean the backs of front teeth and the backs of hard-to-get-at molars. This brush is the Pro-phy-lac-tic.

Do you know what makes your teeth decay? It is germs. Germs are always in your mouth. They collect upon your teeth. They create lactic acid. This destroys the enamel. The important thing is to keep germs off your teeth-to remove the clinging mucin, which holds the germs fast against them. That requires a brush scientifically designed with a saw-tooth arrangement of bristles. It requires a brush with a large end tuft that can reach the backs of back teeth. There is such a brush - the Pro-phy-lac-tic.

Do you brush your gums when you brush your teeth? You should. See how the center row of bristles on every Prophy-lac-tic Brush is sunk below the level of the two outer rows. That is to give your gums the correct and mild massage they need. Brush your gums. They will soon take on a hard and firm appearance, with a light, coral pink color which shows

that they are healthy. Healthy gums mean healthier teeth. Science designed the Pro-phy-lac-tic to keep gums healthy.

Sold by all dealers in the United States, Canada and all over the world in three sizes. Prices in the United States are: Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult, 50c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby, 25c. Also made in three different bristle textures—hard, medium and soft. Always sold in the yellow box that protects from dust and handling.

Toothbrushes for life to the reader who helps us with a new headline for this advertisement. The present is "Decay is caused by germs." After reading the text can you supply a new headline? We offer to the writer of the best one submitted four free Pro-phy-lac-tics every year for life. In case of a tie, the same prize will be given to each. Your chance is as good as anyone's. Mail the coupon or write a letter. The winning headline will be selected by the George Batten Company, Inc., Advertising Agents.
This offer expires on May 9, 1925.

Made in America by Americans

Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Co., Florence, Mass. 11-C4 Gentlemen: I suggest the following as a new headline for the advertisement from which this coupon was clipped:....

Any brush will clean a flat surface—but your teeth are not flat. Every tooth has five sides. The saw-tooth, cone-shaped bristles of the Prophylactic cleans between teeth. The diagrams showyou.

thing in the Add a "dash" of sparkling,

clean-tasting, refreshing ENO to your early morning glass of cold or hot water. This is an effective and comfortable way to relieve and to forestall constipation. The absolute purity of ENO renders it equally satisfactory to the young or old, the weak or strong. ENO has been the world-famous Health Drink for over 50 years.

> At all Druggists 75c and \$1.25

HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO., Inc. 171 Madison Avenue, New York
Toronto Sydney Wellington Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., London, England

Start the Day Right With

for Inner Cleanliness



Easterners who lived there, at a little after eleven. He had disappeared, swiftly, in the big black car. At four o'clock he had telephoned the police station.

Five hours. The thing had torn Santa Barbara wide

open.

No one believed—at least no one who knew them—that Maurice Greer had shot Veronica. If he had been going to shoot her, he would have done it years before. There had been cause enough.

In fact why Maurice Greer, who might have married almost anyone, had ever married Veronica Talamantes, no one in Santa Barbara had ever quite understood. It was even rumored that he might have married the famous heiress, Janet Grant. Janet herself knew that nothing but the fact that he had never asked her had kept him from it. He was that kind of a man—a throw-back to all that was romantic, all that was poetical, able somehow to melt the hearts of women with that tender, wistful,

unscrupulous smile of his.

And with all that, he had suddenly married Veronica Talamantes, whom lesser men had never taken the trouble to marry.

The truth was that he had loved her. And

he had married her, as she knew, because being what he was himself, Maurice Greer could not find it in some secret, chivalrous corner of his heart to judge or condemn any woman. One night Veronica Talamantes had spoken brokenly, bitterly, of the odds that life had stacked against her. And that strange chivalry in Maurice that made him every woman's champion, except against himself, sent him to his knees before this girl whom all the world condemned, this bedraggled, bitter damsel in distress

But it was not long before he knew himself tricked and cheated.

There were people in Santa Barbara who said that Veronica could not help herself, that her heritage of bad blood was too much for her. And they, of course, were not surprised when they heard how she had been found that June dawn, in the cluttered, perfumed room.

But that Maurice, after six years of playing the game as Veronica played it, after six years of taking his fun where he found it while she should suddenly have shot his did the same, tawdry, unfaithful, unloved wife—that was too silly. Everyone said so. Everyone except the police.

HEY merely said, very politely, "Of course, Mr. Greer, there won't be any trouble about your telling us exactly where you were between eleven and four that night."

Maurice Greer laughed. "Our old friend the

alibi, eh?" he said, his eyebrows making a very sophisticated but rather pathetic question mark in his forehead.

"If you don't mind," said the district attorney—it had been taken over by the district attorney by that time—"I should like to know especially about the hours between two and four. It was after two that Mrs. Greer was shot."

"An alibi," said Maurice Greer, musingly. "I should have thought of that. I dare say there are a number of people who would have lied for me. Good society melodrama, this. understand society melodramas's very popular in the movies just now." He lighted a cigaret and made the other man a little bow. He was always a bit of an actor. "I'm sorry, my dear sir: I have no alibi.

And that was that.
"Of course," said Mrs. William Wosley
Grant when she heard of it, "it's all perfectly ridiculous. I've read of such things, but I certainly never thought one would happen to us. He was with some woman. Anyone can see that. Evidently with some woman he had no business to be with. Maurice always found that kind the most interesting. But it's silly of him not to tell now. As if a woman who would receive Maurice Greer, with his repu-

tation, between two and four in the morning,

deserved any protection. At least I hope she'll have the decency to own up."

But she did not own up.

Of course at first there seemed no real necessity. Maurice Greer wouldn't be convicted. Everyone was sure of that. Possibly that was why he was convicted.

Maurice Greer was convicted and sentenced to spend the rest of his life behind the walls of San Quentin, instead of in the pursuits of pleasure which had hitherto occupied him. Even then, the woman did not own up.
"The thing I hate most," said Mrs. Grant

vindictively on the afternoon when she had allowed her well-known weakness for Maurice to influence her to the extent of permitting Janet to go and say good-by to him, "is thinking that Veronica may know of all this and be laughing at us. The little beast."

Janet Grant, heiress to all the Grant millions and the social prestige that went with them, only continued to look out the window, her only continued to look out the window, her homely, freckled little face pinched. At last she said, "I wonder who the woman is." The world—the whole newspaper-reading world—also wondered. For seven days. Then

it forgot.

Only Janet Grant wondered about the women who wait at prison gates. Would a man be glad to see even the wrong woman then, if she had proved herself? Janet did not And one other woman could not. forget.

AND so Burke and Gretchen Innes stood face to face, in the warm intimacy of their frelit library—Burke and Gretchen Innes, whom everyone knew to be the happiest of married couples: Burke, with his rigid, old-fashioned code of honor and conduct, his standard of clean sportsmanship; and Gretchen his wife, whose name was like a star among the Japanese lanterns of the women of her set

Between them lay those five words, "He was here--with me.

having remembered all those things which it was necessary for him to remember, Burke Innes thrust his hands deep into the pockets of his gray house-coat and said very quietly to his wife: "Then he was here when his wife was shot. Where"—he was fighting hard to keep his voice level and steady, that it might remind him that he was a gentleman and not a savage—"where was I?"
"Don't you remember? You'd gone to Los

Angeles to play in the tournament for the

state championship. "Oh, yes. And w "Oh, yes. And while I was away—Maurice Greer came here—"

Gretchen set her jaw, looking at him angrily, miserably. Words were so hard for Gretchen. She hated words. They were so inadequate. Why, they had been married for years before she ever found the abandon to say to Burke the million love thoughts-wild, gorgeous love thoughts-that all the time had seethed in her heart and head for him.

And besides, it had been their way, a secretly mutual, secretly understood way, to avoid talk of serious things. Now she must attempt to throw a bridge of words across the hell that yawned between them, and she felt it to be a

flimsy, treacherous thing that would cast her headlong into the depths. Finally she said, "Burke, perhaps I could make you understand—" Her voice died,

of hopelessness and agony and shame.
Those dark brows of Burke Innes's drew down heavily over his eyes. "I didn't know you and Maurice Greer were friends."
"We weren't. Of course we weren't. How

silly—
"Then-He waited for her. Gave her every chance. Would not condemn her unheard. Would not hurry her. But something of what that waiting cost him wrote itself in the sharp lines that carved themselves from his nostril's to his lips.

Gretchen flung across the room because she could not stand there before him, even though his eyes were upon the Bokhara rug

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How like Gretchen to pretend, now, to be angry. She had pretended, so, to be angry when the birth pangs tore her, and angrier still when death hovered so very close above her small, disordered head. It was self-defense, that progress Gretchen's

small, disordered head. It was self-defense, that anger of Gretchen's.

He wondered, in deepest misery, what had betrayed them into this horrible place.

Maurice Greer—of all men. The sort of man they called a sheik. All Burke's young clean manhood revolted from the thing. Why, he was probably soft all over from lack of exercise. It would be easy to take him in one hand and break him in two.

He dragged his mind back from that flaming desire. For Maurice Greer was in prison. He had gone to prison because some woman did not speak when he might not.

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"T CAN never make you understand," said Gretchen's voice, harshly despairing. She sat on the arm of the chair, one silver toe moving back and forth across the body of the great Dane. "The such a fool at talking. And nobody can explain the unexplainable. But I'll try. For God's sake, listen—listen. "They plead temporary insanity as a defense for murder, don't they? Well, there are other things that ought to have temporary insanity as a defense, too. They ought, they ought. "Years ago, before I knew you, Maurice and I were—oh, nothing. Only, one night at a dance he kissed me. That's all. And I liked it and so did he. He was the only man before you that ever made me feel—I think, Burke, he was the only man who ever kissed me. I wasn't a girl who let men kiss me—"

wasn't a girl who let men kiss me——"

The little appeal choked her, but she stiffened

herself again.

"Well, when Maurice kissed me it thrilled me so that I was afraid—because it was new, and I did not like him. I did not. I went home and lay awake all night, remembering it and not liking him. But whenever I saw him, my breath always stopped and I felt that dizzy little thrill, and I knew he could move me, weight. I think he must have known it too.

terribly. I think he must have known it, too.
"But then—you came. And you were my
love and my man, and I had been created for

love and my man, and I had been created for you and I had been waiting for you always, and you loved me, and my real life began then. "But when you have kissed a man like that, it's an unfinished thing. It's like a snake lying in a shell waiting to hatch. You forget it, but it lies there. When we met there was always just a little something between us—a little secret understanding. I know it now. "And on that night I had been sitting for hours under the pomegranate trees. You know, Burke, how heavenly it can be down there? I could see the moon on the water, a silver mantle of romance. And the garden was

silver mantle of romance. And the garden was

silver mantle of romance. And the garden was so sweet.

"The rest—is harder to tell, Burke. Harder. But I had been reading some silly poetry, and some sillier sophisticated stories. And there came to me a foolish, foolish thought such as women have sometimes. I wondered if I had missed part of the glory of life and love because I hadn't had—many loves. I wondered if I had been listening all the time to one melody, when there were many melodies if only a woman cared to open her ears to them. I a woman cared to open her ears to them. I felt—this was my greatest sin, darling—I felt as if our love were dull and domestic and drab because it was safe and sane and righteous. And it seemed to me that all the romance in the world was dead and I would never know it the world was dead and I would never know it again. And that made my heart ache with the queerest, saddest ache I had ever known. It was all because of that silly poem I had been reading about a woman of—many loves.

"I don't think I had been dozing—just dreaming. Anyway, when I saw it all again, the world didn't seem real at all. It was a world crying for romance—crying.

"He saw me sitting there and he stopped his car by the wall below the pomegranate trees. He jumped the wall and came in. I remember

He jumped the wall and came in. I remember he didn't wear any hat and his hair was smooth and glistening in the moonlight. He looked so

## Will your hair stay beautiful?

yes - if you heed nature's 3 warning signals

MILLIONS of women — whose hair is beautiful to-day—will have scraggly, stringy, scanty hair tomorrow. Will you be one of them?

Find out, to-day, what danger threatens your scalp. Simply look for Nature's 3 signs of warning. Then follow the Wildroot treatments given on this page.

Your druggist or department store has Wildroot Hair Tonic and other Wildroot products.

Here are the warnings:-

- I If your hair is too oily-beware!
- 2 If your hair is very dry-beware!
- 3 If you find dandruff-beware! WILDROOT CO., INC., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Is your scalp oily? Shampoo the hair once each week, using the following treatment: Rub a tablespoonful of Wildroot Taroleum into the scalp with your finger tips. Apply warm water, and let the snowy, antiseptic lather absorb the oily dirt. Rinse thoroughly, and follow with cold water. When follow with cold water. dry, massage the scalp with Wildroot Quinine Hair Dress.



#### Is your scalp dry?

Once every other week, give yourself this treatment: Remove dandruff from scalp by applying Wildroot Hair Tonic. Then gently massage a tablespoonful of Wildroot Taroleum into the scalp. Cover your head with a hot towel for five minutes. With more Taroleum and warm water, shampoo the hair. Rinse well, and follow with cold water.





## Have you found dandruff?

Two or three times a week (in severe cases, every day), apply Wildroot Hair Tonic to the scalp. This should be done in the most thorough manner, parting the hair so as to reach every spot on the scalp — and massag-ing gently with the fingers. Finish by dressing the hair with the tonic, one strand at a time.



# takes all odor out

Every woman who values the appeal of her feminine charm should know about "Mum," the dainty and effective cream-deodorant.

of perspiration

"Mum" keeps you free all day and evening from the inevitable odor of perspiration that is so destructive to your personal daintiness.

Careful women use "Mum" regularly with the sanitary napkinproof of its effectiveness and safety.

"Mum" is 25c and 50c at all stores, or see Special Offer.

(Men also know that "Well-groomed" means more than "Well-dressed." They are just as alive to the importance of using "Mum" to prevent the unpleasant odor of perspiration as women are.)

#### Remove Unwanted Hair

There is a safe, quick, sure way of removing unwanted hair from the underarms, face, neck or limbs.

Evans's Depilatory Outfit does not make the hair come back coarser as sheving does. Complete outfit ready for instant use—enough to last for months—75 cents at stores or see Special Offer.

Special Offen Coupe

Special Oper Coupon
Mum Mfg. Ce., 1109 Chestnut St., Philadelphia  Herewith. for offer checked.  "Mum" 25c.  "Amoray" Powder Perfume Talc 25c.  Evans's Depilatory Outfit 75c.  Both "Mum" and "Amoray" 40c.  All three—\$1.25  worth for \$1.
Name
Address
Dealer's Name
Dealer's Address
MUM.

young and handsome and fair—not as though he could possibly be evil. He kissed my hand, there in the garden."

Again Burke had to listen to the death of

that hot, breaking, shameful voice.
"Cheap. Cheap and common and shameful it was. But, Burke, I forgot I was a married woman. I even forgot you. I even forgot" —but that name she could not name in this one "I just remembered that old, unfinished

Story—"I just remembered that one, similarity kiss and I was a silly girl again.
"I cannot explain to you about Maurice.
No woman could explain Maurice to a man. Only there is something that stirs your pulses, and swamps you in a fire of tenderness.

The poor, worn voice whispered now, the

shameful secret of it all.

"And, Burke, maybe women have a beast within, just as men have. Only he is more tightly chained and there is less chance for him to break forth and wreak havoc—havoc. But because women do not know he is there, when he does clamor, they have less defense, because

they do not know.
"When he kissed me again-

"I must have been mad. I tell you I must have been mad. Don't you see? I am not cheap. I am not common. I am not untrustworthy. My whole life says I am not. Am I then to be judged by one moment of madness?

"And then I hated him. I hated him. I hate him now. I could kill him. When a man has been drunk and finds some low woman beside him, doesn't he hate her and hate himself, and want to kill her and himself?

"Because that is the way I felt about

Maurice, when he left me.

"I had my name to think of, my son, you—
and I hated him. I hope he rots in a prison
cell. But I wish he would not haunt me so—
in prison. In prison. It thought at least you would never have to know. But he has made me tell you-by haunting me.

The broken glass cried out beneath her restless feet.

"Then you and he didn't agree about this-silence?" said Burke.

His voice was cold. His face was severe enough now, his lean, dark face that could be so forbidding in spite of its youth.

And she saw accusation in his eves Gretchen went scarlet, painfully, horribly. Shame was upon her, enveloping her. Shame was in the aching breath he saw her draw, in the hands that twisted and untwisted. "I never saw him again," she cried at him.

"I never saw him again," she cried at him.
"I hope I will never see him again. I can see in
your face that you—can't forgive me, but I
tell you—." She stopped.
Quietly he said: "I'll have to think this thing
out, Gretchen. I want you to think it out.
We must see what we can do about it. I must go away, until we can think this thing out.'

She started toward him. The pain in his The suffering in his gray eyes. And she could not comfort him.

The door closed behind him, not loudly, but with a horrible finality.

Gretchen staggered.

"He's—gone," she said to the great Dane, who rose and came close to her, pressing himself against her knees to console her.

Above the wind that shook the tree tops she heard the car purr away-away.

But all the time, strangely, the mist seemed to be clearing from her brain. Well, this was the end—the end of everything. She had told him. That was necessary. And now he had gone away, and there had been accusation in

But she was no longer haunted. Not as she had been. Only for the first time, now, she began to think of Maurice Greer without that murderous film of scarlet hatred.

He had not told. He had taken a life sentence in prison rather than tell. It must be tence in prison rather than tell. It must be terrible to be shut up in prison, to face the long years of life from behind those steel bars.

And she had shut him there.

The old arguments filed past her. But she

knew them now for what they had always been—part of her hatred, part of her revenge. "Oh God, what a rotter I've been!" she cried to the silent night.

Then a new fear walked in, to keep her ghastly company.

If she told now! Perhaps, after a while Burke might forgive her. Perhaps time might soften that judgment that had looked out of He had loved her greatly. his eyes. some day he might forgive her, as other men had forgiven their wives, and they might wipe

out the past and be happy as they had been.

But if she cried her shame to the world, she made that impossible. If she dragged that proud name of his into the gutter, if she took upon herself this scandal that had rocked the whole nation, she would shut herself from him forever.

He could never forgive the woman whom the world would know as Maurice Greer's alibi And still that inner conviction grew and

She shuddered away from the coldnesses, the insults, most of all from the fellowship, the equality of cheap women whom she had loathed and who would welcome her now as one of themselves, whether she would or no.

But none of these things mattered, now that

the mist was gone. Clear-cut as a gallows against the sun, the things that she must do stood forth. Only when it was done could her soul know peace with itself.

HE district attorney of Santa Barbara County was a little surprised the next morning when a slightly flustered stenographer came in to tell him that Mrs. Burke Innes wanted to see him at once. He told the stenographer to show her in and was almost instantly aware of a lady standing in the doorway.

A very arrogant, imperial lady, in a short white skirt with an indefinable distinction about it, and a woolly orange sweater, buttoned up high about her throat, and an impudent orange hat, pulled far down over her right eye.
But for all her perfection of grooming, all

her smart arrogance, the district attorney somehow got the impression that this lady had not slept, had certainly not closed those dark blue, angry eyes all night long. And he felt that the scarlet bow of her mouth had been painted on over gray lips.
"I want to tell you something," she said in a

cold, crisp voice.

Now the district attorney had heard many astounding confessions in that unpretentious office. As a rule, he spurred men and women on

to those confessions. That was his business.
But looking at this haughty orange and white
lady, with the impudent orange hat pulled down over her right eye, he felt a desire, an imperative desire, to keep her from speaking. He did not want to hear what she had to say.

He had never felt like that before.

"Maurice Greer," said the lady—and now
the scarlet bow of her lips was plainly painted
like a scarlet letter upon her white face— "Maurice Greer was with me on the night his wife was murdered. He was with me from midnight until four o'clock. He was with me between two and three, when she was killed. He did not kill her. Will you be kind enough to make out the necessary papers or—or whatever is correct legally, and I will do whatever it is essential for me to do."
She looked, this orange and white lady,

with that impudent orange hat pulled so rakishly over her right eye, like a woman who knows that she has just signed her own death

warrant.

THE group of men lounging in the club dressing-rooms turned at the sound of the shrill whistle and the horrified "My God!" that followed it. There were five or six men in the dressing-rooms. It was noon of the day of the finals in the most science. day of the finals in the men's singles.

Big Jim Turner was there, looking at the

comic section of the morning paper and giving

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speak . way. over to forth riotous guffaws like a fourteen-year-old schoolboy. With him were the Renny brothers, slim and a little shy, their mild blue eyes and straw hair indicating nothing of their demon swiftness and accuracy upon the tennis-courts; and wizened, dried-up Little Phil Dellivan, beginning to go bald, but still a wizard in the staff the upexpected.

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ginning to go bald, but still a wizard in the art of the unexpected.

With Burke Innes, they were the ranking tennis stars of the State—a state, moreover, that had produced some tennis champions.

Burke Innes had been there himself only a

moment before, long and lean and dark and dangerous—the personification of the best in American athletes. He always looked younger, too, in his tennis clothes, and almost handsome, because of his fine shoulders and slender

waist.

The large fat man who had whistled came forward. In his hands he held a futuristic afternoon extra, bright pink paper from which black and green head-lines screamed.

"I say," he gasped, "this is terrible!"

The youngest Renny brother was looking ever his shoulder and his face had gone role.

over his shoulder and his face had gone pale. Even Jim Turner, upon whom things dawned slowly off the tennis-court, had finally been jarred into nervousness.

jarred into nervousness.

"What is it?" he said.
"Burke Innes's wife," said Barney. "I
wouldn't have believed it. This is terrible!"

"You said that once already," said Little
Phil. "Is she dead?"

"No. Worse. Much worse."

He read it, wheezing with excitement between paragraphs. There was a little comprehending, shamefaced pause when he finished.
"Where's Burke?" said Little Phil.
"He was here just a minute ago," said Jim
Turner. "I guess we better put off the
matches."
"He had a paper," said the older Renny

"He had a paper," said the older Renny other. "I saw him take it from the boy. brother. I didn't know

"It wouldn't be fair for him to play today," said Jim Turner slowly. "Especially the finals. Gosh, it must have taken a lot of nerve

mais. Gosh, it must have taken a lot of nerve for a woman to do that. To walk right up and tell on herself."

"What else could she do, for God's sake?" said Little Phil. "Let a guy spend the rest of his life in jail for something he didn't do?"

"I wonder what we'd better do about the

his life in jail for something he didn't do?"
"I wonder what we'd better do about the matches," said Barney, perspiring freely; "this is terrible. The biggest crowd we've ever had, too. Mrs. Grant's here already—giving a luncheon. And I tell you, this will be just like throwing a bombshell. The Burke Inneses of all people. She was always so strict, too. Now Maurice will be out, and I wonder if he'll marry Janet Grant. I suppose everybody'll make a hero out of him."

At exactly that moment Burke Innes strolled in. He had the afternoon paper in his hand. His face was set like a mask, but his eyes were alight, unreadable but brilliant. "Great crowd we've got, Barney," he said in his level, steady voice; and then, to Jim Turner, "And I'm going to beat you this afternoon if it takes a leg." And he smiled. "Then," said Barney, wiping his forehead, "we aren't going to call the matches off?" Burke Innes looked at him coldly. "Why," he asked, "should you call the matches off?"

CIRETCHEN INNES folded a black and gold kimono and laid it carefully in the shining black leather suitcase. Then she folded one of the shiften wightnesses that Abbie had laid black leather suitcase. Then she folded one of the chiffon nightgowns that Abbie had laid out so carefully on the bed. She was just smoothing it absently when Abbie came in. As she came in, Abbie said, "That was Mr. Innes on the phone, Miss Gretchen." Gretchen's hand turned to stone. "Yes?" she said, and she felt that the beating of her heart must shake her voice. "He said it wasn't necessary for him to speak to you," said Abbie in a matter-of-fact way. "He just wants you to come right on over to the Country Club as soon as you can.



THERE'S a thrill of accomplishment in being able to command admiration for one's personal charm. And yet what an army of women there are who, through carelessness or neglect, fail to bring out in their faces the beauty with which Nature endowed them!

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Changes to just that shade of blush rose that is warm, young, and natural.

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He said to be sure to come, because he's playing Jim Turner in the finals this afternoon and he wants you there."
"Is that all he said?"

"Is that all he said."

Abbie laid a little pile of silk and lace on the floor. "You need some more of those brassières, Miss Gretchen," she said, "but I guess these'll do till you get home. Oh, he said tell you be sure to come. Not to let anything interfere."
Then, as her mistress did not stir, "Here's your hat," said Abbie. "You haven't got your nat, said Addie. "You haven't got time to change. Anyway, that looks all right for a tennis match."

Mrs. Burke Innes pulled the orange sport hat far down over her right eye and tucked the

unruly lion-cub mop under it, so that only the

edges of it showed.

"My gloves, Abbie," said Mrs. Burke Innes, and her voice had the desperate determination of a woman who has pulled herself up to it by her boot straps—"my gloves."

She drew them on, angrily controlling the hands that would have trembled.

"My bag," said Mrs. Burke Innes, and Abbie thought she had never seen anything so defiant and yet so frightened as the way Mrs. Innes swung the bizarre trifle over her wrist.

"Will you be in for dinner, Miss Gretchen?"

"I don't know, Abbie," said Mrs. Burke Innes. "Oh—I don't know."

But to herself she was saying, over and over, "Has he seen the papers? Oh God, has he seen the papers?"

The Country Club stands were packed so that not an inch of boards showed between the smart sport skirts and the smarter white flannels and tweed golf trousers. Everybody who was anybody, whether they knew anything about tennis or not, had come to the

As Barney had predicted, the afternoon paper had exploded in Santa Barbara and Montecito like a bombshell. Every now and then between games, that rushing, sibilant roar, like the hissing of many serpents, swept

That Burke Innes should play had seemed the crowning surprise of the day that had witnessed the biggest shock they had ever

"That's Burke Innes's idea of good sports-manship," said Mrs. Grant with a sniff. "I might have known that. I hope he realizes that Maurice Greer was something of a sport himself.

Bur when, just in the pause between sets-Jim Turner had won the first set and Burke Innes by magnificent service and sheer, blind-ing speed had captured the second one—when a lady came across the strip of lawn from the clubhouse and entered her box alone, the whole stands were literally flabbergasted, literally struck dumb for the space of an entire minute.

They watched her in bewildered silence, this arrogant orange and white lady, who flung her white coat so nonchalantly over a chair and ettled herself so unconcernedly in another. Her sharp little chin was held very high, and she did not seem to see the hundreds of faces that stared at her-stared and stared.

They could not see, of course, how her heart-beats were actually shaking her whole body, or how each breath cost her such a struggle that she believed she could never, never take another.

They could only watch her haughtiness and her indifference, and then the silence broke in a gasp, and the gasp was followed by that hiss-ing, rushing sound as of many waters. Gretchen did not see them. She knew they

were there, like horrible creatures in a night-mare. But she was really conscious of only one thing—the lean, dark, hard figure on the tennis-courts in the sun.

Had he seen the paper?
"Well," said Mrs. Grant, rubbing her nose in a way that was characteristic but hardly aristocratic, "I didn't think she'd dare."
"Why not?" said Janet Grant bitterly. "I'd be glad to be able to do what she's done." The match ended.

And then Burke Innes did one of those things that a Burke Innes never does. One of those theatrical, dashing things that might have theatrical, dashing things that might have been done—oh, by a Maurice Greer, for instance. But, being Burke Innes, he did it well, so boldly and impressively that everyone in the grand stands held their breath.

For he came off the court where he had played so brilliantly, and went straight to his wife and bowed gallantly above her little able.

wife and bowed gallantly above her little white and orange glove. Being the victor, it had almost the air of a knight coming to receive the reward of conquest.

And he said, loud enough so that many eople about could hear and thus repeat later: 'If I won, my dear, it's only because I wanted to pay tribute to the standard of gameness and good sportsmanship that you have set me today."

"Ah," said Mrs. Grant, when some excited bystander had carried the speech to her box, where she still lingered, "that is very clever. He is trying to becloud the issue. He means to stand by her and make us like it. That's all very fine, but I shan't do it. I think Maurice is quite the most heroic of them all, and I shan't do it."
"Well," said her daughter, with the first defiance of twenty-five years, "I shall."
And so it happened that Janet Grant slipped her arm through Gretchen's, and they walked, laughing and talking very brightly indeed, the

laughing and talking very brightly indeed, the length of that inquisitorial grand stand, with Burke Innes strolling beside them.

In the car Gretchen said explosively, "You did that so wonderfully, Burke! But—what about just you and me?

Her husband smiled at her. "You're funny, Gretchen," he said.
"Maybe," said Gretchen, "but—does that

mean, Burke, that you've forgiven me?"
"It looks rather like it, doesn't it?" said Burke Innes, very busy piloting the big road-ster out of the grounds through the crowds of expensive automobiles.

"Then you've—seen the papers?"

"Of course"

"Of course.

"And you forgive me in spite of my telling the district attorney-

"In spite of your telling the district attorney!" said Burke Innes, turning utterly astonished gray eyes upon her. "Good God, Gretchen, did you think I could ever have forgiven you if you hadn't done that?"
"You mean—you wouldn't have forgiven me if I hadn't proved Maurice's alibi?" she

gasped at him.

"There was never anything else to forgive," said Burke Innes. "I can't talk a lot of rot, you know. But no man is capable of judging the temptations and defeats and victories of a woman's soul, Gretchen. And—women are so much better than we are. I wasn't so dumb I didn't understand your temporary insanity defense, Gretchen. Every man could understand that if he didn't hang on to his man-pride too tight. I felt sorry. But—men and women aren't different, they're just human beings. I tried to do as I know you would have beings. I tried to do as I know you would have done if I'd—made that mistake. I shall always be sorry, but I knew every word you said was true, and that you had loved me—and only

"Butke," said Gretchen and he knew that she
"Butke," said Gretchen and he knew that she
"Burke," said Gretchen and he knew that she

was weeping at last, "I do think you're a funny

The car swung around the curve and into a shadow cast by the low-hanging oak trees. The man leaned down and crushed her very close to him, so that her small, weeping face was hidden on his shoulder.
"And I do think," he said, "that you're a very game woman, Gretchen, and the best sport I know."

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## And They Lived Happily Ever After

(Continued from page 103)

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a good heart!" she said with a cheerfulness she did not feel.

Alice, with her habit of self-deception, was satisfied with the interview. To be sure Elsie hadn't conferred upon her the crown of martyrdom, but that, she reflected, was not Elsie's way. And in advising a reconciliation Elsie, as Alice considered her friend's counsel, was only doing the conventional thing. As to Spencer, it occurred to Alice on her way home that Elsie probably had advised caution from selfish motives; for Elsie did know far too much about those early meetings at Howard's house and these might, in the event Mort invoked the about those early meetings at Howard's house and these might, in the event Mort invoked the law to get possession of Freida, react unhappily upon Elsie's domestic peace. This, of course, was Elsie's reason for advising against the employment of Avery, who might want to know more than was comfortable.

How and where to see Howard became a serious question now that she faced it. She had rather hoped that Elsie would allow them to meet at her house but Elsie's advice not to see Howard at all made it impossible to suggest this. To tell him over the telephone that she and Mort had separated would rob the news of its dramatic value, and in all the circumstances it would be rash to ask Howard to

When at twelve o'clock she telephoned his office, she learned with dismay that he had been called out of town unexpectedly and might not return for several days.

not return for several days.

She had measurably composed herself by the time Freida came breezily in from her dancing class. The girl's chatter about her visit to the Fergusons' and the events of the school-day only roused new and troublesome questions in Alice's mind. What would they say—all these new acquaintances she had made through Freida? The separation accomplished and considered in plain terms lacked the tinge of romance with which she had invested it.

She got through dinner with a simulation of good cheer, and afterwards helped Freida with her lessons the best she could.

with her lessons the best she could.
"Is papa coming home this week-end?"
Freida asked abruptly. "Seems to me he's away an awful lot."

ALICE laid down her work deliberately and

ALICE laid down her work deliberately and put out her hand to the girl, who having asked the question perfunctorily, glanced at her mother in surprise at the delayed answer.

"Sit down here, Freida. I have strange news to tell you, dear; I've been having a very unhappy time and I need your help. You know you're the dearest thing in the world to me and I've wanted everything in the world for you. You know I always put your happiness first."

"Why, yes, mama," said Freida, aware, with youthful intuition, that something was amiss. "What's the matter? Papa isn't sick, is he?"

amiss. is he?"

"Oh, nothing like that! But we've been having trouble, your father and I. You must have known that—and we've separated. Your father isn't coming here any more." She spoke the words slowly, with an air of reluctance; then as Freida's lips parted and a look of consternation came into her face, Alice went on hurriedly, in the tone of one reluctantly describing an unfortunate occurrence but resolved to meet

"I know it's a great blow but it's something we've got to bear together. You've seen enough for yourself of the way things have been

enough for yourself of the way things have been going to know that two people can't live as your father and I have been doing! It wouldn't be fair to you, dear."

Freida's lips moved convulsively; her eyes swept the room as if she sought escape from some threatened catastrophe. With a sob she dropped upon her knees and buried her face in her mother's lon. in her mother's lap.

200



Society never winks at this weakness

What qualities must a woman have to be a social success—beauty, grace, culture, wit? Society appreciates these but it has never yet closed its doors to the woman who lacks them.

The seeker after social popularity may be utterly without distinction in a dozen ways —in features, family, personality; she may even lack discretion. Yet social success may be hers!

But there is one thing that puts her under a tremendous social handicap-

One thing without which no woman can live up to a man's ideal of her—perfect personal cleanliness!

It is hardly an exaggeration to say that perspiration odor and moisture have kept more women from a coveted social position than any other one thing. Yet how many women fail to see when they fall short!

If girls and women—yes, and men, too—could only understand that soap and water cannot counteract this disagreeable thing! Special measures are necessary to keep the underarms always dry and odorless.

The one perfect precaution now regularly used by 3,000,000 people is the under-arm toilette—Odorono!

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Suchalittle thing and yet it means so much! Adopt the underarm toilette now; have for yourself the ease and comfort of mind its regular use means. Get a bottle of Odorono at any toilet counter; 35c, 6oc and \$1 or sent by mail postpaid.

#### Send for dainty sample set

I will send you 3 generous samples for the complete underarm toilette—Odorono, Creme Odorono (for odor only) and Odorono Depilatory, together with booklet of information on perspiration problems. Complete sample set, 100; any one sample, 50. Mail coupon now.

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	385 Blair Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio
	Please send me sample set of Odorono, Creme Odorono and Odorono

Depilatory with booklet, for which I enclose 10c.

Address .....

(Note: Sample of any one, 5c)





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Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions. Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets.

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comes a limpid pool of fragrance, filling the air with a subtle, protocative enchantual cere becomes so soft to the touch that you love to feel it on your body. The pores are 13', yet gently, cleansed that imperfections of the skin begin to vanish as the by may finally, as you step from your tub, an enduring fragrance clings to you that keeps the conditions of the skin begin to work the stand dainty long afterward. Truly this is a luxury no gentlewoman will forego she has enjoyed it. 25c, 50c and \$1.00 at drug and department stores. Decears FREE if you write the C. S. WELCH CO., Dept. C. B., NEW YORK CITY.

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you a box of Peedodyne Solvent for you to try.

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"I know it's hard," murmured Alice, stroking the girl's hair. "But you know you still have me. We'll always have each other, dear. That's my one comfort in this trouble.

"But—but—won't I ever see papa any more?" Freida faltered, lifting her head to search her mother's face. "It isn't as if he was dead!"

"Of course not, dear. It's not like that at all. We can probably arrange some way for you to see him if you care to. But you must be patient. There are so many things for me to think about now. I wouldn't want you to have any hard feeling about your father; I wouldn't say a word to prejudice you against him; but after a while, when you're older, you'll understand about it. This has been coming on for a long time, and I bore with your father's ways as long as I could. It's better for you, dear, not to live in an atmosphere of constant bickering. And I'm going to do all I can to bickering. And I'm going to do all I can to make things easy for you. There's really nothing so unusual about it; lots of people find themselves unhappy to a point where they can't go on and the break has to come. That's just what's happened with your father and me."

She ended with a sigh; but Freida, having met the first shock, was turning her young imagination upon the future.

"Does it mean you and papa will be di-

"Does it mean you and papa will be di-vorced?" she asked in an awed whisper.

vorced?" she asked in an awed whisper.
"I suppose that will have to come. But
don't trouble about it, dear. There's nothing so
dreadful about that. That's the easiest part
of a trouble like mine. We're going to do the
best we can, you and I."

"But people will talk about us!" cried
Freida with another outburst of tears. "They
always talk about people will talk about us!"

always talk about people who get divorced! There's Mary Kimball—Mary's parents are divorced. Her father got crazy about some divorced. Her father got crazy about some other woman and went off and left them, and Mary's one of the nicest girls at school but when the other girls are talking about their fathers—Mary—Mary—"
"That isn't kind of them, of course, dear. Mary's one of the nicest of all your friends. You know I've always been glad to have you bring Mary home."
"And now I can't go away to school! We

"And now I can't go away to school! We can't live in this house any more!"
"Please don't! You're not helping me at all if you cry like that! Your year away at school will be taken care of. I fought for that with

your father and I'm not going to drop it now.'

Alice was relieved when it was over. As soon as she could make definite plans she would either give Freida a year at an Eastern school or take her abroad for a year. They went upstairs together, and while Alice was undressing she heard Freida crying.

Long after Alice had believed her asleep

Freida called her.

"It seems so lonesome, mama," she whis-pered as Alice bent over her.

Even when the girl's hand relaxed and with a deep sigh she fell asleep, Alice remained, her thoughts racing madly as she fought the fears that the night brought and grasped at the hope that lay in Spencer.

#### CHAPTER XX

OM BOWEN went to the Weston offices that afternoon to have a look at Mort. Mort had merely asked over the telephone if he could be put up for a few days and Tom wanted to re-

assure him of his welcome.
"I didn't come to ask questions; just to let you know how tickled I am to have you. Your trunk arrived and I've planted you in my sole

trunk arrived and I've planted you in my sole guest room, where you can stay forever if you please. I suppose the worst has happened?"
"Yes; there didn't seem any way out of it, Tom. I have no intention of talking about it or explaining it. I want to make it as easy as possible for Alice. She wanted me to go; I made her say the word."
"I'd hat to see you."
"I'd hat to see you."

"I'd hate to see you put in the wrong. I'm at your service if you should want any explanations made. But now, before it's too

Hears late, I'm v the thing "Nothi husiness a about it a to do. Freida, th where you our tinker suppose a "We'll Alice may she'll regr

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late, I'm willing to see Alice and try to straighten the thing out. She might listen to reason."
"Nothing to be gained by that. She knows what she's doing. It was a pretty disagreeable business at the end. Of course I'll tell you about it after a while. Luckily I've got plenty to do. It's a wrench, leaving the house, to do. It's a within, leaving the house, Freida, the garden, the workshop in the garage where you and I have had such bully times with our tinkering. I don't want to lose Freida. I suppose a father has some rights in his own child," he ended bitterly.

"We'll see what can be done about that.

"We'll see what can be done about that. Alice may come to her senses. Sooner or later she'll regret this. I only hope she'll see her mistake before the thing's talked about as it's bound to be. I suppose it would be as well for you to tell Joe what's happened. You two are pretty intimately associated here and I think he would prefer to hear any such thing from any direct." you direct

you direct."

"I've already told him—just the fact, in a few words. He was fine about it; just said to keep my mouth shut and let him know if he could do anything for me."

"Oh, Joe's all right. He has his own code and he lives up to it. One of the best things I know about Joe is that he's so keen about you. You may be sure of his friendliness."

They went to luncheon together, and as More's

They went to luncheon together, and as Mort's meriness was evident and he was to plunge the next day into new territory that seemed a promising field for Doremus, Tom persuaded m to drive out to the bungalow.

"I've got some chores to do in town but you un out and loaf and invite your soul. Don't let this break your spirit. It's rotten of course; up! I have my own ideas about the whole damned thing, and I think you're acting magnificently.

JOSHUA, Tom's man-of-all-work, welcomed Mort at the bungalow and helped to distribute Mort at the bungarow and helped to distribute his effects in a pleasant little room whose windows afforded a view up the river. His trunk disposed of, Mort went for a walk, finding solace in the country peace; oddly conscious of thinking of himself as a man bereft of distribute his best of the country peace. all ties, a lonely ghost of a man wandering in a once-familiar world and finding it strange and

The sense of unreality was still upon him after he returned to the bungalow and dozed for a time on the divan in the living-room. He wakened with a start and went to the window as a blue coupé rolled over the loose gravel of the driveway and Helen Weston alighted. of the driveway and Helen Weston alighted. Tom's two setters greeted her joyously. With a wave of her hand to Joshua in the kitchen door she set off immediately along the river path, attended by the dogs. This must be one of the days, Mort surmised, when she sought escape from herself by taking a tramp. He watched her from the open window till she passed from sight, walking with her long swings stride, the dogs scampering ahead and dartng stride, the dogs scampering ahead and dartng back for a caress

To see her today of all days! That night at the Prestons', when she had confessed so much only to say they must not meet again, she had hinted that some need of her own had brought them together that stormy day in the park. It might be—he caught at the idea—that some similar hunger for companionship had again

dung her across his path. The day gained warmth and sweetness from the mere fact of her proximity. His sensa-tions were akin to those of a released prisoner ha few minutes he saw her again as the path me with the bluff and she paused to play with mse with the bluff and she paused to piay with the dogs. He overcame a strong impulse to follow her, possessed by the desire beyond any imaginable thing to hear her voice and watch the changing light in her eyes. She could hardly know what had befallen him or that he had established himself at her brother's. But after she had so explicitly told him at the after she had so explicitly told him at the Prestons' that they must not meet again, it would be ungracious to put himself in her way.



## It's a daughter's right to know and a mother's duty to tell her

MOTHER and daughter. It is one of nature's closest kinships, yet how often is there a gulf between!

The responsibility is chiefly that of the older woman. When apart from her daughter, she is full of good resolutions, planning to speak frankly. But when they are together she finds it increasingly difficult to approach delicate subjects, made still more delicate by the old-fashioned sustance of suridays. custom of avoidance.

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#### THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

School and College Bureau

Dept. C. 15 N. Wells St., Chicago, Illinois

He moved about the living-room, dipping into half a dozen books, only to fling them aside. He needed her and she had come! With an impatient shake of the head he tried to direct his thoughts away from her. He went into the studio and surveyed Tom's latest work; only to find himself lingering before a rough pastel of Helen's head. Now that he knew that she was near his troubles no longer weighed upon him. Even if he dared not speak to her there was happiness in the knowledge that she still walked the earth. He lounged back to the living-room and found Joshua preparing to serve tea.
"When Mis' Weston comes out to walk she

always likes tea 'fo' she goes home," the negro explained. "I'll jes' fix a place fo' you and Mistuh Tom. He lakly to drop 'long mos'

"Does Mrs. Weston come here often?"

Mort asked, debating whether to run away.

"Not so often, but kind o' sudden lak. She

jes' jumps out o' her machine lak she done today and sta'ts right off with the dawgs. Them settuhs is plumb crazy 'bout Mis' Them settuhs is plumb crazy 'bout Mis' Weston. Jes' the same when Mistuh Tom's heah. Mis' Weston always goes right straight to what she's goin' to do. She say sometimes she's inspectah o' the rivah—jokin' lak."

WITH wavering resolution Mort watched the preparations for tea. There was still time to escape and he had walked to the door that opened on the veranda when she came in through the studio, with the dogs bounding

"Out! Both of you! Your master never allows you in the house! Joshua, put the rascals out!"

She lifted her head and found Mort watch-

ing her.
"Oh, dear me! I didn't know there was company!" She quickly recovered from her surprise and began drawing off her gloves. "Where's old Tom? Is he hiding somewhere?"

"No; I left him in town, but he's due." "Oh, he didn't know I was coming; he never knows! But that makes no difference. I dash out now and then for a walk and Joshua gives me tea with or without Tom. Won't you share these humble refreshments?"

"I meant to skip before you came, but I wasn't quick enough. I wouldn't want you to think I was lying in wait for you—I had no idea you were complete." idea you were coming here.

"That's a sound alibi; nobody knew I was ming. I just wanted to come out and look at

a smokeless sky—so here I am!"

She poured the hot water into the teapot, rearranged the cups, settled back in her chair and dismissed Joshua with a nod.

"Maybe you'd rather have your tea alone," Mort said, ill at ease, anxious not to displease her. "With all my faults I can take a hint. And this is against your own orders

"Oh, yes, I believe it is. But—if I told you to leave the room it might be slapping Providence in the face. A dangerous proceeding. We're all fatalists at times . . . I supposed you were off somewhere selling Doremus. I'm glad you do occasionally cease from pursuing the wary investor."

Satisfied that she wasn't annoyed to find him in Tom's house Mort rose and took his cup. She talked briskly, asking what he thought of Tom's new pictures and expressing the wish that her brother would go abroad for a year or two and take his painting more seriously. Mort was undecided whether to tell her how he came to be there; but the time was short; Tom might return at any minute and he might not have another opportunity to talk to her alone

I probably ought to tell you why I'm here

"Why, no; really—you needn't——" she smilingly protested. The smile faded as she caught the serious look in his face.

"Alice and I have separated," he said.

"Oh—but—you don't mean it! I'm sorry-ever so sorry!"

"Rather sudden. I wasn't expecting it.
Tom's putting me up till I can get my bearings. "Oh, of course he would do that. But-

surely something can be done! Freida\_\_"
"Yes, Freida! I haven't forgotten Freida Of course she's the one chiefly concerned. And Alice doesn't seem to have the slightest comprehension of the effect of this on Freids

I'm going to do all I can to protect Freida."
"Oh," she interrupted him, "it's not just
Freida you must think about! You've got to think of Mrs. Crane too! People are some times very foolish. There's no manner of happiness to be got from seeing our fellow man

happiness to be got from seeing our lenow man or woman floundering about helplessly!"

"Oh, yes!" he cried impatiently. "You
women all stand together!" He walked the
length of the room, his hands thrust deep into his coat pockets trying to adjust himself to the idea of Helen in the rôle of Alice's defender. It would be a mistake, he realized, to tell her the whole truth about Alice; that could wait: but he must not let her think him unjust and ungenerous.

"No!" she cried with a challenging ring in her voice. "You are wrong! It's one of our weaknesses that we don't!"

"Oh, Alice doesn't want a reconciliation!
She's not a child! She wanted her freedom and she's got it.'

"Even so, don't you still owe her your pro-tection, for her own sake; no matter what has

happened?"
She regarded him gravely for a moment as wavered under her rebuke and then he his eyes

said, walking back to the table:
"Oh, I'm not blaming Alice! I'm as much at fault as she. If it weren't for Freida I'd have no feeling of regret that the break has come. I'd be a hypocrite to pretend that I care. Alice and I have been growing away from each other. We're not what we were nineteen years ago! The great curse of this life is that we do change! The great curse of this life is that we do change! Why, I'm not the same man I was two years ago—even a year ago!" The anger with which he had begun died out of his voice, and the strained look left his face. "Ever since that day I met you in the park I've been different! You've changed me, shown me a new way of life. You—there's no one like you! In all the world, there is no one like you! If only I could be great—as you are great!"

"Don't deceive yourself about that. It isn't
I. It's you—the real man you don't quite
recognize in yourself. But I'm glad if I have
helped you! It seems a long time ago—that
walk in the park—and you helped me that day; walk in the park—and you helped me that day; but it would be a serious mistake to try to make anything more out of it!"

"But—you wouldn't rob me of that! You wouldn't take that away from me! It was something that had to be!"

"No, no!" she said. "We must understand about this! Our trouble is that we respond to only a the work."

each other's need a little too easily. And you're in a state of mind just now that would make you an easy prey for some foolish woman! You must," she ended with mock gravity, "avoid all women who are likely to be sympathetic.

"You must have the lowest opinion of me I'm always showing myself to you as a weak ling-a blundering, stumbling, futile-

LE CROSSED to where she stood drawing on her gloves with the graceful precision that was second nature to her.

"Don't use such words!" she said crisply She lifted her arms and let her fingertips res lightly for a moment on his shoulders. almost as if she were bestowing a benediction.
"Of course there's no minimizing such a calamity as has befallen you, but you're not going to drop under the machine! You're positive to the such as th going to walk right along with your head up The great trouble with us all is that we're too conscious of life. We act as if the heavens were pressing down upon us. We must keep the sky high! We tell children how to learn and respectively. member but we never tell them the importance ev be su

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of forgetting! A day at a time is about all we can manage! Courage, comrade!"

Involuntarily his head lifted and he met her

smiling gaze determinedly. There was a kind of glory about her, something beyond her physical beauty and strength, a radiance of spirit that was like the brightness of the spring.

"Oh," he cried, "you make me seem better to myself than I am!"

"Ah, perhaps—perhaps you are!" she said and turned to go. "Give Tom my thanks for his tea. Tell him I'm disappointed not to find him furiously at work. How's Doremus going?

"Splendidly! I'm making a little money!"

"Splendidy: I'm making a little money.

He ran to open the gate and when she reached it she drew up to say:

"About Freida—it's only right that you should see her. Joe Junior brings her out here sometimes or Sunday afternoons. Or it might be better for you to see her at our house. I'l speak to Mr. Weston about that. Good-by!

He returned to the house with fierce re-bellion in his heart. He loved Helen Weston! She had roused in him a passion of which he had never believed himself capable and the consciousness of it appalled him. He was like a man who had carried a feeble taper through a dark corridor only to be dazed suddenly by a great light. He had never asked great things of life, and now riches finer than much fine gold were revealed to him—riches cruelly un-attainable—to be forever a torment . . . In just what tone had she uttered this word or that; just what had brought a smile at a particular moment to her face; what had been in her eyes that second that she rested her finger-tips on his shoulders? . . . He fought the self-pity that struggled to master him and in its place came a bitter self-contempt; he had let himself be cheated in his bargaining for happiness . . . Why couldn't he have known her in the long ago, and been sustained and . Why couldn't he have known buoyed by her courage, instead of linking himself to a woman petty in her aims and remorse-less in the shame she had brought upon him! But-he would not be beaten; it was something that in all the great, lonely, unintelligible world there was one being who read him aright . . . He would live for Helen Weston aright . . . she would have him live and make his love for her the supreme thing in his life . . . After dinner he told Tom in detail of his

parting with Alice. Now and then his heartache crept into the story but he went through

with it courageously.
"Ashes to ashes!" he said with a rueful grin as he emptied his pipe. And Tom marveled at him.

#### CHAPTER XXI

It was not until the third day after Mort left that Alice was able to arrange a meeting with Spencer. He betrayed considerable irritation when she called him, pleading an unusual pressure of work, and she found it necessary to hint that something extraordinary had oc-curred that made an immediate conference necessary, before he relented. Her suggestion that she would go to his office he tartly rejected, but her insistence so roused his apprehension that with the fewest possible words he named a street on the south side of town where he would meet her at four o'clock.

She took the trolley to the place and in her anxiety to be prompt arrived fifteen minutes ahead of the time he had mentioned. It was a busy corner in an industrial section, with the usual collection of shops and a motion picture house. An April shower added to her discomfiture, and she stepped inside the picture house lobby to wait. Women of the neighborhood, with shawls flung over their heads, stopped to share her shelter and Alice, pretending to be interested in the posters, was uncomfortably conscious of their scrutiny. Children on their way home from school ran in and out and jostled her. A boy planted himself before her and grinned impudently while his companions hovered outside and tittered. The squalor of the district affected Alice disagreeably. There

was something horrible and terrifying in the very thought of poverty.

Her life was now in her own hands; but what if her freedom should fail to realize what she expected of it? It was conceivable that illexpected of it? It was conceivable that ill-fortune might bring her to the state of these unkempt women . . . She was rid of Mort; that was settled. It was remarkable how easy it had been to tell him to go . . . The great thing now was to make the passing of Mort appear to Spencer merely a step toward the happiness that lay before them now.

he sun came out just as he drew up before

the drug store at the corner.

LET'S get out into the country," she said as he helped her into the car.

as he helped her into the car.

"Please, Alice," he began as the car got under way, "you must be careful about calling me at the office! There's a chance for all sorts of a mix-up on the wires! I've warned you time and again that the operator isn't stupid and I rather suspect she knows your What on earth has happened?

"Well, you ought to tell me when you're leaving town!" she retorted petulantly. "I wouldn't go away without telling you. I've been terribly worried about you."

"That's not always so easy. When I got back to the club the other night after taking you home I found a telegram calling me to Chicago and I left the next morning on the first train. So that's all there is to that."

Then fearing he had been too brusk he

clasped her hand for a moment and banteringly asked what she meant by pulling him away from his work.

You never get the idea that I'm in a business that doesn't run itself. You know you got me out merely to play!"

He was hoping that this was really the way of it. Press affairs were becoming increasingly complicated. His associates held him responsible for everything that went wrong, and they left it to him to explain the Press's statements to the bank whose officials had fixed a discouragingly low limit upon their credit. He had been obliged to put up his common stock as collateral and it was possible that in a pinch he might lose the control of the company. His affair with Alice had become a nuisance, all the more annoying because so long as her monwas in the Press he couldn't risk breaking with her. He left the highway and turned into a country road, remarking that he had an appointment with Jim Avery at six and mustn't get too far from town.

You haven't kissed me yet," she complained, snuggling close and putting her arm about his neck. He stopped, the better to about his neck. He stopped, the better to satisfy her need for kisses. Suddenly with a shout he pushed her away and started the car. A farm boy had appeared out of nowhere and

"Oh, do you think he saw us!" cried Alice.
"He did unless he's blind!"
"Oh, Howard, how dear and sweet all this is! I feel so young today. And I have something to tell you—something that means every-thing to you and me. When I tell you, you'll understand how crazy I've been to see you. But while I've been waiting for you to come back I've just dreamed and dreamed of you--us-the future

He still thought her mysterious intimations over the telephone had been merely a subterfuge; for it was a familiar trick of hers to hint at amazing disclosures that proved to be utterly trivial. He looked down into her face, that wore the look of innocence and trusting dependence which he had found she could assume at will.

"Go ahead and knock me down with your news! What's the matter? Have you got a new.dress with a pink sash?"

"Nothing so silly as that!" she poutingly protested. "I don't think you give me credit for having even a tiny little brain! My heart's dancing and singing like that little creek we just crossed and for the same reason, dear-because I'm so happy!"

Hear. That rirl-to rememb rect road sweetnes to the fa to do th love to l "I hope saying. "Glad "Yes, happiest reached

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A note ing their "That's what we're in the world for, little git—to be happy!" he exclaimed, trying to remember just how soon he would reach a direct road into town. He was satiated with her sweetness and was irritated by her indifference to the fact that he had more important things to do than to idle along country roads making love to her.

"Howard!" She laid her hand on his arm. "I hope you'll be as glad as I am," she was

saying.

"Glad?" he repeated joylessly.

"Yes, dear. This ought to be one of the happiest days of our lives. Mort and I have reached the end. It's all over. We've quit for

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"What!" he gasped.
"Oh, you needn't think I'm worrying! It had to come and now it's all over. We had a big row the other night after you took me home. He was in the house and saw us, and he talked to me in a way no self-respecting woman would stand. And I told him to go and he went!"

She ended with a gesture that eliminated Mort from further consideration.

"The night I took you home Mort was there! He saw us-he saw-

The car stopped slowly, noiselessly. There was something stealthy in the way it came to a standstill at the side of the road. The color had gone out of his face. His hands fell limply from the wheel, and he turned to look at her, the stands have the tell him this second It had taken her an hour to tell him this astounding and alarming news, the import of which she seemed not to realize. His wits had never before functioned quite so perfectly as now. He stifled a desire to vent his wrath upon her. That she should have allowed Mort to trap them was an unpardonable stupidity; that she should have delayed her revelation for an hour of dallying was an even more heinous sin. But he must handle her with the nicest discretion, extract from her every fact that had the slightest bearing upon the situation, and he addressed himself patiently to a task rendered difficult by the necessity for concealing his

fears . . . "Of course, now that we have each other, nothing really terrible can happen to us, dear," said Alice when he had finished catechizing her. "I don't think Mort will try to prevent a divorce," she went on. "He's just as tired of me as I am of him. Of course he'll contribute to Freida's support; I wouldn't want anything from him myself. And with you free to make the Press the hig thing it ought to have been the Press the big thing it ought to have been long ago, I don't need to worry, do I, Howard? Idon't know how long it takes to get a divorce; but I suppose it could all be done in a year. And after that-

She put her arms about his neck and laid her head on his shoulder. He stroked her cheek with a limp hand, and his eyes, looking out over the darkening landscape, were not those

of a happy lover.

It was with infinite relief that he left her and It was with infinite relief that he left her and drove to the club. She was a greater fool than he had believed. And she expected him to marry her! The casual way in which she spoke of getting a divorce sent cold chills down his spine every time he thought of it. He cursed himself for ever having relied upon her discretion, her assurance that she exercised the greatest caution peout their received to cretion, her assurance that she exercised the greatest caution about their meetings and always knew when Mort was returning to town. He had despised Mort Crane only to find himself in his power. And remembering Mort's stubborness in the days they were associated in business, it was quite likely that he would prove relentless in the exercise of his rights as nature to a division proceeding.

prove retentless in the exercise of his rights as party to a divorce proceeding...

He must see Weston at once. Weston knew at least of the beginnings of his affairs with Alice; he must enlist Weston's aid. Joe's moral ideals were so flexible that an appeal to him on the score of their common human frailty could hardly fail ...

A note from Averagements of him processor.

A note from Avery awaited him, postpon-ing their conference on Press affairs till the

An interview with a Fifth Avenue Hairdresser:

## An interview with a Fifth Avenue Hairdress "Mv S-"My Secret-? A touch of henna in the shampoo

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"Madame desires-?" His bow was perfect.

"Tell me. What do you use that works such miracles with the hair? How do you give it such freshness, such life, such lustre? What

it such freshness, such me, such messis your secret?"
"My secret? It is hardly that. It is known to every woman who makes of beauty a cult. It is simple. A touch of benna in the shampoo."
"Henna?" I confess I was surprised.

Henna?" I confess I was surprised.

"Ah, Madame," he said, quickly, "I know what you think—what many think. But in every art are refinements. Some misuse them, but the artist gives them their subtle values. So it is with henna. The artist puts just a suggestion of its warmth into the shampoo, and with it touches madame's hair. The effect is magical!"

"That is beautifully said, monsieur," I could not help exclaiming, "but the color of the hair—does it change?"

"But no, madame! The blonde remains a blonde, the brunette, a brunette. But the transformation! Ah! After the shampoo with a touch of benna the hair of each is radiant with its own natural lustre, and with more!

"All women do not know, madame, what a wealth of undiscovered beauty their hair holds for them if they would only bring it out with a touch of benna in the shampoo."

"And you would recommend that every woman use it?"

"Every woman—provided she can obtain the properly blended shampoo with a touch of benna."

\* \* \*

HENNAFOAM SHAMPOO combines a touch of henna, scientifically prepared and pro-portioned, with pure, cleansing vegetable oils.

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## That Glint In My Hair

By Edna Wallace Hopper

Countless women ask me how I attain that wonderful glint in my hair. This is the

I have been famous as a stage beauty for some 40 years. I have written millions of words about youth and beauty. I have searched the world for the best it had to offer. Now I am offering other women everywhere—the best helps I have found. All toilet counters supply them. And a vast army of girls and women now employ what I use.

As a result, experts who discover some-If I adopt them and advise them, a world of women will employ them. So I think I get the best new helps created.

Last year, some famous experts submitted to me a new type of shampoo. They had studied shampoos for 50 years or over. They had made about 250 kinds of shampoo, perfecting it step by step.

They called this their final creation. said it embodies 20 ingredients, all designed to help the hair. And two of them gave a glint to the hair.

I tried the shampoo, and the glistening hair I show today is one of the results. hair I show today is one of the results. I asked other women to try it—hundreds of them. And there came to me an overwhelming demand for more. It is, beyond doubt, the greatest shampoo in existence.

Now I have employed the creators to make if or you. It is called Edna Wallace Hopper's Fruity Shampoo. All druggists and toilet counters supply it. And I hope it is going to bring to millions the lustrous hair I show. I send a sample to anyone who asks—enough for one shampoo. It will amaze and delight you, as it did me. You have never dreamed that anything could do what my Fruity Shampoo does for hair. Try it for your own sake. Cut out this coupon now. My Beauty Book will come with the sample.

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next day. In spite of the fact that his business next (ay. In spite of the fact that his business with Avery was urgent Spencer was glad to be free to get hold of Weston immediately. The broker was in one of the private diningrooms with some of the Doremus officials, and Spencer scrawled a card saying he would like to see him before he left the house.

Weston lounged in at ten o'clock, smoking a black cigar and looking his contentment with the world.

"Hello, Howard. Where are the rest of the "Hello, Howard. Where are the rest of the boys? I got your message and supposed you had a poker game on. What's on your mind?" "Take the big chair by the window, Joe," only Spancer, trying to appear at ease. "You

said Spencer, trying to appear at ease. "You look mighty fit. What you doing to pull down your weight?"

"'Oh, I'm letting 'em stew me in a Turkish bath a couple of times a week and I've cut out sugar. You and I have reached the age out sugar. You and I nave reached the age where it's just as well to put on brakes. How are things going?"
"Business is stepping right along," Spencer replied, hoping that Weston didn't know of the

troubles he was having with the Press. "I'm not rolling up a fortune like you, but I manage

"Well, that's something!" Weston assented. He heard that the preferred stock of the Spencer Press hadn't all been disposed of and thought it likely that Spencer was looking for financial help.

I UNDERSTAND," Spencer began and coughed nervously, "I understand that my old friend Mort Crane and his wife have agreed to disagree."

"Yes. Crane told me they'd separated," Weston replied carelessly. He instantly surmised the purpose of the interview and determined what attitude he would take. He had eaten an excellent dinner and it pleased him to make it as difficult for Spencer as possible.

"Well, I never supposed it would come to that," Spencer remarked, seeing that he must

feel his way guardedly.

"Oh, you never can tell!" Weston blew a series of smoke rings and swept them away with a lazy gesture suggestive of the easy dissolution of the marital tie. "Mort said nothing to me beyond the fact that he and his wife had quit. I asked no questions; none of my business."

"Of course not," Spencer agreed, not at all encouraged by Weston's manner. "You know Crane and I had business differences and he doesn't like me on that account. I was wondering, Joe—just wondering, about some of those little tea-parties we were on together— you and Elsie and Alice and I. It's possible Mort got wind of them?" At the last moment he turned the statement into an inquiry, but Weston, stolidly smoking, merely nodded without taking the cigar from his lips.

"Of course, you know, old man," Spencer went on hurriedly, "I don't want you to get mixed up in this mess if it comes to a suit for divorce. I thought it only fair to let you know

"Count on you! What in hell are you talking about?" Weston demanded with sudden animation. "I don't care a damn about Crane's domestic affairs. He's a mighty good salesman and I've found him a nice, likable fellow. That's all there is to that! Now let me tell you something. You've hinted that I might be hauled into court as a witness if the Cranes get info the courts. I suppose you're thinking about Elsie Avery. Now you listen to me; there hasn't been any damned foolishness between Elsie and me. She's a mighty square girl, that Elsie! Just because I went up to your house for dinner with her and for lunch a few times doesn't mean anything. Elsie's a good scout and an old friend of mine. She's living as straight as a bishop and you may goes down. If there's any chance of her being brought into the Crane row, I'll go to Jim and tell him the whole truth and tell him first, and he'll believe me!"

"Why, of course, Joe! But—you've got me all wrong!" Spencer declared, alarmed by Weston's belligerent tone. "I merely thought, as Crane's working for you, and he knows—well, I don't know what he knows—but I—well, I thought we'd better have an understanding." You see "

ing. You see—"Understanding! Do I see?" exclaimed
Weston contemptuously. "I guess we will Weston, contemptuously. "I guess we will understand each other." He got up, dropped his cigar into a tray and took a step toward his cigar into a tray and took a step toward Spencer, who rose hastily as if in fear of bodily harm. "If Crane's got the goods on you that's your trouble. But if you try to hide behind Elsie and drag her in, I'll kindle a fire under you that will make hell look like a summer resort. Do you get me? I'm no angel and never presond to he have I'll tell you one this fee tended to be, but I'll tell you one thing for a dead certainty—I've never fouled another man's nest. There's one place where I draw man's nest. I here's one place where I draw the line. As for you—damn you, you thought you'd scare me, didn't you? You thought I'd pull Crane off, didn't you, because I'd be afraid of getting tar on my own fingers? Well, you've made a mighty big mistake. I don't mind saying-

"For God's sake, Joe," gasped Spencer hoarsely. "I'm not threatening you! I called you up here in the friendliest spirit. I thought

"I thought it only square—"
"No!" Weston bellowed. "You thought I'd
use my influence with Crane to keep you from being cited as a corespondent when I don't even know that he's going to drag you in! By George, as a coward you certainly score high! From the way you act I suppose you're as guilty as hell, and if you are, I hope you get what's coming to you!"

He drew a cigar from his pocket, lighted it. with Spencer staring at him like a man in a stupor, and went out

Spencer watched the door for a minute as if Spencer watched the door for a minute as if fearing that Weston might come back. It was some time before his confused wits caught hopefully at the idea that Weston had only been bluffing. But at any fair appraisement it was an effective bluff. Weston was shrewd been bluming. But at any fair appraisement it was an effective bluff. Weston was shrewd and clever, and he would undoubtedly take good care of himself if he got caught in a corner. Spencer's faith was badly shaken in his own shrewdness and cleverness. It had been a mistake to force Mort Crane out of the Press and a greater one to essay the rôle of lover to Crane's wife. It was too late to retrieve the first error; but he must extricate himself from Alice.

Weston called a taxi to drive him home. He hadn't intended to go home at once, as he had promised to look in at a "party" that offered entertainment at a place in the country, and he had laid the ground for this by telling Helen that the business engagement which was his excuse for staying down-town for dinner might keep him out late. But he decided against the "party." He felt a strong urge to go home. He was enjoying a sense of virtuous exaltation at having blown Spencer out of the water. He had told the truth about his relations with Elsie, and he thanked his stars for the caution that had prompted him to avoid knowing too much about Alice Crane and Spencer. But, though satisfied that he had carried off the interview with all requisite diplomacy, it was a narrow escape.

He reflected that he might well take Spencer's

plight, which rather grimly amused him, as a warning to have a care in his own philan-derings. He was a man of position. His wife was the handsomest woman in town and she had brains. And it was as plain as daylight that it ill became a man so blessed as he knew himself to be to get drunk or otherwise indulge his animal appetites. The rewards of virtue were after all worth striving for—the respect and the regard of decent people, with the ultimate possibility of eloquent lamentations in the newspapers when he had lived his allotted time.

He had skated on some very fragile ice in his day, but his feet he now saw planted on

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suddenl "Tho Weston the life to be a up her He sv tence tl

of Mort laughed "Kno blame! "No; talking

the firm rock of the shore. Doremus was realizing all his expectations; he was making a lot of money and as the taxi bumped and jostled him homeward he contemplated himself with a new satisfaction and pride. He self with a new satisfaction and pride. He entered his house, which was a monument to his enterprise and energy, with a sense of security. Home—a house like this—was his fitting sanctuary. He whistled as he went up-stairs, as an advertisement of the fact that he had for once stayed down-town for dinner and sended home schera and chaeful.

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he had for once stayed down-town for dinner and reached home sober and cheerful.

Helen's smile as she looked up quietly from her book was a reward for his sobriety and he took her hand and bent and kissed her cheek.

"It's nice that you came home early," she remarked. "I wasn't expecting you so soon. Junior and I went out for a walk up and down the avenue. He's had a promotion; they're putting him in the office the first of next month."

month."

"The boy's doing fine! There's nothing like starting 'em right. I know you thought he ought to go to college, but college spoils an awful lot of youngsters. This way Junior will be established by the time he's twenty-five—just when lots of young fellows are looking for jobs."

Weston settled himself into an easy chair. The spacious rooms with their delicate fragrance were a solace to all his senses. Helen had never looked handsomer. He must give more time to Helen. That something mysterious about her which had in recent years baffed him might not be so unfathomable if he saw more of her and made her the companion and confidante she had been at the beginning of

commante she had been at the beginning of their life together.

"Did you know," Helen asked presently, "that Mr. and Mrs. Crane had separated?"

"Yes, yes!" he replied hastily. "Oh, yes! Crane told me about it. Crane's a mighty decent fellow. I'm sorry this has struck him. didn't go into it with him; he's a sensitive chap. How did you learn of it—from Junior?"
"Oh, Junior knows. He took Freida for a

drive tonight right after dinner and she told him. You know, Joe, our boy is crazy about Freida. He told me tonight hat he wants to be engaged as soon as she's through school. It's this idea about Freida that's making him work so hard. I hadn't the heart to discourage

"Well, we've got to discourage him! He's far too young to think about marrying. There are lots of fine girls coming on, and he can do a lot better than Freida. She's a nice enough kid, but if her parents are going to be divorced—well, Helen, you can't dodge the fact that that does make a difference."

"The sins of the parents," she murmured, "should not be visited on the children! And it's too bad about Freida. She has the making of a fine woman, but—""

"Yes; there are a number of buts," he said drily. "Her mother's one of them. If the family's breaking up, Freida would be a lot better off with her father."

"Possibly. He's devoted to her. I heard of the separation first from Mr. Crane himself. The other day I drove out to Tom's to look at the country and was surprised to find Mr. Crane there. He told me about his troubles. I was waiting for a chance to speak to you about it. I thought we might help him about seeing Freida. The thing seems to have come suddenly and he's a good deal shaken by it."

"Those things never come suddenly,"
Weston declared. "I'll bet that woman's dogged

the life out of him. She's just pretty enough to be a fool, but not smart enough to cover up her foolishness."

He swaggered a little at the felicity of a sentence that struck him as effectually disposing of Mort Crane's wife, and frowned when Helen

laughed.
"Knock the woman! We're always to blame!"

"No; not always!" he retorted. "But we're talking about a particular case. Now," he



Her perfect complexion, the youthful firmness of her skin, are due to In-gram's Mikweed Cream. In Summer and Winter, in Spring and Fall, In-gram's Mikweed Cream keeps her complexion al-ways bright and clear.

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## I asked 10,000 women these questions concerning an intimate problem

By LETITIA HADLEY

ASKED them if a new deodorant was needed-one immediately effective, convenient and pleasant to apply, harmless to clothing. Their answer was overwhelmingly "Yes." I asked them in what form they would prefer this new deodorant -liquid, paste, or powder. Ninety-six per cent aid "Powder."

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It is a powder, soft and white, like talcum. Rubbed under the arms and dusted over the body, it is immediately effective, and remains so throughout the day. It does not seal the pores, but neutralizes perspiration, making it odorless. It is soothing, and tends to heal. It does not damage clothing. It is faintly fragrant—delightful!

Its effectiveness on sanitary napkins makes it invaluable to every

fastidious woman, for this

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went on with a flourish of generosity, "if you and I should have a falling out I know good and well what the town would say. I'd get the hot end of the poker!"

"Oh, I'm not so sure!" she replied, not knowing what prompted this magnanimity.
night his pious air was slightly irritating. had always found it difficult to be playful with him; his humor was too coarse-fibered for a light give-and-take; but she was moved by some impish impulse to tease him a bit.

"Of course, if there were another woman—some charmer you called on the telephone—and I happened to pick up the extension in the pantry—when you thou vard—with the childrenwhen you thought I was out in the

She drawled the sentences to intensify their effect, and finished with an equivocal lifting of her hands. The mischief in her eyes did not wholly satisfy him that she was not preparing to challenge and arraign him for misconduct.

WHEN did I talk to any woman?" he demanded with gruff good nature.
"Oh, it was nothing! Her voice was rather

"On, it was nothing! Her voice was rather pleasant—a charming voice. Her name, I think, was Maude."

"Oh, that!" he exclaimed with a growl of disdain. "Maude Harlowe. There wasn't anything to that! Maude's a mighty capable business woman; she's with Darley, Mortimer and Darley—the insurance people. Runs their and Darley—the insurance people. Runs the office. She's the real brains of that shop. was just kidding her about a Cincinnati bond man who's keen about her. He comes to town and cries on my neck about her. Why, there isn't a finer girl in town than Maude Harlowe!

He drew out his handkerchief, with the pretext of applying it to his nose, and furtively wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

"She certainly sounds interesting! I noticed that you called her Maudie; but I suppose

that you cannot her Maudie; but I suppose she's called that in the business world."
"Look here, Helen," Weston began in a tone of exasperation, "I don't care how much you listen in on me; I wish to thunder you'd heard the whole of that talk! There wasn't a thing it is the state of the state You don't for a minute think, if I had anything I was ashamed of to say to any woman, that I'd be fool enough to do it over

"'Of course not, Joe! You wouldn't be so careless! But you don't have to tell me a thing about Miss Harlowe. I'm sure she's a most competent business woman and as I said—her voice is quite beguiling. I hung up the moment I heard her greet you—formally—as Uncle Joseph. There's no reason why you shouldn't have nieces

"Oh, bah! You're making something out of nothing. People call me all kinds of names. Miss Harlowe ought to marry Gus Beekman he's the Cincinnati bird she's kept dancing on his ear for a year or two, and I was trying to help things along. Why, I didn't say a word to that girl you couldn't have heard."

"Why, I know that, Joe! If I'd thought you

and Maudie were likely to reveal some dark secret of your lives, I wouldn't have hung up! I should have frozen right there to the telephone. My curiosity would have got the better of my manners. But you see I'm rewarded. You've told me the whole thing!"

"I wish you'd heard it all!" he declared in a grieved tone. "There was nothing to it except what I've told you. Things have come to a

"I think so too!" she tossed back at him sweetly, enormously amused, knowing that he was afraid to believe that she had hung up the receiver after hearing the preliminaries of his conversation with Miss Harlowe. He was glowering like a schoolboy who is unjustly the subject of a grilling.

She walked over to his chair, smiled down

at him, and gave him a quick pat on the cheek,

"You look terribly guilty, Joe, but I forgive,"

"You look terribly guilty, Joe, but I forgive," she said with a provoking sigh. "Now what if you overheard some nice young man—a young man as admirable in his way as Miss Harlowe —call me—we'll say—Aunt Helen, over the telephone! What would you say!"

"I'd shoot the bird on sight!" he declared vehemently and was vastly relieved that this evoked a laugh. "Men have got to know a lot of women in business these days," he said, hoping to direct the talk into a more comfortable channel. "That's modern life! All these office buildings are chuck full of women, and by George! they'd all be better off at home!"

This expression from Joe as a philosopher, with lofty views as to woman's proper sphere, inspired her to give him one more fling.

"But think of the loss to the business world!
To send all these Maudies back home to help their mothers do the ironing might imperil the economic edifice! What would become of the economic edifice! What would become of business? One never can tell," she went on musingly. "Why, if I were a girl down-town I might easily have an uncle—oh, just some nice old boy with a fat bank-roll—to go out to dinner with occasionally to get his advice about my love affairs!"

"My Lord, Helen, don't talk that way! You know you'd do nothing of the kind!"
"Oh, I might! I'm human! Even a middle-

aged woman, with three children growing up, might like to indulge in a little affair! innocent flirtation—a little kick-up before the gray hairs get too numerous!"

Yes, and get into a lot of trouble, too! You

don't know what you're talking about!"
"Probably not. That's always man's last
word to a woman. We're so ignorant. But the Maudies! They're the wise sisterhood. They know their Uncle Josephs."

y know their Uncie Josephs. Aw, the Maudies be hanged!" he ejaculated. We'll drop the Maudies," she said seriously. "Aw, the Maudies be hanged!" he ejaculated.
"We'll drop the Maudies," she said seriously.
"Let's go back to Mr. Crane and Freida.
Would there be any harm in letting him see
Freida here—or at Tom's if he wished? I
feel sorry for him—for them all. I can see how
he wouldn't want to go to the Whitcomb Place

he wouldn't want to go to the Whitcomb Place house. I'll do just as you say about it."
"That's all right, Helen," he said, wholly amiable now that she had ceased prodding him about Maudie. "You go ahead and fix it any way you please. I don't want Crane to slump in his work. Anything we can do to cheer him up is to the good."

"On the score of his business value? Yes; I see that!"

The ironic flick she gave this was too obscure for his comprehension. He yawned and said it was time to go to bed.

The evening had taxed his emotions severely and he did not fall asleep at once as he usually When he was satisfied that Helen was asleep he groped in the dark for his bathwrapper and slippers and crept out on the balcony. Helen's chaffing might conceal something and he was afraid to accept her goodhumored teasing at face value. What would she do if she knew?—there was a question. And when the April stars, blinking mistily through the maples, vouchsafed no answer himself plagued by a question as to whether Helen might not be tired of him, even interested in some other man somewhere. sought amusement beyond his own threshold, why not she? Helen was beautiful and clever and now that he thought of it he had left her a

good deal to herself . . . Huddled in his bath-wrapper, with his feet planted against the balcony rail, Weston's meditations led him over a broad field of speculation without landing him anywhere.

Meredith Nicholson brings his novel of marriage and its problems to a dramatic conclusion in Next Month's absorbing instalment. To make sure that you do not miss this unusual climax, see our special offer for the magazine to follow you on your vacation—page 195.

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## The Ancient Highway

(Continued from page 95)

particular point. And the logs will be our logs, forming a monster dam which will hold back the water of our lake reservoir long enough to the water of our lake reservoir long enough to allow Hurd to get a great quantity of his own timber into the river. Pretty, isn't it?" Catherine drew in a gasping breath. "You mean—he is going to steal the water from Vincent's dam?"

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"That's it, partly. And while he is doing that, if his dynamite has been successful, our logs will be tying themselves into knots which will be enormously difficult to untangle, even when the spring floods come. Father Alphonse will return with definite information regarding

will return with definite information regarding the success of Hurd's exploded mines within an hour or two. Meanwhile——"

The jangling of the telephone bell interrupted him. He took down the receiver and in answer to his hello the girls could hear an indistinct voice at the other end. Then it grew

distinct voice at the other end. Then it grew silent, and in the pause Denis said:

"Thank God, Captain Brant has just come in to Depot Number Four! They'll have him on the line—"I He turned suddenly to the telephone. "Is that you, Clifton? Can you have me clearly—" hear me clearly-

OCARCELY breathing the girls listened as Denis briefly and without apparent excitement or waste of words described the new and sinister situation that had developed. When he had finished they could hear Clifton's voice snapmismed they could hear Chron's voice shap-ping with almost electrical sharpness over the line. They caught the words dynamite—high water—logs passing down—twenty-four miles —three or four hours—and then it ended. Denis hung up the receiver.
"What did he say?" demanded Antoinette.

Denis was a little nervous.

"He said the reservoir water was at its peak at Depot Number Four and that logs had been rushing toward us for an hour! He said there was only one way for him to get down to us within three or four hours and that was by taking a chance on the high water in a canoe! If he can escape the logs-

"And you stood there and made no objection to that?" cried Antoinette, springing toward him. "My God, it is death! I know—because I saw it happen a long time ago—and the men I looked at were crushed to pieces like bits of paper! It can't happen again! It shall not! paper! It can't happen again: It should be logs I won't let Gaspard come down among the logs

-and—I won't let Captain Brant do it."

She was at the telephone before she had faished speaking, and was ringing desperately. mished speaking, and was ringing desperately. The voice answered again. Was Captain Brant there? Was it too late to get him? They must try! An interval followed—and then the voice returned. Antoinette St. Ives listened to it for a moment. She made no answer. Slowly she faced Colonel Denis.

"It is too late! He is risking his life to come down and do what you are not man enough to

down and do what you are not man enough to

She seemed not to see Angelique or Catherine as she left the office, white to the lips. In a moment or two they followed her. Colonel Denis stood alone, like one stricken. Then a shadow of a smile twitched at the corners of his court. his mouth.

his mouth.

"Lucky Clifton! If you could only know you are coming—to that!" he breathed softly. In the gray of dawn Clifton was shooting down the river with Delphis Bolduc in the stem of his canoe. Half a dozen times they seemed to be facing death, but each time crept out. Twice the loss almost carried them over out. Twice the logs almost carried them over rock-ramparted falls where their bodies would

when at last the prow of their cance shoved in at Depot Number Three Clifton wondered if he looked as badly as Delphis. He tried to laugh, and Delphis tried to laugh but their to laugh, and Delphis tried to laugh, but their



I don't know when I love you best"

THE evening before, in the soft glow of candlelight, she seemed her loveliest. But today, as they strolled together in the gay sunshine, he thought only of the beauty and freshness of her youthful coloring.

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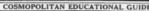
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voices were strained and unreal. Probably no one would ever quite guess the hell they had gone through, with a million logs tearing ahead of them and behind them and racing shoulder to shoulder with the canoe.

They swallowed hot coffee and food hurriedly while the clerk got Denis on the tele-phone. Clifton talked with him. The logs had not yet begun to arrive at Depot Number Two. But Hurd's mountain slide was a diabolical success. The logs would jam. A huge mass of stone had settled in the middle of that narrow part of the stream, and between that mass and both shores great boulders had flung themselves like monster dragon teeth, waiting for the timber. Clifton's last instruction was for Denis to get dynamite and all available men at the seene of the anticipated jam. He and Delphis would be with them in an hour and a half-if nothing happened.

I wo hours later they passed the deserted lower depot and came to a group of people waiting on a projecting bar just above Sand-stone Mountain. Their canoe was ragged and stone Mountain. Their canoe was ragged and leaking water. They were like two men who had come out of something ghastly and indescribable. Those ashore were tense and dumb with a kind of hopelessness that had settled on them like a shock, but the ghostly terribleness of the two men who got stiffly out of the canoe relieved them of their own emotions for a few moments.

Clifton looked them over at a glance, and a grunt told him that Delphis had done the same. There were thirty or forty, some of them women and children. Every available river-man had been enlisted in the work upstream, and here were only the roustabouts of the camp, half a dozen teamsters, the cook's outfit and a few others.

Clifton saw none of Hurd's people. But he did see Antoinette St. Ives, Angelique Fanchon and Catherine Clamart only a few steps away from him, white-faced and staring as Denis Denis gripped their t speak. There was met him and Bolduc. hands. But he did not speak.

They turned their backs to the little crowd, and Clifton forgot the breathless, waiting men and women behind them as he surveyed Hurd's work. But he did not forget Antoinette St. Ives! She was there, watching him—and what an infinite contempt must fill her soul now as she saw him utterly beaten, the Laurentian Company beaten, herself beaten—because he had not possessed sufficient foresight to watch the top of Sandstone Mountain!

A moaning roar and turmoil of water filled the air, and where the channel had been there was no longer a channel but a piled-up chaos of logs. Over this mass and about it the flood from the upper lake, filled with its volleys of timber, was crashing and beating with in-creasing violence, and as the two surveyed the pile there came suddenly a great upheaval in the center of it which lifted the growing mountain of logs half a dozen feet in less than thirty seconds.

Bolduc gave a sharp exclamation as his hand gripped Clifton's arm. That upheaval had revealed to them where the keystone to the great jam lay. The thought was in Clifton's eyes as he looked at Delphis. They walked on, alone, until they were half a hundred paces away from the little crowd of spectators. Their eyes met.

Yes, it's the mass of stone in the center," said Bolduc, as if Clifton had spoken the thought in his mind. "A charge of dynamite in the right place—"

in the right place—"
He paused, waiting for Clifton to give expression in words to what he saw. Clifton's lips were set hard. He was not afraid. But he was white. And Bolduc's face was like flesh that had hardened into wood.

"There's a million horse-power of water crowding behind it," answered Clifton. "A charge of dynamite would loosen that central pile, and once loosened, even a little, the mass of rock would be leveled and scattered by the

sheer force of the water and timber shoving from behind—"
"Yes, but!" challenged Delphis.

"A man would not come out alive."
"A man would not come out alive."
"Possibly. But the timber would go down."
"Yes, it would go down."

They stood shoulder to shoulder. Bolduc laughed, but his laugh was not as hard as it had been at another time that day.

"I wouldn't do it for Denis, he sau. wouldn't do it for any man or company on earth. But—I hate to have Hurd beat us!"

Office spoke as quietly. "If you will get earth. But—I nate to nave Hurd beat us!"
Clifton spoke as quietly. "If you will get
the dynamite, Delphis, and tell Denis to keep
himself and the people back—"
No one saw the close, sudden grip of their

hands in front of them.

Bolduc was gone no more than a minute or "I told them we were going to try a little experiment along the edge, and warned them to get back," he said. "The charges are ready, with two-minute fuses. One each is enough."

enough."

They faced the boiling cauldron of logs between them and the piled-up mass in the middle of the stream. This was the death-trap. They could cross it with caution and luck; but to get back again, and within those precious two minutes after the fuse was lighted

"The instant the charge goes off the mass will begin to move," Delphis was saying, "and that will give more freedom between us and the main pile. It is clear, Monsieur, that when we have placed the charges we must hurry!"

For a moment some force drew Clifton

about so that he was seeking for Antoinette St. Ives. She was standing with Colonel Denis a little in advance of the others, looking him. He turned to Bolduc again. "Shall we go?"

"Yes-straight across for that spout of white froth. Don't wait or watch for me. Get to the pile first. If either of us slips—the other must go on alone."

A CRY so shrill that it was almost a scream came from behind them as they leaped out into the twisting maelstrom of timber. Clifton heard the cry and it was like a knife running through him, and with it he heard his name, and then all sound was drowned in the grind and roar of rushing water and of logs in moaning turmoil. He did not see Bolduc. He did not raise his eyes as he made the death-race. for the firmer footing ahead. Twice the log-opened and let him down to his knees. Once he slipped almost to his waist but got out with lightning quickness before the timber trap closed again to grip and crush him. It was all over in three-quarters of a minute. He reached the solid jam. And Bolduc came staggering up, white as ash, a limp in his last steps, and dripping water. In another half-minute they had found a

hollow in the heart of the jam almost directly back of the obstructing mass of rock and gravel. Here they could hear more clearly the tearing force of the water on both sides of them. They had guessed correctly. If they could free this central leverage a ten-thousand ton battering-ram of timber behind would scatter Hurd's

avalanche as if it were made of paper!

Delphis had taken his waterproof matchbox from his pocket. Clifton held the dynamite, with the ends of the two fuses close together. The instant they were lighted he would drop them in a deep crevice that randown at the back of the rock. Until the match was sputtering between Bolduc's thumb and forefinger he had not noticed that the other's hand was shaking. He looked up. Bolduc's face was twisted with pain.

A sputter—a sudden snake-like hiss . . . "Drop it!"

The dynamite fell from Clifton's hands, dropping dully into the depths of the timber.

A pungent film of smoke rose out of the crevice.

In half a second Clifton was away from i and climbing with the swiftness of a cat out of the hollow. He came over the crest and saw

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And a Clifton. tain death died und This that mere spec Antoine from the "I am

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the crowd on shore. It had come closer to the river. He could see Denis. And then Antoinette. She stood with her booted feet Antoinette. She stood with her booted feet in the shore wash of foam and water sent up by the flood. It struck him then that everyone was behind her—even Denis; that she was alone, poised almost as if on the point of coming out to meet him. She had reached her arms out as he appeared, and he could see that she was calling to him, or to some one behind him, though he could not hear her voice.

He turned as he came to the edge of the solid

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He turned as he came to the edge of the solid jam and looked for Bolduc.

Delphis had been slow—terribly slow. His head and shoulders were just appearing out of the hollow. And then, as he came out, horror swept over Clifton when he saw that Delphis was dragging himself on his hands and knees!

He ran back, and as he ran he could hear now the cry that came from the people on shore.

Delbhis fell almost to his face, and then pulled

belphis fell almost to his face, and then pulled himself up with an effort, like a drunken man. He was crumpling back again when Clifton reached him and flung an arm about him.

Delphis's white lips spoke. "My leg. I Delphis's white lips spoke. can't use it. Smashed—I think-

can't use it. Smashed—I think——"
He swayed almost a dead weight for a few precious seconds, and then Clifton got in front of him, with his back doubled over. Like a bag of wheat he pulled Delphis on his shoulders. His eyes were on a level with the shore as he staggered over the uneven, swaying mass of pulpwood, and he saw the change that was keeping help back from the other side of the channel. For a few moments the channel had opened between the rocks and a grachnel had opened between the rocks and a crashing bombardment of logs were smashing their way through it. They jammed again even as he looked. But no living thing could get

way through it. They jammed again even as he looked. But no living thing could get across that space now.

Bolduc almost forced himself from his shoulder. "Go on—alone!" he demanded. "You can't make it—with me—"

Clifton dug his fingers more tightly into his arms. Then he slipped, and they fell. In that moment he saw the white-faced crowd, and Antoinette standing at the end of the slim finger of rock. He looked at her, and smiled. She must have seen it, for her hands suddenly covered her face, and while he was still looking—and straining to get up with Bolduc on his shoulders—the explosion came, one, and then another, so close together that there was scarcely an interval between them. There was a lurch in the great mass, a roar that seemed to work deep down into the bowels of the river, upheavals, and a cataclysmic eruption at the center of the pile which set the earth and the mountains atremble with its force. and the mountains atremble with its force.

And then a mighty arm seemed to reach out and possess itself of Clifton. It jerked him away from Bolduc. It flung him back, tossed him up with a sudden spurt of timber, and when he recovered from the shock the place where he had been standing was gone, Delphis was gone, and all about him the freed masses were breaking up—and from the shore came such a cry as he had never heard in all his life!

such a cry as he had never heard in all his life!

It was a crowd cry, a shriek of women, a moaning protest of men, a cry of amazement and of horror and of shock.

And a still more terrible cry came from Clifton. It was not because he was facing certain death, and was about to die as Delphis had died under the eyes of the people ashore. This that was happening was more than the mere spectacle of death—men's death.

Antoinette St. Ives had leaped straight out from the tip of the rock into the milling swirl of logs between him and the shore!

"I am coming!" he heard her cry. "I am coming!"

A figure ran and leaped close behind her. It was Alphonse. He missed, a log struck him ashore, hands seized him—and held him. But no hand could reach Antoinette. It was a missel, a division that covering home.

a miracle, a divine intuition that carried her feet over the maelstrom of twisting, foam-hidden logs. And she seemed to be looking at nothing—caring for nothing—but Clifton.



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#### Wallace's Free Offer

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The cry that was in his soul died there as he sprang toward her, no longer caring what might happen to himself if he could reach her before the fatal moment came. was no hope for either of them now. whole jam was giving way. The wall of water was moaning and roaring behind. Half a minute more—twenty seconds . . .

They met on a footing of timber half as big as the floor of a small room, and as Antoinette came to him out of mist and spray that was golden with the morning sun the glory in her face and eyes was that of one who had come to a great triumph, and in that triumph had forgotten the thing called death.

There were a few moments left to them. He caught her as her slim body came within his reach. Her hands went swiftly to his face

and then around his neck.
"I love you," she was saving. "I love you— "I love you, I love you. Her lips were against his.

Death was about them-upon them. Clifton crushed her in his arms, and his eyes sought the hopeless shore. Yet he leaped toward it as the floor of timber melted away from under their feet

And then the boiling floods reached up. Light and the world disappeared as the chaos engulfed them. But he had her in his arms as they went—so close that death would never be able to separate them. That was his thought. Death would not separate them.

IN THE rumble and roar that filled his ears he was conscious of but one necessitykeep his arms about the one who had given herself to him in the moment when he was about to die.

They were under water and he could hear They were under water and he could hear the moaning and sweep and drumming of it in his ears, and above all that the steady thunder of timber above them, and a still more terrible sound where in places the crowded logs were reaching down and tearing at the river-bed itself. Caught in this drag they would be torn and shredded into pieces like cloth, and so his first struggle was upward -up to a more merciful death of clean drowning or to be beaten lifeless but not so terribly obliterated by the upper logs

He was amazed at the swiftness with which the water was carrying them and its freedom from obstruction. A thrill leaped suggestion into his brain and sped to the nerves and sinews of his body. His left arm was about Antoinette, holding her head close to him. He freed his right. With that and his legs he struggled upward. The current caught and twisted him, and suddenly he felt himself in a powerful undertow that swirled him about like a chip and then sent him to the surface.

Fresh air struck his face and filled his nostrils and his lungs, and in that same instant he felt the undertow dragging him back again. He flung out his free arm and something sped under it. It was a spruce log, barkless, not over six inches in diameter and four feet long a mere pencil in the flood, but enough. He could bring his face out of the water, and Antoinette's. She was gasping and choking for air. But she was unhurt. Her eyes were open and looking at him. He thanked God, and for the first time was inspired by the thought that they were going to live.

And in this same moment there began to possess him the almost unbelievable force of the thing that had sent Antoinette to him. She loved him and had come to him in an hour of hopelessness that they might go down together!

And now he knew they would live! The logs would not crush them, the floods could not drown them! For an instant so swift in passing that it seemed a dream he saw Antoinette's eyes looking up at him from a white face framed in a swirl of water. And he saw in them what her lips had spoken!

As he raised himself an inch or two higher he saw how closely death had missed them. The spout of the undertow had forced them up through an embrasure in the mass of grinding timber—into a pool, a soupirail, a tir lakelet of clear water about which the logs had rowded and tangled themselves. It was not more than twenty feet across, and now he saw that the small spruce log had been part of a boom and that a chain fastened somewhere ahead was dragging it.

His mind gathered itself swiftly. Such an opening in the mass of timber could last only for a few minutes. A few key timbers were holding it temporarily.

He began to work along the log and then along the chain, keeping it under the pit of his He fought with all his strength, working against the backlash of the water, and Antoinette's free hand gripped the chain and helped It took him no more than two or three minutes to reach the edge of the mass and pull himself up. There he sank down, exhausted.

For a little while they did not move or speak but lay in a crumpled, sodden heap with their hearts pounding against each other. Then the white face on Clifton's breast raised itself the white face on Chirton's breast raised itself to him. Two dripping arms crept up around his neck. A pair of lips sought his and kissed him. And the soft mouth did not draw away but pressed sweetly to his own when Clifton kissed it again.

Then Clifton stood up and drew Antoinette with him, his arms still closely about her.

Sandstone Mountain with its ragged per-pendicular walls had slipped behind them. They could see the rapids through which they had come, its boiling water filled with logs that leaped and plunged like playing porpoises. On either side of them was dense forest. The water was quieter but the swift and sullen way in which the broken drifts of timber were speeding down-stream told Clifton they were on the crest of the flood and that the mighty force which was propelling them would rend itself in still greater fury at the next fall and rapids. At the rate they were drifting they would reach this new danger in less than a dozen minutes Shoreward lay their hope.

Antoinette looked again at Clifton. now, with her eyes clear of water and mist she saw that he was not the man who had swayed out of the canoe with Delphis Bolduc. hard lines were gone from his face. Age had died out of his eyes, and it came to her that he was all at once the old Clifton Brant of the highways again. For he was smiling, and about him there was no sign of uncertainty or fear but only that monumental confidence which at first had disheveled her pride but which now made her want to get down on her knees and thank God for being good and gracious enough to give it to him.

There was gladness in her low cry as she put her hands to his face.

I've loved you from the beginningfrom that very first hour in Hurd's room!
And if it happens that you despise me for what I have said and done to you I shall want to die here, just so that you are kind enough to hold your arms about me while we are going. I am not afraid!"

In sheer madness of joy he laughed as he kissed her upturned lips and eyes and the wet hair that framed her face. "We're going ashore!" he cried. "Come, cara sposa—it's going to be easy now."

Tet he knew he was lying to himself, and to her. And Antoinette St. Ives knew the same thing as hand in hand they faced the hazard

with happiness swelling in their hearts.

They hurried to the edge of the floating timbers and Antoinette did not hesitate or question him when the logs thinned out and no longer made a floor for them. The pressure of his hand and the light in his face were all

the surety she needed.
"We'll go as far as we can," he told her cheerfully, as the log footing began to sway and sink under them at each step. "Then we'll jump in, and get ashore."

She wondered for a moment if there really

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And th then as

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expecte much as There side of to him his bed looking came qu him. shaven able che eves as

Joseph

was great danger—if Clifton could talk like that, with a half-smile on his lips and a struggle for their lives ahead of them! She looked a last time at the distance between them and the last time at the distance between them and the shore. It was not great, not more than thirty or forty yards. But it seemed to her like a mill-race through which individual logs were rushing with terrific speed and the force of battering-rams. Was it possible Clifton saw

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No great difficulty in passing through that?

Very gently the river seemed to reach up and seize her, and at first she went into it to and seize her, and at first she went into it to her knees and then to her waist and her shoulders—and at that level the logs seemed flashing past her and beside her at still greater speed. And that half-smile was on Clifton's lips even then as he held her again with his left arm and began to fight the crowding logs with his right. Ten minutes—possibly no more than seven or eight were left to them now! Clifton's only chance was to pull himself through the logs as they sped down-stream, make them crowd and batter him shoreward, and every instant feen his own body between Antoinette and

keep his own body between Antoinette and their blows

And he did that thing. Wrenched and torn, And ne did that thing, whenched and torn, he was thrown at last into the top of a fallen birch. He dragged himself ashore and pulled himself up to safety with Antoinette in his arms. The smile was gone. A twist of agony had settled in his face. Maybe his ribs were gone or his back caved in. It felt like that, he thought the triple of the pack his cheer. thought. He tried to force back his cheer

thought. He tried to force back his as he sank to the ground.

"Beastly—wind—gone," he gasped. close rub, little girl——"

There was no use smiling now. White horror was in Antoinette's face as she caught his sinking head in her arms. A red discoloring of sinking head in her arms. A red discoloring of blood began to stain her torn and sodden dress. She cried out to him passionately, and he tried to answer as he felt himself going back more heavily into her arms. And then he could hear her sobbing voice dying away. It was his eyes he was conscious of last—the warmth of her lips against them.

Then came darkness

HE darkness lasted for only a little while, he thought, and as it began to break away he was conscious of voices, far away at first and then quite near him. With light and sound

came swiftly an adjustment of his thinking faculties. It had been a close shave!

As he made an effort to get up he called to Antoinette. Something held him back. Then she answered him. Her voice was very close. He felt her arms about his head. And it was all so comforting and the thought of her safety was so immeasurably satisfying that he sighed deeply and made no effort to raise himself just

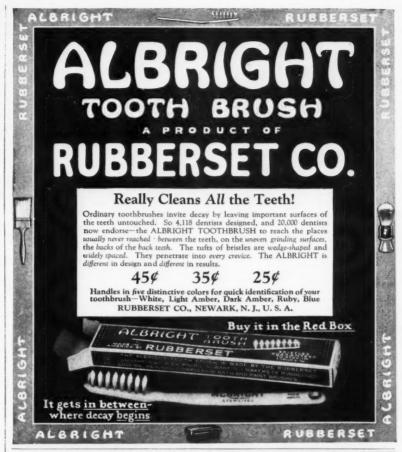
Lights and shadows came and went for a time. He could feel a hand stroking through his hair and caressing his face. But for the life of him he could not speak or open his eyes could not call Antoinette's name again, and he wanted to do that more than anything else. The effort seemed to bring darkness about him once more and when he came out of that darkness a second time his eyes opened with the returning light and he found himself staring returning light and he found himself staring up to find a log ceiling where there should have been tree tops, and log walls where there should have been the open wilderness.

Then it came on him suddenly that he was in the girls' cabin at Camp Number Two.

This was amazing, and in the shock and unexpectedness of his discovery he did not so much as move a finer.

much as move a finger.

There came a movement from the other side of the room, a sudden quick breath close to him and Antoinette was on her knees at his bedside. Seeing his eyes wide open and looking at her she gave a little cry, and another came quickly across the room and stood over him. This last was a little thin man with a shaven head and a face that radiated immeasurable cheer. A puzzled look came into Clifton's eyes as he recognized him. Why had Father Joseph come up to Depot Number Two from







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the monastery at Mistassini? A bit of illuminating truth began suddenly to possess him. Father Joseph was a graduate of a surgical college. It meant-

Antoinette saw him struggling to under-stand, and then with Father Joseph smiling on them she pressed her face down so closely that for a few moments Clifton could feel only the sweet smother of her hair and the warm thrill of her lips and cheek. When she raised her head her face was radiant in its happi-

"The logs hurt you," she said, "and we telephoned to the monastery for Father Joseph, and he came quickly. And now you are well again, Clifton, and mine—all mine. And, oh, I do thank our dear Mother in Heaven!"

Her shining eyes were filling with tears, and slowly she drew away from him and Father Joseph took her place at his side. The door from the room was behind him and he could hear Antoinette when she went out and

closed it softly.

Father Joseph was counting his pulse, and then ran a hand over his right side, where he

was beginning to feel a dull pain.

And then the tongue which had lain helpless in Clifton's mouth came to life.

"What time is it, Father?" "About four o'clock in the afternoon, my son.

"And the jam went out this morning?"
"Yes, this morning."
"And it was—a success?"
A humorous twinkle filled the monk's eyes.

"Very successful, my son, if I can believe the remarkable story your wife has told me. "My wife?"

"Yes, the beautiful young woman who left your side just now, and who—until my arrival at eleven o'clock this morning—was Mademoiselle St. Ives. Did you not hear her when she said 'You are mine-all mine?'

LIFTON lay as if stunned by a blow, staring at the priest. And Father Joseph had straightened himself and was smiling.

"It was perhaps an unforgivable thing for me to do," he explained, with an almost me to do," he explained, with an almost joyous exultation in his voice, "for at no time have you really been in danger. pounded you and you lost consciousness at the last, but since then your condition has been due almost entirely to extreme exhaustion and not to injury, though I think you have a fractured rib or two that it will take a little

time to mend. "But I could not make Mademoiselle Antoinette believe that. She thought you might die, and when we two were alone in this room she told me the story I have referred to, and said that never again would she believe in God or the Church or Heaven unless I made you man and wife, even though you could not lift a finger in protest; and when I told her of the impossibility of it she called in two other amazing creatures of similar beauty and insistence, and the three of them compelled me almost by force to do a thing which, I must confess, holds a most holy sentimental value but which cannot bind you legally if you

care to object.
"It was her fear that you might die before she could call herself your wife." Suddenly she could call herself your wife." Suddenly the humor and light went out of the priest's eyes and face and left a softer radiance in their place. "I have known Antoinette St. Ives for many years, my son," he added. "Our Mother in Heaven loves her, else I would not have done this thing—and I pray that God's labeling will some have and executly the recommendation." blessing will come here and eternally to you both:

Clifton raised himself, speechless, and the priest laid a hand gently on his head. They could hear footsteps and low voices outside the cabin door.

"You are--telling me the truth?" gasped

"Would I destroy myself, my son?"
"Then God has been good to me," breathed

Clifton, sinking back. "I thank you, Father.
And if you will let her come to me now—

my wife——" His voice was trembing like. His voice was trembling like a my wife

boy's,
"I think—probably—she is outside the door."

boy's,

The monk moved away, but before he went he took his cowl and robe from a chair near the he took his cowl and rope from a cnair near the bedside. The door opened and closed. And a few moments later it opened again, so very softly that Clifton scarce could hear it, and it closed even more softly, and there came the thrilling click of a lock and footsteps that were like a fairy's.

And then Antoinette stood in the light of the sun that came through the western window, only a step away from him, but hesitating for a moment as they looked into each other's eyes-and Clifton reached out his arms, powerless to utter the two precious words which he had meant to come first from his lips, and Antoinette came into them, and put her head on his breast and cried there in her happiness —yet in that happiness, it seemed to Clifton, was something of grief far back.

HE LEARNED what it was in the early dusk of evening. Antoinette was gone.

John Denis had taken her place.

onn Denis had taken her place.

"Father Joseph says you will be up and moving about on your feet tomorrow, Clifton. If anything had happened to you, old manto you or Antoinette—only God knows what I would have done! Even as it is we have paid

too great a price."
"You mean—Bolduc—died."
"Yes. The timber went down. beaten the Hurd-Foy crowd. went with it." But Delphis

went with it."

For a little space they were silent.

"I liked Delphis," said Clifton then. "I liked him more than most men. And it seems—to me—that Hurd is going to have another debt to pay."

"He has paid," said John Denis quietly. Their eyes met in a level gaze.

"You mean—"

"You mean-"When you and Antoinette went under with the logs, Alphonse the monk was like a maniac, and ran laughing and screaming into the forest. He returned to Ivan Hurd. Later the forest. He returned to Ivan Hurd. Later I was called to witness what had happened. It was in Hurd's room, and must have been terrible. Alphonse had a knife and Hurd his naked hands and whatever else he could get hold of. He was literally slashed to pieces and the other beaten to pieces. Both were dead. But Alphonse must have died last, for I found gripped tightly in his hand something. I found gripped tightly in his hand something which could not possibly have been there during the struggle. A curl of brown hair—very much like—Antoinette's. I closed his hand more tightly about it, Clifton. It will go with him into his grave."

into his grave."

Clifton had placed a hand over his eyes.
"I shall tell Antoinette—some day," he said. "I want her to know. She has learned about the monk's death, and Hurd's?"

"Yes. The tragedy is common news in both camps. We are taking Alphonse back to Depot Number One and will bury him in the edge of the forest near the monastery. Antoinette and Gaspard have selected the place, where years ago Alphonse saved Antoinette. place, where years ago Alphonse saved Antoinette from death in the river. They will

accompany the body in the morning."
"And I shall go, too," said Clifton. "I can ride if I cannot walk, John."

It was in the deeper dusk of evening that Clifton sat alone, bolstered high up in his bed. And it was in this dusk that Antoinette came to him again, and sat beside him, and placed her head so that he could press his lips in her hair and kiss her when she raised her face a little. And in this dusk sorrow and happiness became one between them, and precious secrets crept out of their hearts, and hope and glory and God grew about them as the stars came out in the sky and the benediction of night closed about the little cabin in the wilderness.

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THE END

## The Lonely Man of Pahang

(Continued from page 53)

ought to lock it—and found that silver frame with the girl's picture in it. She had removed the photograph and was staring at it quite jealously. When I ordered her to give it to me she tore it in half. I chased her out and pasted the pieces together . . . Sort of interesting

face, I thought."
"Thanks. Wish you'd thrown the pieces away. Never had quite enough courage to do it myself."

"Bad as all that, Mac?"

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"She married a friend of mine. Broke her engagement with me to do it. Chap named John Brown, too. Common name for an un-John Brown, too. Common name for an un-commonly good man. Brownie always was a a prince—lots of money, good family—and not a mining engineer, wandering all over the face of God's creation carrying a trunk on his

Fell a long silence while both men gazed down into the valley where the arc-lights around the workings gleamed through the

with the workings gleaned through the darkness.

"When I'm gone, shut down the night shift," MacInnis ordered crisply. "I'll cable the home office from Singapore to start an assistant out to you." He finished his drink, rose and let his long, yellow hand, that was more like a claw than a hand, fall on Downey's shoulder. "You're a fine clean lad, Danny," he said paternally. "But that's because you're younge Good night." He shuffled down the veranda. From the darkness of the far end he added, "All the same, you're a tolerant pup."

Kin Foo had already fetched Downey's razor-strop. The latter picked it up now. "Wait a minute, Mac," he called. "I'll pop over to your bungalow and see if you have any stray mosquitoes under your net before you

stray mosquitoes under your net before you turn in."

"Don't coddle me," MacInnis protested

Downey made no reply, but strode swiftly past his superior and on to the latter's bungalow. He switched on the electric light; there was a woman's cry of fright, pain, rage or all three, and Selun came bounding out of the disappeared down the slope.

"I don't understand how these people can

"I don't understand how these people can hang on to their persistency in this climate, Mac," Downey remarked. "If you weren't leaving tomorrow I'd report the trollop to old Bahu Nedang for annoying you." "Don't. He'd beat her." "That's the only language she understands, confound her. I suppose she'll slip a cobra or a karait into my bed some night for this. I must be careful."

HE preparations for his journey did not occupy much of Malcolm MacInnis's time. His toilet articles, a dispatch case, four suits of white drill clothing, a clean topi, his pistol and carbine and sufficient ammunition for an ex-traordinary emergency, and some food constituted all of his equipment. Four Chinese coolie bearers carried it, while Kaya Haji, his Malay body-servant and guide, walked in

his Malay body-servant and guide, walked in advance of the party, carrying a spear.

Now, few Malays care to accept domestic service. They are too free, too independent, too indolent for that. Kaya Haji, however, had a special reason for thrusting himself under the protecting mantle of the Pahang Tin Mining Company, Limited. Like all of his race, he was an incorrigible philanderer, and in a moment of madness had presumed to carry on a secret amour with a girl upon whom the Sultan of Pahang had set the seal of his property right. He should have known better. He knew that all Malay women are prone to boast of their conquests, particularly after they have grown a trifle weary of them. But

they have grown a trifle weary of them. But



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By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

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Kaya Haji made the mistake of thinking that he would be an exception to this rule, which is where his masculine ego led him into difficul-His light of love did talk among the ladies

of the court.

One night the girl failed to keep her tryst with Kaya Haji. That spelled trouble. Consequently, when four young stalwarts suddenly appeared, Kaya Haji realized that if he would have theirs it would be well to relive to comb gray hairs it would be well to re-move himself quickly outside the limits of Pekan, the sultan's city. He fled with spears hurtling about his sinful head.

In the middle of the moonlit road down which he was fleeing stood a white man—and by now a spear had pierced the back of his right thigh and hung there, the shaft bumping in the road behind him as he ran.

"Help, Tuan! Save me and I will be your slave!" he shrieked and made a dive for the white man's legs.

A streak of flame and the crashing roar of a forty-five pistol was the answer to his appeal. The bullet went high, for Malcolm MacInnis hadn't the slightest desire to interfere seriously in a Malay family row. The rush stopped and the avenging quartet scattered. MacInnis plucked the spear from Kaya Haji's thigh and half carried him to his launch moored at the river bank.

Kaya Haji had made a promise in return for his life and he kept the promise. He was the slave of Tuan MacInnis. He performed the duties of trailer, guide, philosopher and friend and amused MacInnis with his tales of the dark and bloody days before the advent of the English with their passion for law. He ran errands and saw that the Chinese boys did their work; the value of the things he stole was too trifling for MacInnis to bother about and so Kaya Haji loved him and was happy.

LATE one afternoon they were installed in the comfortable hotel in lovely Kuala Lumpor, the capital of the Federated Malay States

MacInnis was exhausted after his long journey, but the sight of the late afternoon sun on the creamy spires of Government House, the pleasing splash of colors in the long blue Moorish colonnades of the principal buildings, and a handsome young English woman with two golden-haired boys driving down the Batu road in a yellow dog-cart drawn by a Sumatra pony, thrilled him to the core of his being. Despite the thousands of Orientals that crowded the sidewalks and overflowed into the middle of the streets, MacInnis almost felt at home again. He felt like shouting lustily and joyously at every white man and woman he passed. He wanted to shake hands with them and say: "My name is Malcolm MacInnis. I'm with the Pahang Tin Mining Company, Limited, and the blighters have kept me up in the heart of darkness four long years—and because I located some new that had never been scratched and was as rich as cream. For the Lord's sake, come and have a drink with me! I have some money and I'm crazy to spend it."

However, he did nothing of the sort. Instead he was driven to his hotel, where he bathed and changed into a fresh yellow khaki suit while Kaya Haji cleaned his dirty, discolored sun-

helmet and canvas shoes.

Now in a Malayan town the center of all social activity is the club. The wives of the white men resident in the town usually repair to the club about eleven o'clock each morning, where they settle down to their eternal bridge playing. Many of them have tiffin there and continue their game of bridge until their men drop in from their offices after four o'clock. Thereafter tennis or golf round out a day con-spicuous chiefly for its tedium; unless there happens to be a dance at the club the members drift homeward about seven o'clock, dress for dinner and dine at eight or eight-thirty.

There is little, even in Kuala Lumpor, a city of approximately eighty thousand inhabitants, counting all colors, to differentiate one day from another. The life is particularly wearing

on the women. Unlike their men, they have nothing to occupy their time save a little golf or tennis, much bridge and more cocktails and whisky and soda than even a woman of sporting proclivities finds necessary to her comfort in Occidental surroundings. Even the wife of a sub-manager or chief clerk finds herself caught up in this deadly round of idleness and monotony, for servants are to be had for a few Straits dollars monthly, and poverty-stricken indeed is the salaried man whose wife cannot afford a cook, a butler, a gardener, a couple of house boys, a coolie for the rough work and a liveried chauffeur to drive even the cheapest of American-made cars.

of American-made cars.

When he first came out to Malaya, MacInnis had had charge of a dredger mine a few miles outside Kuala Lumpor and as a matter of course he had joined the club. Throughout the four years of his exile in upper Pahang he had retained his membership—and now that he deemed himself presentable to civilized society again he drifted over to the club about

six o'clock.

Alas! he found himself a stranger. were six tables of bridge scattered along the wide veranda, but of the twenty-four players not one knew him. On the lawn in front of the club-house six men, all unknown to him, played tennis; when they spoke to the Tamil and Malay boys who retrieved the balls MacInnis realized that they were "griffins," new-comers in Kuala Lumpor. Nowhere on earth, he reflected, could a club

membership change so rapidly as in this land membership change so rapidly as in this land where white men come, work hard and play hard for three years, and then go home. If, in Malaya, they have made a competence in that time, they do not come back. Moreover, employees of the principal English and American houses with branches throughout the Orient are moved about a great deal; and there are the men who, under the strain of work, sunshine, loneliness and whisky, die or leave the Orient forever in order to prolong life. Added to this number are those whose wives crack under the strain and who thus force their husbands to seek fairer fields.

He waited, but no friendly face appeared and a feeling of despondency settled over him. He resolved to take train for Penang on the morrow and book a passage to Marseilles on the first steamer leaving.

PRDERING a whisky and soda MacInnis took his glass and repaired to the corner of the veranda farthest from the nearest bridge players. They were all women. Almost without volition on his part he began to develop a detached sort of interest in their game, when, following perhaps twenty seconds of absolute silence, a woman whose back was toward him bid four hearts.

Instantly another woman who faced toward him cried sharply: "Double!"

A silence. Then: "Redouble!" The bidder did not hesitate. Neither did her opponent. "I redouble you once more, old dear," she announced coolly.
"Content!" Old Dear murmured, and the

play was on.
"Down four! Sorry, old dear," the woman

"Down four! Sorry, old dear," the woman who had redoubled twice announced to the victim as the last card fluttered to the greentopped table. "Shall we play another rubber?" "I think not," the vanquished one replied. "I don't appear to be very lucky today." Four heads were bent over the score as one of the quartet added it. Satisfied, apparently, that the correct balance for each player had been arrived at, each player signed the score card and one of them tapped the call bell on the taboret beside the table.

card and one of them tapped the call bell of the table.

The Malay barkeeper came out, took the sheet of paper and silently disappeared into the bar with it. A Tamil Tamby, leaning asleep against the veranda railing, was awakened by one of the women who ruthlessly prodded him in the ribs with her parasol; he carried away and presently three motor-cars. scurried away and presently three motor-cars drew up in front, in answer to his summons.

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"You k Pandit G everybody "Twelve to last night She moa stupid, rec

only ruine God, why "Becaus Guru answ "Can I give you a lift back to your hotel, dear?" one of the women inquired of the one

dear?" one of the women inquired of the one who had just been so badly "set."
"Thanks so much, no. I am not going back just now. Think I shall dine here tonight."
Farewells were said and the three motor-cars

departed forthwith. The fourth hand remained seated with her back toward MacInnis and he watched her smoke three cigarets, ighting one with the butt of the other. Before she had consumed the third, night, which descends over Malaya unheralded by twilight, had enshrouded the veranda in darkness. Be-cause of her white dress MacInnis could just make out the woman.

"Now, that woman." he reflected, "is low in her mind. There she sits, distrait and nervous. She isn't smoking cigarets; she's stoking them! I'll bet a new hat she's been let down them! If not a new hat she's been let down rather badly in that bridge game—and she can-not afford the loss. She evidently is not a good bridge player, or she would never have re-doubled after her opponent had doubled a bid of four hearts. She must be a heavy loser and plunging to recoup her losses. Ah, I was certain of it."

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The woman had bent her head on her arms, outstretched over the table, and was sobbing

soruy.

"Afraid to go home," the astute MacInnis concluded. "Going to dine alone at the club—and tonight's an off night and the club's deserted. Afraid to face her husband, I dare say . . Well, a good cry will buck her up." He sat there, in the thickening gloom, listen-

ng to the woman's muffled sobs. Presently

"I have the score of the play today," he said coldly. "You have lost again—much too. much—and tomorrow is the first day of the new month, when the gambling losses for the month must be paid. You are unable to pay?"

MacInnis had a swift impulse to take the new month, when the pape shake him until his teeth

Malay by the nape, shake him until his teeth rattled and boot him back into the barroom. There was a cold assurance about the fellow,

a definite lack of respect for a white woman, Clearly this Malay's education as a club servant had been neglected—and it was high time that this oversight should be attended to. MacInnis rose softly, but almost im-mediately sat down again as the woman spoke:

"Pandit Guru—you must help me."
"Now this," MacInnis soliloquized, "is indeed an extraordinary situation. Plainly these two understand each other. If he is disrespectful the fault is hers. She is paying the price for familiarity with a Malay."

AcInnis sat down, wondering if he ought to cough, for the thought of being a deliberate eavesdropper was very repugnant to him; and yet, he asked himself, was he not justified, yet, he asked himsen, was he not justified, under the present circumstance, in eavesdropping? He was a white man, a gentleman, and here was a lady of the club, in desperate financial circumstances; appealing to a native servant for help rather than to a white man. If MacInnis had not known so well the psychology of the Malay, he would have acted instantly upon his first impulse; on second thought, born of his intimate knowledge of the fact that rare indeed is the Malay who aids subsect with the second control of the seco anybody without a price, he decided to remain a little longer. If this woman really needed help, he must decide how badly she needed it and then relieve the club servant of

The Malay laughed softly and mirthlessly.

"You keep the record of the bridge play,
Pandit Guru. Tell me how much I owe—

Twelve thousand dollars was the total up

She moaned pitfully. "Oh, what a blind, stupid, reckless, heartless fool I have been!" she cried piteously in English. "I have not only ruined myself but my husband also. Oh Cod why did I a Why did I?"

God, why did I do it? Why did I? Why did I?"
"Because you are a very big fool," Pandit Guru answered her bluntly in excellent English.





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"Ah, he's a babu," MacInnis reflected.
"That's what comes of giving these people English schools. Teaches them to believe English schools. Teaches them to believe they are as good as their masters. What a sentimental, altruistic, silly lot of asses Anglo-Saxons are, with their passion for equality and democracy. Mac, old thing, I think it's your Christian duty to stick and learn more of this affair."

HE woman fought for her self-control for a minute. Then:

"Pandit Guru, you alone keep the record of the play, do you not? "Well?"

"I will give you a hundred dollars if you save me.

"How can I save you?" he queried. "If I am discovered to have made a false record the governors will give me the sack. And I shall have no reference."

"But you could lose the book," she persisted

eagerly. "It could be stolen."
"Yes, that is possible, but—not for one hundred dollars."

"I will give you two hundred."

"Money is always to be desired, but—there is a desire above that." "You filthy creature! How dare you-and to

a white woman! I shall report you to the House Committee, Pandit Guru,"

"I do not think you will do that," he answered evenly. The rascal was all too certain of his position, and that the woman realized this was equally evident, for again she commenced to sob.

"I am not an ill-favored man," Pandit Guru continued. "I have white blood in me. My grandfather was a white man, I know the ways of white men—and I can save you from disgrace. I can save your husband. In return for this, how little I require! Only that tonight I may be admitted to those white Such a very small price for such a very arms.

"I would rather kill myself," she panted, but she did not send him away. Wherefore he

lingered

"I told you I know the ways of white men. Even if you kill yourself, that will not avail, for your husband will be expected to pay your gambling losses and the disgrace will fall upon him as heavily as the dew in the jungle. He will resign from the club. He will leave Malaya with a curse in his heart for you, who have thrice betrayed him. You are too particular. If you have not hesitated to betray his honor in one matter, why do you hesitate to betray it in another?

"Have you not gambled beyond his ability to pay? Has he not ordered you to play no more for high stakes because it is not possible for him to afford your losses? Do not deny it. I myself heard him tell you as I set your cocktails before you on the occasion of his last visit here. If he discovers that you have again disobeyed his order and have lost more than twelve thousand dollars, what will he do? You are lost, I assure you. I, Pandit Guru, who am one-quarter white, who have been educated in the English schools and who know the ways of white men-assure you that, without me, your life will be what you English call a mess.

"You shrewd, conscienceless scoundrel," MacInnis breathed admiringly. "You've figured her case out to a nicety. You've watched her passion for gambling gradually "You've You've enmesh her. You know her husband's resources—and you know the code of white men in Malaya, that one must pay one's debts of honor or accept dishonor. Few of us have the courage to accept dishonor publicly, but to accept it privately—well, that is another

Fell a long and terrible silence, while the woman dabbed at her eyes and sobbed occasionally.

"Five hundred dollars, Pandit Guru. It is all I possess. Please, for God's sake, don't drive me to desperation!" "I have named my price," he answered lightly. "Is it that you fear to be seen with me? Of course I would not come to the hotel. I have no wish to be beaten and kicked out. Therefore I have prepared a house. It is all too poor for the honor of your presence but it

A long silence. Then: "Where do you live?" the woman moaned. He told her in meticulous detail and then repeated his directions. "I'll go home from my work here at nine o'clock," he "Boy!" From t

From the bar came the old, insistent call of the East.
"Yes, sir," Pandit Guru shouted respectfully. "Tonight, then, at ten o'clock," he

warned his victim. "And you will bring the book with you?" she gasped. "I must have it. I must destroy it with my own hands."

"Afterward," he reminded her craftily, and disappeared into the bar.

The woman hid her head on her arms and sobbed as if her heart must break. Presently she dragged herself wearily down the veranda steps; a Tamil rickshaw coolie, waiting patiently across the driveway, ran up and dropped his shafts; the woman climbed in and the coolie jogged away with her; when MacInnis heard the mellow warning tinkle of the rickshaw bell as they emerged into the street, he rose and unostentatiously left the

ARRIVED at his hotel he summoned Kaya Haji and unhesitatingly explained the situation to him. Kaya Haji, standing respectfully be-fore his master, pursed his betel-stained lips and nodded his entire comprehension. In a single sentence he expressed his opinion of Pandit Guru.

"He is base-born, Tuan. Therefore he will not bring her the record of the play. He will keep it to threaten her in that day when she will have no more of him."

"You ought to know how a scoundrel of a Malay will act," MacInnis replied thought-fully. "You're a first-class rascal yourself and not above playing the same game. However, Kaya Haji, you have one great virtue. You are You will see to it that faithful to your rice. this animal, Pandit Guru, brings the book, and warn him that if it be not the book in question

Kaya Haji bowed with regal dignity. He

understood perfectly.
At nine o'clock when Pandit Guru came out of the servants' entrance of the club a stranger fell into step beside him. "Ho, Pandit Guru, have you brought the book?" he asked in the Pahang dialect.

"What wild dog of the hills are you to ask me questions?" Pandit Guru retorted.

"Softly, my brother, softly, if you would not swallow those hard words. I am not wont to argue with a base-born swine when I am sent to do the bidding of one whose rice I have eaten.

Answer, animal. Have you brought the book?"
"No," Pandit Guru replied, and wished he
had not become so civilized as to dispense with even a small dagger in the belt that held up his silken sarong.
"Get it," Kaya Haji commanded.

mark you, Pandit Guru, if it be not the book that is required I will not ask you to seek it a second time. Go, brother, and return with the book."

"This is a woman's devising," Pandit Guru growled, and swore in back of his hand.

From the folds of his sarong Kaya Haji drew a parang, and at sight of the weapon Pandit Guru realized that the time for diplomacy had passed. He turned back into the club and Kaya Haji smiled, for none knew better than he that when Pandit Guru should return he

would be bearing a kris instead of a book.

"You may deliver the book to me at the door of your home, my brother," he called sweetly. "If you would have friends accompany you to make the delivery, remember that I too am not friendless. Remember the book too am not friendless. Remember, the book

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Pandit Guru's humble abode was a single Pandit Guru's numble abode was a single room frame house, thatched with nipa and built in the center of a large plot, which had the effect of providing more privacy than is usually found in the native quarters. Moreusually found in the native quarters. More-over, it was less than two blocks from a row of bungalows occupied by white people; along the road immediately in front of it white men and women passed so frequently that the pas-sage of Pandit Guru's victim would be unlikely to occasion remark.

To Pandit Guru's house Kaya Haji hurried. Under a tree in the road immediately in front of the house he paused and three times he called

of the house he paused and three times he called in faithful imitation of a gecko lizard. From the trees across the road MacInnis appeared and Kaya Haji reported to him.

"The dog will be here in five minutes, *Tuan*," he declared. "And he will come unaccompanied, for his is a secret he can entrust to no man. And he will bring the book, although had he not been reminded he would have brought apother to deceive the woman. He thinks I another to deceive the woman. He thinks I am her servant and his respect for her intelligence is now much greater than before he talked with me." Kaya Haji, to whom deceit and intrigue constituted the very essence of an interesting life, grinned evilly and helped himself to a segment of prepared betel-nut. "Pandit Guru will be surprised, Tuan," he prophesied.

AND indeed such proved to be the case. And indeed such proved to be the case. Presently came Pandit Guru, padding along softly on a pair of discarded tennis shoes which he had picked up around the club. Parang at the ready, Kaya Haji popped out at him from behind the tree.

"I would see the book," he said softly and held out his left hand for it.
Pandit Guru halted, gazed up and down the road and, seeing no one, did that which the astute Kaya Haji suspected he might do. From the folds of his sarong he drew a kris and cut

the folds of his sarong he drew a kris and cut furiously at the man from Pahang. Kaya Haji parried the stroke with the flat of his Haji parried the stroke with the flat of his heavier and shorter parang and backed away, with Pandit Guru pressing him now with the point of the kris. His quarter white blood had given him, in his superior height and considered when pondering the possibility of Pandit Guru's arming himself with a kris. Knowing the futility of attack, the crafty fellow gave ground swiftly, backing away and parrying the other's thrusts and cuts.

"Now, Tuan," said Kaya Haji coolly, when he had fallen back almost across the road.

MacInnis stepped out from the shadow of

he had fallen back almost across the road.

MacInnis stepped out from the shadow of
the trees into the half-light cast by a distant
arc-lamp. His pistol covered Pandit Guru; at
his command the Malay dropped his weapon.
Kaya Haji ran agile hands over the prisoner's
person and found a slim account book tucked
into the fellow's' belt. MacInnis, leaving his
servant to guard Pandit Guru, went up under
the arc-light and examined it. It was a looseleaf book and contained about a hundred
scores of bridge games, all dated and signed by scores of bridge games, all dated and signed by

scores of Dridge games, an active the players.

"This appears to be what I wanted, Kaya Haji," he informed his man. He helped Kaya Haji bind Pandit Guru's hands behind him, after which they escorted him into his own house, bound his feet together, gagged him and laid him on a mat to reflect on the error

of his ways "Now, Kaya Haji," MacInnis instructed his man, "you will remain here all night and see that this man does not escape us. I will call for him tomorrow morning."

He went outside and again took up his position in the deep shadow of the trees across the road. And presently the woman came—walking, for she dared trust no rickshaw coolinow. MacInnis crossed the street noiselessly, fell in behind her and, just as she turned in to Pandit Guru's house, touched her lightly on the shoulder. the shoulder.



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"You brown beast!" she cried furiously, and whirled on him, firing point-blank with a small bright pistol as she did so. The bullet almost caressed his cheek; before she could fire again he had struck the pistol downward and was holding her hand by her side. "Pardon," he said gently.

"I'm a white man and, although a stranger to you, I am the best friend you have ever had—and at a time when you need a friend most.

She trembled pitifully. "Have I-have I-

shot you?"

He smiled and shook his head. "You were quick on the trigger," he reminded her. "Surely you did not come here with the in-tention of killing Pandit Guru in cold blood. You came with the idea in mind to point that little bar pistol at his head and force him to

deliver the book, did you not?"
"Who are you?" she panted. "You—you know too much."
"Well, I can guess as much as I know. My guess is that you only appeared to yield to that brown devil's desire. Would you have shot him if he had refused to give up the—ah—evidence?"

HE woman nodded an affirmative-nodded

slowly and wonderingly.

"Well, you had to do something—and anything was to be preferred to his alternative. I think you would have been justified in blowing his brains out, securing the book and taking a chance on making your getaway. That was the only chance you had—the one chance in a million—and like a brave woman you took it."

million—and like a brave woman you took it."
"I am not brave—merely desperate. Please,
who are you?" Her hand had gone to her heart
as if to still its wild beating. "I do not know
you, although there is about you—your voice
particularly—something familiar."
"I will introduce myself," he resumed.
"Perhaps you will feel more assured if I do.
My name is Malcolm MacInnis and I am a
mining engineer in charge of the operations of

mining engineer in charge of the operations of the Pahang Tin Mining Company, Limited. I've been stuck away up on the Tembeling River for four years—and I'm on my way home for a much needed vacation. Got into Kuala Lumpor this afternoon, perfectly mad for white society, and immediately went over to the club. Nobody there I knew or even vaguely remembered with the exception of two of the women playing bridge with you-and I have been almost three hours remembering them. Malayan mind, you know—can't remember things like I used to. Well, I sat out on the veranda feeling a little lonely and forgotten, and having nothing else to do I took a mild interest in your bridge game."
"Why—why did you accost me here?"

The woman's voice was a ghastly whisper.

"I heard every word of your conversation with Pandit Guru. However, that need not I do not know you, for at the trouble you. club you sat with your back to me and when I meet you now you are heavily veiled. Besides, you may have noticed that I haven't looked at you. I do not care to know you because I do not relish the thought of any lady living with a skeleton in her closet."

"You know me," the woman panted, and came a step nearer, her hands held before her

beseechingly.

He backed away. "No, no, I do not know you. I do not want to be the possessor of a woman's shameful secret. But even if I did know you, you would be safe. I should never, never tell."

"Of course you wouldn't, Malcolm MacInnis," she replied with difficulty. "You

MacInnis," she replied with difficulty. "You always were so old-fashioned. You're a holdover from an all but extinct race of men—men who do not have to be raised as gentlemen because they are born that way. Malcolm, don't you know me? I'm Margaret Mason—Jack Brown's wife."

He stared sorrowfully into her white face when she threw back her veil. "Damnation! I didn't want to know you," he groaned, and took her hands in his and kissed them tenderly. "Poor little Margaret. Always wilful, always high-spirited, always a bit of a little devilbut always, always good. I'm so sorry for you, but so happy I got here in time."

She clung to his arm for support. "I think

God has sent you to me this night, Malcolm-you, of all men. Oh, my friend, my dear, good, kind, understanding old Mac!" She laid her head on his breast and wept as if she would never cease, while MacInnis's thin hand patted her wet cheek and MacInnis's husky voice mumbled incoherent promises of faith, affec-

tion and support.
"Come, come, Peg!" he said presently, addressing her by the old familiar name of their sweetheart days. "You must buck up. Where's good old Brownie?"

She stifled her emotion long enough to reply:

"He's out at Rembau, in Negri-Sembilan.
He's manager of a coconut plantation there."
"How long have you been in Malaya,
Margaret?"

"Two years. Jack lost his money-what little he had left after the war—and he wanted to get away from his old haunts and his old friends at home. He had an offer to come out here in a minor position, so we came. He's worked up to manager, but I—I—oh, Malcolm you'll never, never understand!" And she commenced to sob again.

He waited patiently until she could regain control of herself. "Aren't you and Brownie happy together any more, Margaret?" he queried. "Forgive my asking, but—there are "Forgive my asking, but—there are

some things I have to know.

"You mean, do I still love him? Oh, Malcolm, I'm afraid I do not—not the way I loved him when we were first married. He's changed—and I fear I've changed too. We've got on each other's nerves—and it's so lonely out there at Rembau—nobody but the four white assistants—two of them are married and their wives are impossible—even if the resident manager's wife could pal up with them-which isn't done, you know. I'm so-weary of Tamils—and Chinamen and Malays. I'm so fed up on the eternal talk of new clearings, burnings, plantings, pests, copra, the market, ditches, drains and the campaign against mosquitoes. The smell of the vegetation—one never escapes it—and the insects and snakes the same monotonous chicken curry and ricethe same canned vegetables—the same lizard crying all night long 'Is that so?' Is that so?' Oh, Malcolm, dear friend, it's terrible! I can't stand it—so I come away—down here—for a change—and there's nothing to do except gossip and play bridge and repel the unmarried

men and drink too much."
"I know, Margaret. We're quite respectable and we do not get drunk, but we all drink too much and tell ourselves that we have to do it in this climate. That," he added, "is just one more evidence of the Malayan mind."

WANT to go away," she wailed. "I want to go home—and I can't. I'm a prisoner here. Jack's work is here—we can't go home until next year—because his leave is every three years. And even then we can't go because—we haven't saved anything. He—he's putting our savings into stock of the company. Oh, Malcolm, I've been mad! Twice before I have lost more than we could afford-and Jack paid me out—only he wasn't a very good sport about it—and now I'm in again, deeper than ever—and I don't know why I did it.

"Oh, Mac, my dear old friend, I've felt a mad desire to hurt Brownie. He's so stupid— he doesn't understand what this country is doing to me. He has his work—no time to get lonely—and I—I've smashed every-thing. Only when that had been accom-plished did I realize—well, I would have saved him then if I could, no matter howbut you saved me from that and now I want to die. Oh, Mac, I'm a wicked, wicked woman and I want to die! I'm so ashamed-

Malcolm MacInnis kissed her hands again.
"I love you, Margaret," he whispered forlornly. "I can't help it. I never got over lornly.

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which : "Rul Selun played "If I've beyond I no los code of loving you and I never shall. Don't take it so hard, darling. I understand so much more about it than you think I do. You've got what Dan Downey, my assistant, calls the Malayan mind. I've got it myself. Had to go away to escape. Poor old Brownie! He's got it too, I dare say, although he ought to have known how hard this country is on the women women as young and beautiful and spoiled as

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women as young and beautiful and spotted as you are.

"Listen to me, Margaret. Don't weep. I'll save you. You've got to face facts. No good to pig it. You and Brownie are my friends and I'll not go back on you. Now buck up, old girl. Our kind of people simply must not get our tails down. I'll pay you out in the morning. I tell you I'll pay you out, Margaret, and Brownie will never know—at least I hope so—at then I'll lend you money enough to send and then I'll lend you money enough to send you home for a year."

She clung to him, silent, shuddering. Her

She clung to him, silent, shuddering. Her soul revolted against accepting his aid, but the devils of disgrace and humiliation silenced her protest. She had to accept—to sacrifice anything to save the face of her husband. She could only wish she had never been born.

He divined her thoughts. "I can afford it, Margaret," he lied magnificently. "In fact, I'm rather sinfully rich and can afford to pay for my fancies. However, I'm not going to pay as much for them as you seem to think, since fortunately I happened to recognize two since fortunately I happened to recognize two of the women you were playing with. One of them is Mrs. Todhunter and the other Mrs. Annersley."

The unhappy woman nodded, and MacInnis went on:

wenton:
"I recall very distinctly that both ladies were forced to resign from the country club in Manila three years ago. They were just too infernally lucky at bridge and poker and an American army officer caught them redhanded. I noticed tonight that when Mrs. Todhunter and Mrs. Annersley found themselves partners, Mrs. Todhunter called for a new deck of cards and the rascal Pandit Guru. new deck of cards and the rascal Pandit Guru brought them out from the bar."
"Yes, that is so. They both declare they

"Yes, that is so. They both declare they cannot play more than three rubbers with the same deck of cards."

"They mark the cards, Margaret, and leave them with the bar boy. When a new deck is called for he furnishes it from their private stock instead of the club stock. Of course they pay him. I'll shake both ladies down in the morning, never fear."

they pay him. I'll shake both ladies down in the morning, never fear."

"Malcolm, how am I to thank you? I never can catch even with you—never, never."

"Don't try, my dear. By the way, after I've cleared up your gambling affairs, I think you might be permitted a white lie. The jockey club holds its meeting next week. You might win enough money to go here on. Brownie win enough money to go home on. Brownie was always a trusting individual, and he'll swallow that fib."

"Oh, I can't do that, Malcolm! I'll let you pay me out at bridge, but—"
"You will do as I say and go home or I shall not pay you out at bridge," he interrupted sternly. "Have I your word of honor that you will obey me? You owe me that, I think."

THE bowed her head and very humbly laid

He smiled painfully. "Not such a lark, this unexpected meeting with an old sweetheart, Margaret," he said, striving to carry off the installate."

incident gaily.

"Malcolm! You're the most wonderful man in the world and perhaps you understand, but

I doubt that you do. You don't know—you
cannot imagine the stress and temptation to
which a woman is subjected——"

"Rubbish!" he interrupted. He thought of Selun and the part Daniel J. Downey had played in helping him keep his self-respect. "If I've learned anything away up in back of hearth of the beyond, it's to be charitable-toward women. I no longer subscribe to the ancient masculine code of a double standard of morals. I don't see why a woman hasn't got fully as good a

right as a man to go to the devil and back again if she wants to. She's human and subject to the same stress and strain—and God didn't give her half the resistance He gave to man. The great marvel to me is that women are so

fine and good and brave as they are."

She walked with him back to his hotel and then called a rickshaw . . . She looked back then called a rickshaw . . . She looked back once as the coolie settled into his slow jog-trot and saw MacInnis standing where she had left him, his faded old khaki topi in his hand, his

white, drawn face turned wistfully toward her. "Poor dear," she thought. "He looks like one who has been down into hell, too. I wonder why I ever thought I didn't love him . Well, it's too late to think of that now." threw him a kiss and he waved his topi at her.

ACINNIS's interview with Mesdames Todhunter and Annersley was brief and blunt. He did all of the talking and when they would fain have taken refuge in a show of righteous indignation and fought back at him from the shelter nation and lought back at him from the shelter of outraged innocence, he produced Pandit Guru's records and half a dozen packs of marked cards which he and the club manager had unearthed in a locker behind the bar. Eventually both cheats wilted and tearfully accepted what is known in legal circles as "an immunity bath." Their resignations from the club were then presented and both waived their right to collect from all those with whom they had played that month. they had played that month.

However, even with the result of Margaret Brown's wild gambling reduced sixty percent thereby, she still had her debts to other members to settle and since there was no reason to dispute these, MacInnis gave her the money to settle them. Then he gave her a ticket home on a P. & O. liner and two thousand dollars besides.

"You've simply got to win all this money at the races, Margaret," he warned her. "Brownie likes me and respects me, but he knows you and I were engaged before I lost you to him and one can never know what thoughts come even to the most kindly and generous of men. The race meeting will last a week. Play the long shots every day after the races have been won, figure out your fancied winnings and write Brownie loving and enthusiastic letters about your marvelous luck. Then go back to Rembau for a couple of weeks, be nice to him, hold yourself together and he'll God bless you and be god weeks as the action of the couple of weeks.

and be glad you can go home."
"I loathe lying to him, Mac. I have never

done that heretofore."

"Under certain circumstances," said Mal-colm MacInnis, "a lie is a kindly thing, and colm MacInnis, "a lie is a kindly thing, and therefore excusable. Of course you'll never gamble again. You shouldn't play bridge for more than a tenth of a cent a point, because you're a poor player. However, it is well to have learned all that yourself and I do not mean to preach or scold. My youthful assistant, Dan Downey, once told me that it is well to the property of the pro for one to yield to temptation occasionally, otherwise one will never know the joys of reformation. Of course virtue is its own reward, but it seems to me that most human beings have a more profound appreciation of virtue after they have first sinned a little."

At parting he kissed her with the assurance and lack of passion that mark the farewells of old, privileged and valued friends. Whatever her thoughts were in that supreme moment she kept them to herself very bravely. He stood on the station platform and watched the train bear her away toward Rembau; when it dis-appeared in the shimmering heat, he turned and walked slowly back to his hotel, and in the privacy of his room he carefully counted his

money.

"Not enough to pull off the party you planned originally, Mac, old boy," he solilo-quized, "but with care you have enough for a second-class ticket to Manila, a month's vacation up at Baguio and a second-class ticket back to Singapore. Kaya Haji will be happy in the steerage. There's golf at Baguio and up there in the cool bills arrount the price. and up there in the cool hills among the pine



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Name	



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no matter what it was—brown, black, auburn, blonde—and the hair takes on

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trees, with white men and women to play with, you'll be just as happy as if you had good sense, although you did want to hear some good music and go to the opera and see some good shows and greet old friends,"

Thus did he put his bright day-dreams

hehind him

Sixty days later Daniel J. Downey looked out the office window of the Pahang Tin Min-ing Company, Limited, and swore softly. Malcolm MacInnis was coming up the trail

from the river.
"Something's happened," thought Daniel J. Downey, "but I must not appear curious. If he wants me to know he'll tell me. If he doesn't want me to know, he'll stick here and die and be damned to everybody."

He went out on the veranda to welcome his chief.

"Have a good time back home?" he queried impishly. "Sacred snakes, how time does fly! I never knew six months to pass in sixty days before." Their Siamese house-cat came up and rubbed

against the wanderer's legs. MacInnis picked her up and examined her with every appearance

her up and examined her with every appearance of alert interest.

"Well, Dan, I see you've still got the same old cat. How's my friend Selun?"

"She's happy with Ducroix, our new time-keeper. He's French—from Saigon. Just after you left I received a letter from him applying for the job, so I cabled him to come and sent him his fare. Selun and I have buried the hatchet, but the obsequies cost me three hundred Straits dollars. I've charged that to you." that to you.

Malcolm MacInnis smiled a twisted smile Macom Maconnis smiled a twisted smile and laid his hands on Daniel J. Downey's shoulder. "You're a tolerant pup," he murmured. "I'm going to get drunk tonight. Will you join me?"

"With all the pleasure in life," replied Daniel J. Downey.

### Perpetual Emotion (Continued from page 79)

"Betty Rivers!" repeated Ned. "Is she old

"Betty Rivers!" repeated Ned. "Is she old enough to be coming to dances?"
"Didn't you see the signs?" demanded Jane. "Tarleton's got her off proposing to her."
Denny held silence. These others had forgotten what she used to say about Tarleton. Betty Rivers! Why, she hadn't known that Betty was that old. Tarleton... was proposing ... to Betty Rivers, whom Denny could remember as a yelling, red-faced infant. If that child were grown, then Denny, too, must—

Her meditations bore fruit. Half an hour later the unsuspecting Tarleton found himself taking her off to sit out a dance. She seated herself in the roadster and stared out across the

moonlit landscape.
"Tarleton," Denny asked dreamily, "what

"Tarleton," Denny sort of girl do men like?"

Tarleton could have answered a question

Tarleton could have answered a puestion of the properties of the start of

Denny shook her head impatiently.
"No. Tarleton; there were half a dozen fellows inside shooting that line to me. If you could create your own girl, what would she

Tarleton forgot his veneer of blandishing.

"What's the idea, Denny?" he asked.
"Look at that moon!" Denny said with a little catch in her words. "Oh, Tarleton, life's funny, isn't it? You meet people and care for them, or you don't care for them; and you go on seeing them every day or never see them again. Isn't there some one different, Tarleton? Some girl not-quite like all the rest?

paused. Tarleton held his silence.

"Everyone has, Tarleton: some one who'll always have a place of his own in the—inner temple." Unconsciously she was leaning closer to him. "Isn't there some one—for you, too— Tarleton?"

Tarleton's eyes were narrowed, contemplatnarreton's eyes were narrowed, contemplating memories. Slowly, under the spell, he nodded. "Yes, Denny. All of us have—some one in the—inner temple." Unaware of her sudden erectness he went on. "You meet her and remember her—and always mean to go back some day and see if she really is the one girl she seemed to be. But life sort of drifts on. You're half afraid to see her again because she probably won't be the girl you're treasuring; and you're afraid of destroying a memory you otherwise might keep. And then you're ashamed you've waited so long to write or call .

From the distance came the music of the colored string band, drifting in a nameless,

walling, barbaric strain. Denny cleared her throat with a sudden little grating rasp.
"Who—is she, Tarleton?" she asked, the swelling in her throat making her voice harsh.
"When—did you meet her?"

"Oh, Denny, I feel like an idiot, letting you pump me like this. Last fall, when we ran up to Memphis, Tennessee, for the game. She's—June Clyde Sanderson."

Denny straightened. "June Clyde! Lordy, Tarleton, I went to school with her! I've always meant to ask her to visit me. She is a peach too, Tarleton. I don't blame you for liking her. Lordy, there goes the next dance—and I've promised it twice. Let's go in."

HE was still pensive, however, next morning. Idly she strolled out upon the lawn and around into the back yard. That chinaberry tree certainly was growing fast. She must speak to the cook about throwing coffee grounds into the back yard. Dad's peach trees had a lot of

the back yard. Dad's peach trees had a lot of blooms on them. She paused to stare. In common with perhaps a majority of Southern homes the Mathis place held, facing the alley in the back, an unpainted, bareporched, vertical-planked servants' house, the domicile of colored Aunt C'line and Unc' Zeke. As Denny stared Unc' Zeke carefully stuck a discarded hatpin through the end of an egg. Whining sounds came through the closed gate. "What on earth are you doing, Unc' Zeke?" asked Denny curiously, coming closer to watch.

asked Denny curiously, coming closer to watch. "You're still working out at Uncle Billy and Uncle Tom's store, aren't you? What are you

Uncle Tom's store, aren't you? What are you doing here, and why have you got Blue shut out in the alley?"

Unc' Zeke's chocolate-colored face crinkled into merriment. "Had to d'liver some groc'ries heah. I show you, ma'am."

With the greatest of care he finished the second hole in the egg. Then he put it to his mouth and began blowing, catching the contents in a cup. He shook the intact, empty shell experimentally, holding it close to his ear. The resultant absence of sound seemed satisfying. Into the second cup he began pouring a mixture: red pepper, black pepper, ing a mixture: red pepper, black pepper, mustard, vinegar, horseradish, and a final dose of fiery tabasco sauce. Denny found her eyes watering at the sight.

"What on earth, Unc' Zeke?" she asked again as he began carefully and laboriously to introduce the mixture into the prepared egg.

shell. "You trying to start a fire or somep'n?"
"Heh-heh-heh," chuckled Unc' Zeke, neglecting not the pouring. "Yas'm—I's sho' "Heh-heh-heh," chuckled Unc' Zeke, neg-lecting not the pouring. "Yas'm—I's sho' gwi' staht me a fiah. In dat dawg Blue o' mine. He been suckin' yo' paw's hen aigs-Dat's how come I got 'im shet out in de alley— so he kain' see whut I'm a-doin'. I's gwi' break dat Blue dawg o' suckin' aigs, Mis' Denny."

Comprehension dawned upon Denny. "You're going to put that prepared egg in the nest, aren't you, and let Blue eat it? So that's the way you cure a dog of sucking eggs! that do the work, Unc' Zeke?"

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"Except that it's all pepped up!" finished

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laughing.

Denny, laughing.
"Heh-heh-heh. Yas'm! You cuores a dawg o' suckin' aigs, Mis' Denny, by givin' him another aig, all pepped up!"
Of a sudden all the merriment faded from Denny's eyes. All of the laughter, all of the

Denny's eyes. All of the laughter, all of the whimsicality was gone. A little serious pucker of thought furrowed her brow.

"You—cure him," she repeated slowly to herself, "by giving him—another egg—all pepped up. All pepped up!"

She turned abruptly and sped into the house. There for over an hour she labored, ending by posting a special delivery letter in a heavy gray envelop addressed to "Miss June Clyde Sanderson, Memphis, Tennessee." She sealed it with eyes that curiously resembled those of that eyes that curiously resembled those of Unc' Zeke as he poured his brew into the egg-shell prepared for Blue.

wo days later the reply came, in a back-hand feminine writing. Denny telegraphed her answer, and began having the guest room put into order.

Late that afternoon she drove to the station to meet the southbound train.

to meet the southbound train.

Down from the Pullman came one grinning porter, two enormous hat cases, and three immaculate youths who pressed close to render all assistance with the dangerous and difficult descent. Five feet of slim roundness, topped with a waving mop of chestnut, sparkling hair, skipped down, utterly disregardful of the hopeful rouths, and looked around. "Hey, yourself. Come on and get in this car.

All set?"

"All set. Denny, surely you can't mean what you wrote about Tarleton! I thought you liked him. What must I do?"
"Be yo' natural attractive self. We'll plan

as we go along."
"But—what did you turn so abruptly for?
You live out the other way, don't you? See a ghost?"

"Yes," replied Denny succinctly to both questions. "And I don't want any ghosts seeing you—yet."

Once at home, quite according to the formula of the hostess with a visitor, she continued her ringing up of all the desirable and unattached young males. With two exceptions her acts were entirely conventional.

The first was that she was entirely successful. Most hostesses ran into dubious questionings and excuses. Denny got no such results. Her only trouble was that most of the phonees wanted to have a date with her and let some other fellow entertain the visitor. The second was that she omitted Tarleton.

Uninvited and unsuspicious he brushed through the hedge between the two homes after through the hedge between the two homes after supper with his pipe at the angle of perfect peace with all'the world. From up-stairs Denny saw him and leaned out of the window. "Go home," she ordered. "I've got a visitor; and it'd make her comp'ny mad if they found somebody else when they got here."

"Oh, all right!" muttered Tarleton in a tone that signified exactly the request.

that signified exactly the reverse.

Whereupon he retired to the undoubted welome of his own front porch and very pointedly and very unsuccessfully ignored the hilarity of the young voices next door. But next morning when he had found out who Denny's visitor was, he waylaid that young hostess indignantly:

indignantiy:

"'S the matter with you, Denny? How come you're hiding June Clyde from me?"

"I'm not hiding anybody from you!" Denny met ire with more ire. "I didn't invite you because you've told met time after time have I had a wisite you didn't wante have a wante had a wisite you didn't wante have had a wisite you didn't wante had a wisite you wante had a wante had a wisite you wante had a wante had a wante had a wante had a wisite you wante had a wante h

when I had a visitor you didn't want—"
"That was different. You know it was.
You asked about her not a week ago. And you

rang up every other fel—"
"Oh, do hush, Tarleton! Every time I've had a visitor and asked you to be nice to her

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What science has learned

Foot and leg pains are due to straining of
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your shoes for hours. Other indications are
pains in the toes, instep, heel or ankle.
Sometimes dull aches develop in the calf,
knee or thigh. Callouses on the sole and
cramped toes are other warnings.

When strain weakens the muscles the
arch sags. Bones crush down on sensitive
nerves and blood vessels. Pain that is often
agonizing results. This develops into fallen
arches.

Here is quick relief

arches. Here is quick relief

After years of tests and experiments, based on this scientific discovery, we developed a band of super-elastic webbing to be worn around the instep. It takes the strain off the weakened muscles. Relieved of strain the muscles contract again to normal; the arch is gently lifted back into place, and the nerves and blood vessels now freed of the crushing pressure—all pain vanishes like magic. Then you can walk all day, stand for hours, dance all night without a twings of discomfort. And the relief is permanent. Soon you can discard the braces. This scientific band is the Jung Arch Brace, a light, porous, elastic band, strong and durable, which accomplishes almost unbelievable results. The secret of its success is in the stretch and tension of the



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comfortable like old-fashloned steel plates, heavy arch props or bunglesome pads.

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for me you've raised Cain. Now you're acting like a kid because I wouldn't let you break in on somebody else's date last night. You make me tired! You've never had to be invited before to come busting through dad's hedge-mostly when I didn't want you to."

Tarleton, wise in feminine wiles, gave over the effort to put Denny in the wrong. "I'm coming over tonight to see June Clyde," he rumbled ominously. "And I don't care who's got a date with her, either."

He left her. Denny merely smiled.
Unaccountably, when Tarleton stalked
through the hedge that evening June Clyde's dress was of deep, dark brown, his favorite color. Unaccountably, too, his attempt to steal her off from the others was successful.

ARLETON had never been the sort to let grass ARLETON had never been the sort to let grass grow under his feet. Now he made all his previous efforts look like play. Once the ban against him was lifted he managed to absorb most of June Clyde's time. Half a dozen times in the early morning he aroused Denny's wrath by shouting across to them from his own room before they were ready to awake. He ran the gamut of all Delta entertainment for June Clyde. There were moonlit rides on the lake out at Four Oaks, when the youngsters, ark-like, paired up two by two, to drift about on the willow-margined lake. There were serenades late at night when they could lie abed, dreamily half asleep, and listen to the mellow, blending, soft voices in weird, shivery melodies, set about with sparkles of guitars and mandolins. Tarleton did not overlook many chances.

And then one morning June Clyde came down to breakfast with a solitaire on her danger finger. At sight of it Denny raced over to her, whooping. June Clyde turned it this way and that admiringly.

"But why are you more interested in this one, Dennya," There are the two others. It agest to

Denny? There are the two others I've got to

return before I go home."
"I recognized it," explained Denny succinctly. "Good girl!"

"I'm not so sure, Denny. You see, there's my young doctor in Memphis, Tennessee,

"Bunk!" pronounced Denny. "We'll start on him tonight.

on him tonight."

That evening at eight-twenty Tarleton stepped through the hedge. He was only twenty minutes late; and he notoriously had never been on time in his life. No one expected him to be punctual. No one ever had.

The others were already gone. June Clyde had told him there was a feature picture she wanted to see from the beginning—not break in half-way—and she left word for him to join them. Tarleton, unbelieving at first, found them at the picture show; and silently subthem at the picture show; and silently submitted to the ribald twittings of Billy Lynch and Ned Wharton.

They let him meditate over that for a day or so; and then June Clyde began, late in the afternoons, to telephone to Tarleton's office just before closing time for him to bring home something for her. Each time it was something that she absolutely had to have.

Apparently she did not know that Tarleton

was the staunchest member of the men's antishopping league. Half the town knew that shopping was one thing he would not do. At home he'd willingly carry around for the family stove or a buffet; but he would not buy

and bring home a paper of pins.

There was therefore loud exultation over Tarleton chasing madly from cleaning shop to cleaning shop to locate and fetch gloves for June Clyde. There was almost a riot at sight of him stalking behind the ambush of half a dozen boxes and packages. For long years he had laughed at his friends, ridiculed them, reviled them for shopping for their women-folks. The gods of revenge had put this answer into their hands.

But Tarleton began to slow in his ardor. No

more was there the wild running of the gamut of Delta entertainment for June Clyde. If the occasion presented itself it was grasped languidly; but he no longer created occasions out of thin air. And in their eyes as they watched him was a curious kinship to the expression of Unc' Zeke's as he watched Blue creep shamefacedly from Major Mathis's hen-house, panting cooling air into his mouth.

The turn in events came with suddenness to all of them—to June Clyde and Denny with the rest. It was a lazy Sunday morning; and Denny and June Clyde were asprawl over the Sunday paper from Memphis, Tennessee.

June Clyde had the society section, and the
first warning to Denny came in a heartfelt
"Oh, Lord!" Denny hurried over to her.

"What's the matter, June Clyde?"

June Clyde's hand was pressed to her cheek.
"Oh, Lord!" she repeated, and pointed. Denny

looked.
"Nice picture of you," she commented, and bent down to inspect the inscription:

Miss June Clyde Sanderson, whose engagement is announced today to prominent young physician and surgeon

She looked up and caught June Clyde's anguished eye. "What does it mean, June Clyde?" she asked. "What is it?" "Oh, Lordy! Denny, it's my young doctor! He kept writing me to come home; said

if I didn't he was going to get mother to help him announce our engagement. I didn't be-lieve she'd do it!"

"You mean you aren't really engaged to

"Oh, no! I am engaged to him—he's the only man I ever saw I'd cross the street for but I didn't want it announced yet. it. Mother wants it over with so she can take a trip to Europe! I thought he was just bluffing me. Oh, Lord!"

She rose to her feet and began dashing wildly about the room, hauling open wardrobe and closet doors. Denny watched in amazement.

"What're you doing, June Clyde?"
"Denny, I've got to catch that train in an our! Half the people here are reading that paper right now; everybody at home will have seen it. I never could face Tarleton again, Denny. I thought I would have time to—"

"Nonsense, June Clyde! Everybody knows that Tarleton never means a proposal to a girl. I wouldn't worry so much."

"You know you're just trying to comfort me, Denny. I can't do it, Denny. I never would be able to make Tarleton believe I didn't know in advance. Oh, Lordy, Denny, push that suitcase where I can get it!"

She persisted in spite of Denny's strongest efforts, and boarded the train. Denny thought she was exaggerating the effect of it.

But Denny found she was wrong. years Tarleton had been riding to just such a cropper; and he had found it at last. The girls of course saw June Clyde's picture first; but it did not take the men long to learn. The earliest arrivals dragged him out of bed to get sweet revenge for some of the gibes that for years he had been thrusting at them. Their numbers were rapidly augmented; and as the day passed Tarleton found it increasingly difficult to carry the thing off easily. Popular fancy has no explanation. Tarleton

Popular fancy has no explanation. had been in half a hundred worse escapades that had passed unnoticed. But the ironic point of this caught on. Everyone was laugh-ing—publicly—at Tarleton.

Denny had seen nothing of him for a week

when he came, unannounced, through the hedge one evening at twilight. He did not look the same debonair Tarleton. Subtly there was a suggestion of unkemptness some where about him; and, again unlike Tarleton, he sat silent staring into the dusk. "Denny," he began at last, "I've been a

fool."
"Yes, Tarleton," she agreed, "you certainly have." And they relapsed into silence.
Tarleton finally leaned over.
"Lord, I'm blue!" he burst out. "Denny,

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International Magazine Co. 119 West 40th St., New York, N. Y. you've always jarred me loose from it. Can't you do it now?"

"I-don't-know, Tarleton. I'm not sure-

I want to—this time."
"There you are! You're wrong, too. Everything's wrong. Oh, it isn't the nagging that they all are doing to me. It's what that shows to me that they think of me. Denny, they think I'm just a clown, and they're making me realize that all I've become to them is me realize that all I've become to them is their fool in cap and bells. I've got enough, Denny. I'd leave tonight; but I don't want to go—alone—leaving behind the one person in all the world who matters . . ." In the semi-gloom Denny's eyes were nar-rowed; and there had come a belligerent set

about her slim young shoulders.

"I-I'm thoroughly sick of it all, Denny.

I was just sort of hoping that when I went away I wouldn't have to go alone."

Denny straightened. No longer could she be in doubt what he was driving toward. For years that was the one thing she had wanted him to say to her—to say to her and really mean it. She realized suddenly and surprisedly that she did not want him to say that to her. She did not want him. He was no longer Prince Charming. He had become Tarleton Adair—buffoon.

The realization brought a wave of resentment. She turned abruptly upon him. ment. She turned abruptly upon him. suppose I'm to take that as another of your proposals, Tarleton? It's my cue to fall into your arms and run away with you, where the bad, mean people can't remind you what you've made of yourself!

"You say they're laughing at you! Lord,

they've been laughing at you ever since I can remember! You are their clown, their buffoon. You furnish them amusement. And now there

are none so poor to do you reverence!"

She paused. She had not meant to say all that. Yet there was an odd relief in getting it

"You call yourself a lawyer, and you don't attend to business two weeks a year. Why, if it wasn't for the plantation your grandfather left you, you'd starve! Run off with you! No, I won't run off with you. You're quitting under fire. You don't want to face the music. You haven't the nerve to stand up and take your medicine like a man!"

She had gone further than she meant to—said things she did not quite mean. She had forgotten everything except that she wanted to hurt Tarleton as she had been hurt. All she wanted was for him to go and leave her so she could cry.

so she could cry.

Tarleton rose. "That hurt, Denny," he said quietly. "But maybe it's what I've been needing. I've changed my mind." More than a shade of bitterness crept into his voice. "So a shade of bitterness crept into his voice. "So that's what I've become to them: their clown—their fool! They think—and you think that I'm not man enough to stay and fight it out with them! I'll show you. I'm going to stay right here and make all of you take it back! I'm done with every one of you until you do. You say I haven't worked. I'll show you—and I won't lack for cases, either.

"Every day the lawyers refuse retainers because they already have connections with the

cause 'they already have connections with the other side!' Faugh! They haven't the sand to admit that they're afraid to take the under dog's case; afraid of offending somebody; afraid they won't make as much money! Those are going to be my cases from now on. Whenever there's somebody all of you want

"You think I've been trying to run with both hare and hounds. Very well, henceforth I walk alone!"

He turned, then swung back again. "And I've done too much proposing, have I? You're right about that, too. I've done my last. I've

"I see!" Denny flung his feeling back at him. "If any of us poor wenches pine for your Majesty, we'll have to beg for him ourselves!"



"Atta Boy!"

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"You heard what I said. Take it any way you want to!'

you want to!"

"Yes. I heard. I can't answer for the others. But so far as I'm concerned, Tarleton Adair, you'll die unproposed to by me!"

Tarleton bowed. "Nothing more for me to say then, is there?" Very stiffly, shoulders squared against the semi-gloom, he stalked

Volunteer to defend Ike Sledge. The news became known amid surprised disapproval like had sold whisky and his vendee had died. The prohibitionists wanted him convicted because he had sold liquor. The drinking populace from self-preservation set their faces sternly against selling untrustworthy beverages. United for the first time since coining of the word "prohibitionist," they were making an example of Ike.

Tarleton did not all.

Tarleton did not clear him, because Ike could not have been cleared. But in the nine days of forensic warfare he messed things up so thoroughly that upon motion the judge set aside the jury's verdict and gave Ike a new trial. The news was received with even more disapprobation, as was Tarleton's reception of their attempts to remonstrate with him. What had come over the fellow, anyhow? Acting like he owned the earth! They'd show him!

But being let alone apparently was just what Tarleton wanted. He was never sen except on his way to the office, or court, or home. No longer did he pause to swap jokes or news with them. No longer did he pay them any notice.

They began to eye him doubtfully as he passed. Where a month before they had congregated to laugh at him and to badger him, now they stood aside, puzzled, to watch him on his unseeing way. In the Delta, of the Delta, suddenly and unaccountably he had become alien.

Their mild disapproval received a heighten-ing very soon. The operation of a combined hot-cat stand and pool-room on the edge of the residence district becoming too vociferous for late slumber on Sunday mornings, the neighbors invoked certain long-disregarded Sunday laws and had a six-day schedule put Sunday laws and had a six-day schedule put into effect. The bewildered colored proprietor, thoroughly willing to abide by the decre, took it for granted, however, that court required a lawyer and retained Tarleton. That individual refused to accept a fee, but consented to see him through. In the end, the remainder of the town was shut up tighter than a drum on Sundays. Where the Sunday laws had been winked at they were enforced in spirit and in letter. Which was not at all what the neighbors had wanted.

There was less difficulty now when Tarleton

There was less difficulty now when Tarleton showed his desire to walk alone. Where before he had been a target for their wit, now he was glowered at, silently.

Unmoved, he held to his course. He had

declared unconstitutional their law to move the state highway; and the best brains of the district had fathered that law. He prevented the town from raising the tax rate-but half of them rose and called him blessed for that And when Ike Sledge's case came on for trial And when Ike Sledge's case came on for train again and the state secured a continuance, Tarleton asked for bail, was refused it, enforced it through the Supreme Court, and himself arranged the bond. Ike at liberty was not what the countryside wanted or expected. Something was going to happen, they predicted freely, if Ike remained free. But the predicted share a remained free. But the predicted the state are remained free. themselves were most surprised when their

Out on the northern edge of town Uncle Billy Sherrill and Uncle Tom Whatley, employers of colored Unc' Zeke, had operated their general merchandise store for a quarter of a century. The unrailed porch with the high, unpainted false front above, the wire-fenced back yard with its stalls for horses and cabins for horsers coming in from the country were for farmers coming in from the country, were

That houses Down rattle on the drowsi cut sh Uncle with d breakin the pa forth. brough front le rattling came f magic there h

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That morning their store and the surrounding houses were asleep in the late spring sunshine.

Down the road rose a cloud of dust and a
rattle of chains as a mule wagon plodded in. On the porch a half-grown pointer pup lay

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On the porch a half-grown pointer pup lay drowsing, his delicate brown nose twitching. With unbelievable suddenness the calm was cut short. From inside Uncle Billy's and Uncle Tom's a single shot rang out, followed with deliberate slowness by the tinkling of breaking glass. And then, louder because of the pause, another shot—a fusillade broke forth. The pointer pup, startled, half asleep, brought his shoulders up with his stiffened front legs. The mule team reared back with a stiffing of chains. rattling of chains.

Startled cries and the sound of running feet came from the surrounding houses. As if by magic the scene had changed. One moment there had been the peaceful sunshine and the drowsy Southern landscape; the next, shots were echoing back; men were racing toward the store, while drifting out to meet them came the acrid smell of burned powder.

As the first of them burst into the front door, from the back half staggered, half ran Ike Sledge. Blood was streaming across his face from a wound in his head. He ducked behind the horse-stalls in the yard and reappeared, headed toward the belt of trees and undertake lengths are the second to the length of t brush along the creek.

brush along the creek.

The first man into the store reappeared upon the porch, fighting his way through the newcomers, cramming a shell into a hastily snatched shotgun. "Stop!" he yelled once at Ike Sledge and the gun glittered in the sunshine as it went to his shoulder. Almost instantly came the jet of flame from the mouth of the gun, the shoulder shoved violently back with the recoil, and the floating, boiling spurt of smoke. Ike half stumbled, then dived into the shelter of the cover. Like dogs after a rabbit they were after him.

Inside, almost facing the door, lay Uncle

Inside, almost facing the door, lay Uncle Billy. Uncle Tom was farther back, closer to the rear door where Ike had made his exit. Neither of them had been shot down without fighting back. An old-fashioned sidewheeler lay in Uncle Tom's dead hand, and a newer model beside Uncle Billy.

Swiftly the chase got under way. The telephones began working for doctors—warnings—bloodhounds. Those who could snatch weapons already were plunging into the woods; and it seemed hardly a minute before the auto-

and it seemed hardly a minute before the automobiles began roaring up.

But Uncle Billy and Uncle Tom were beyond anything except vengeance. Their shots, apparently, had done nothing more than wound lke slightly, while they were in very much worse shape. Uncle Tom was dead; and the doctors gave no hope of Uncle Billy's doing worse than lest the day out more than last the day out.

All day the excitement increased. Everyone knew Uncle Billy and Uncle Tom; loved them. There already was feeling enough against Ike

There already was feeling enough against like Sledge, and small doubt was left as to what would happen when he was caught.

But the day passed and night began to ome down without certain news of his capture. Half a dozen times the vague reports came: he was surrounded in a thicket; he had been shat down as he attempted to cross the viver. shot down as he attempted to cross the river; the dogs were baying him in the swamp. Nothing else was attended to in the little town.

Nothing else was attended to in the little town. Groups gathered here and there along the street; dispersed, regathered. Not overly much talking was done: a low-voiced question, followed by a general shaking of heads.

From one of these groups suddenly came an interruption. "Look—yonder!" and an uncertain, startled finger pointing.

Half a block down the street was a two-story brick building—store down-stairs; office up-stairs. After the fashion of small Southern towns the stairs were outside, in the alley, running up the side of the building. The finger picked out a shambling figure with a stained bandage about its forehead, staggering across from the shadows, unsteadily clutching across from the shadows, unsteadily clutching



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at the rail for support, tottering up toward the lighted square of window in the office above.
"It's him! He's sneaked into town here and

goin' to Adair's office. It's Ike Sledge!"

The wave gathered momentum as it swept down the street toward the stairs and office. A moment before there had been a disturbed, quietly ominous street, with its little groups here and there. Now there was pandemonium, converging swiftly and relentlessly on the steps in the alley.

As the first of them set foot on the bottom

plank there came a step on the platform at the top. Tarleton Adair stood there, his dark eyes surveying them calmly.

"Howdy, boys," he said easily. "Calling to see me?" The unexpected quiet inquiry halted them

in mid-charge.

From the rear of the crowd came a surging.
"Aw, cut it out. We saw Ike Sledge go in yo' -an' we're goner have him!'

Tarleton did not deny. "Any of you-all got deputies' badges?" he asked gently. No answer came. "Got any papers for him?" still in that soft tone.

ill in that soft tone.

The spell was breaking. "What the hell do e need with papers?" The first of them were we need with papers?' shoving up the steps.

"Just a minute, gentlemen!" Tarleton's voice, still not raised, cut through. "If you-all try to come up these steps I'm afraid I'll have to object." It checked them for an instant.

There was no more parley. They knew what would happen. The only question was how had they would have to hurt him. They paused a perceptible interval to shift belts quietly. Then they charged.

Tarleton waited, his arms down. Apparently he did not move, but as the lank youth in the lead was upon him there came a clicking smack as a fist went home and the youth slumped across the feet of the men behind. Forewarned, they poised, then ganged him, three abreast.

Tarleton swung back into the shelter of the narrow doorway. As they rushed he struck again. There was a flash as a weapon was drawn, swung about, clubbed, and brought down. Tarleton took the blow upon his shoulder and smashed out with all his strength. There was a grunt of pain and the revolver flashed up again.

HE thunder of a big motor driven in haste broke in. The flying car swung at right angles for the sidewalk, bumped across the curb and halted at the steps with a vicious snarl of brakes. Those in the glare of the headlights leaped back to keep from being run down. A girl was at the wheel.

From the seat beside her a lean, slow-moving figure eased erect. "What you damn fools think you're doin'?" it demanded coldly. "Come down off'n those steps. Me 'n' my deputies'll do all the arrestin' this county needs. You move away from those steps and

go on home.

There was an ejaculation of surprise as they looked into the car. In the back were colored Unc' Zeke and an unkempt figure with a bandage about its head—the figure they would have sworn was in the office above—Ike Sledge. In an instant they had turned and were boiling

"Cut that out!" Sheriff Jim might have been admonishing naughty schoolboys. "Let Ike alone! Reckon I'd bring him here if he'd

actions: Reckon 1'd bring nim here it he'd done anything?"
"Done anything! We penned him up here because he shot Uncle Billy and Uncle Tom!"
Sheriff Jim grunted. "Penned up! You plumb fools, didn't you know Tarleton was just holdin' you-all while Ike slid out over the shed roof to run to the court-house? Ike didn't have any more to do with that shootin' than I did.

"Uncle Billy and Uncle Tom shot one another. There's been bad blood between 'em; and this mornin' they shot it out. Ike, bein' the innocent bystander, got clipped 'longside the head by a stray bullet. He was

duckin' f'r the door; and when everybody started yellin' and shootin' he knew-folks already feelin' towards him like they didthat his only chance was to hide out and sneak into town. Some o' you damn fools'd 'a' hanged him first and found out afterward."

"Tell it to the marines, Sheriff!"—the derision in the words fairly stood out. "'Course he'd make up a likely tale!"
"Reckon I'd 'a' brought him here if I

"Reckon I'd 'a' brought him here if I couldn't prove it?" Sheriff Jim was indignant. "Ol' Unc' Zeke here was in the wareroom when it started, and saw it all. When all the When all the when it started, and saw it all. When all the white folks started runnin' and shootin' he got scared and lit out for home. He was waitin' to tell Major Mathis; but when he found out a while ago that the Major's out o' town he told Miss Denny. She piled him into her car and raced with him to the court-house. When the come stargerin' in we already Ike come staggerin' in we already knew; and I come up here to keep you fools out o' jail. You-all go on home and behave yo'selves. jail. You-all go on That's it—keep on.

IT SEEMED unreal to Tarleton. They were leaving too easily-without further argumentshamefaced. Almost before he realized, they were gone and there remained only the car across the sidewalk, Denny, himself, and Unc' Zeke, sniffing at the smell of frying catfish.

Denny drew a trembly breath of relief and bent over to start her engine. The keys rattled ineffectually against the instrument board. She looked up with a game attempt

at a smile.
"I—don't—believe I can—make it," she confessed. "I—I suppose it's just the reaction—I'm ashamed—but I'm shaking so I don't believe I can drive. Would-will

"Of course. Just a second till I close the

They were both silent as he backed the car across the sidewalk and swung it down the street. In the rear seat Unc' Zeke kept up a running consultation with himself over the events of the day:

events of the day:

"How come I ain' tol' somebody else? Dey asks me dat. Lawd, when white fo'ks gits to shootin' one 'nother, dat ain' no place f'r niggers! Nawsuh. You ain' gwi' fin' Zeke where de bullets is a-zoomin' roun'. Place f'r dis nigger is where his own white fo'ks kin hear being good when he believe. hear him good when he hollers

The car halted on the dark driveway of the Mathis home. Unc' Zebe fumbled with the catch on the door and followed his nose toward the redolence of coffee and frying pork-chops.

Tarleton shut off the engine and extinguished

the lights. Denny made no move to alight. He

the lights. Denny made no move to alight. He looked across at her.

"Denny," he said slowly, "I want to—thank you for what you did for me tonight. Those boys were pretty well wrought up, and they'd have got me in a minute or so if you-all hadn't come up when you did. I'd like for you to know I'm grateful."

Still Denny had not moved. From the dining-room came the clink of dishes as Aur' (a'line gave the last touches of artistry to

Ca'line gave the last touches of artistry to supper. "I was glad that I could," she said finally, and paused. "Is that—all—Tarleton?"

"Why, yes, Denny. Except that I meant that with all my heart. There isn't anything else that I—can say—is there?"

The wind swept through the magnolia tree on the lawn. Denny sighed. "No—nothing. Except—oh, Tarleton, I—we—all of us know now how mistaken we were about you, and that all you needed was to realize. The leopard can change his spots, because he has. And we're crazy to make up with you if you'll only let us."

Tarleton's head was bowed into the shadow. "I didn't know, Denny," he said at last, quietly. "Thank you. I—I've been pretty—lonely, these last few months." He stood a moment as if waiting upon her. Denny sat silent as if waiting upon him.

Finally he turned. "Good night, Denny."

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Haj leads shop v so it h In t Moliè man,

on th count lev Ci thing to con "Tarleton!" a tiny voice came to him. He wheeled. "I—haven't answered your question, Tarleton," she said. Tarleton looked his incomprehension. "Your —your question, Tarleton. Don't you remember? That night—oh, Tarleton, we're up against it because neither of us can propose to the other, but—but I—I never did answer you when you proposed to me that night and I—think I'd like to now . ." Her voice trailed off into a shamed little wail. "Oh, I'm just salving my conscience and know I am. Tarleton, tell me quick you don't think that I'm—I'm a—"

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last. tyod a conscience and know I am. Tarleton, tell me quick you don't think that I'm—I'm a—" Simultaneously he returned to his senses and the car. And Tarleton, old hand at the game; Tarleton, who had proposed to every pretty girl in the whole Delta country; Tarleton, veteran of veterans, bungled the kisthat he really meant. It landed somewhere vaguely under Denny's eye.

At his confusion Denny was herself again. Deep in her voice sounded a joyous, tender note: "Why, you dear old blooming amateur!"

"Why, you dear old blooming amateur!" she said.

## A Professor With a New Idea

(Continued from page 76)

What do you want to do when you get there?"
He: "I want to write plays."
I: "You ought to have some money, then.
Usually it is a slow process. The ability to
write successful plays is seldom developed in
college. The only case I know Mrs. Fiske has
just told me about. She has bought a play,
which she says is good, by a boy still in college."
He: "I wrote that play."

He: "I wrote that play."
I was startled by the coincidence, but I went ahead: "That is interesting. I did notice one other instance a few weeks ago. I was reading the Harvard Monthly and it contained a one-

the Harvard Monthly and it contained a one-act play which had real stage feeling."

The young man said, "I wrote that too."
The pink-faced boy was Edward Sheldon.
Mrs. Fiske's play was "Salvation Nell." Such
dramatic development in college, thanks to dramatic development in college, thanks to Professor Baker, is no longer an exception, and the present is a favorable moment for judging his influence. As I write these words the New York stage holds "The Youngest" by Philip Barry, "The Goose Hangs High" by Lewis Beach, Sidney Howard's "They Knew What They Wanted," and O'Neill's new tragedy, "Desire under the Elms," his "S.S. Glencairn," and the "Emperor Jones" revived.

The development of playwrights by the Baker method does not depend on writing plays alone. After the aspiring youth has written his play he hears it read and discussed in class. If it turns out well he sees it produced by the regular producing company that runs in connection with the course. He is urged to be an actor of this company himself.

This producing company, at Cambridge, was

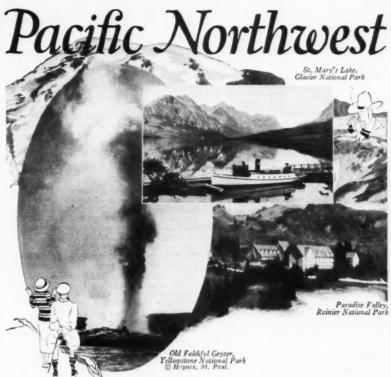
This producing company, at Cambridge, was outside the college and the same system will

outside the college and the same system will hold at New Haven. Persons interested in the drama subscribed for the season. Each play that was produced had two performances.

O'Neill is one playwright who was excused from acting. His father, James O'Neill, the famous star of "Monte Cristo," had worked over him for years, and finally had given up. "It was proved beyond doubt," said O'Neill, "that I am the world's worst actor."

Happily for the human race, one step ahead leads to others. Just as the Harvard 47 Workshop was inspired by a little theater in Dublin, so it has led to the formation of several others. In the past writers who have written for the stage include Shakespeare, first in English,

In the past writers who have written for the stage include Shakespeare, first in English, Molière, first in French, Goethe, first in German, four out of the five greatest Greeks, and on the whole the highest literature in all countries. That tribute we quoted from Colley Cibber goes for me. And is it not a fine thing for our children that we are learning how to combine in the theater the arts of nonularity. to combine in the theater the arts of popularity with the deeper meanings of the human mind?



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## For the Sake of the Leading Lady

(Continued from page 23)

outside. I decided to stay out for a time and sat down in a garden chair. But a roar of conversation reached me from the hotel, with laughter that sounded shrill to one not taking part in it, and I got up and moved away into the silver and shadow of the garden, out of earshot of humanity. There I sat down again, on a bench by a great bed of salvias, and gave myself up to the night. And there, in less than five minutes, Ewingden joined me. minute of silence, followed by a perfunctory remark about the beauty of the night, he said:

"You remember our talk the other day?"
"Every word of it."

"Care to hear the rest?"

"I should like nothing better if you feel you'd

like to tell it.

I think I should. I'm getting damned tired of being considered a lucky fellow with a marof being considered a lucky fellow with a marvelous nose for a good thing in the money market. Till now I haven't had a holiday abroad for years. I don't exactly know why. Perhaps I was afraid of it. This is my first visit to Africa. And though it's only the edge, it's waked up sleeping dogs—waked them up. He stretched out his legs and looked up through the still trees to the luminous sky. "Once I had an ambition," he said. "You know what ambition is"

know what ambition is.'

"Ves

"It devours a man. Mine was to make myself a name as a writer, not of books but of plays. I felt I had a gift for the stage. So do heaps of fools, I know. But I believe, still heaps of foots, I know. But I believe, sun believe, in spite of my triumphs in the oil market, that I did possess that gift." "Then you possess it still." "After fifteen years of steady grind? Don't

you think a man can stifle a gift, do away with it by a slow process of suffocation?"

A LOOKED hard at me in the moonshine, and I said: "I don't know. I've never dabbled

in oil shares."

"Exactly! You haven't drowned your brain and your soul in a bottomless well of oil. When I was twenty I was a different man. eager as April , then the buds come out. I went to London then for the first time, and I gave myself up to that gift of mine. I was a slave to it, and often it left me hungry. At last I scraped an acquaintance with Mervyn Blythe. At that time he was the most famous young actor of the London stage.

"Awfully good-looking, too!"
"Wasn't he? And a charmeur."

matinée girl worshiped him, I

"She did. D'you know what his chief passion was?"

"No. Unless it was acting."

"It was the desire to triumph over the hearts and the natures of women. Certainly he was and the natures of women. and the natures of women. Certainly he was capable of reveling in his art and of taking great pains with his work. But it was his work's power of bringing women to his feet that made him respect and almost worship it. Most actors are vain. Blythe's vanity was inordinate. And he persistently used his art in its service. When he acted he was always its service. When he acted he was always acting to some particular woman in the audience whom he wished to fascinate.

"He was much handsomer on the stage than off it. On the stage he had the faculty of throwing a sort of glamour round him. He came into his kingdom when the curtain went up. Off the stage there was nothing very strik-

up. Off the stage there was nothing very striking about him, except perhaps his remarkably expressive dark eyes.

"When I got to know Blythe he patronized me prodigiously. I stood it like a lamb. I had made up my mind that through him I was going to get my chance. I genuinely admired his talent. I thoroughly realized his fame. If he often talked like a fool, if he was without any genuine culture, what did that matter? He was a star and I was nobody. I resolved to

become somebody through him. And I made myself his friend, his humble friend.

"And presently through flattering his

"And presently, through flattering him-oh, I went below stairs in the service of my ambition!—I made him believe in me. I found ambition!—I made him believe in me. I found his genius so great that he began to suspect I had talent. I praised him till he thought I was clever. With time I became his protégé. He talked about me at the Garrick. He mentioned me at the Green Room Club. He said I was 'a youngster who would do something surprising some day.' Well, I did something. I was to give the forely the surprising some day.' Well, I did something. I 'Sinless,' and I wrote it for Blythe.

"When I read it to him he was genuinely struck by it. He said it was 'damned good' and I saw that he believed in it. He saw that I had given him a great chance in my play, and that was enough for him. He swore he would get his backers interested in my play. And he get in backers interested in my piay. And he was as good as his word. He read it to them himself, and talked so big about it that they overlooked my total lack of fame, and even of notoriety, and said they would 'stand for it.' An agreement was drawn up and eventually my play was put into rehearsal."

I LE TURNED a little towards me. "Do you know the actress, Carnation Smith?"
"Carnation Smith! But does anyone not know hee?" E TURNED a little towards me.

know her?"

"I mean, do you know her personally?"
"Well, I have eaten peppermint fondants with her. I have been in her dressing-room—
of course at the theater. I have looked into her ironic eyes and pretended I loved her."
"She was in the cast of my play. I looked into her ironic eyes and did love her."
"But one might see well layer, expisite and

"But a man might as well love a quicksand, a mirage, a storm, Fata Morgana!"
"She's got genius."
"She showed it by assuming the name of

Smith when her real name was De Lisle, and by getting herself christened Carnation."

"Her name was De Lisle?"

"Her name was De Lisle?"

"Absolutely. She took the name of Smith when she went on the stage, because she said she longed to do something for the poor thing."

"And I always thought that she was really a Smith! But then from the beginning I suppose I usually thought her what she wasn't."

"Almost everyone does."

"Almost everyone does.

"When I was twenty-five she was only beginning to be known. She was thin as a reed almost, dark as a cloud, all eyes and hair and laughter. Except on the stage! There she was mysterious, tragic, fatalistic. But behind the scenes she was a buffoon. And such a lovely buffoon!"

"That fits her exactly."

"Even when I was desperate about her she could make me laugh. She had a way of dissolving you in laughter. She caught you unawares with her wit. She was a monkey. But they have the awares with new Wit. She was a mionkey, own on one ever put her up a tree. Blythe got her the engagement to play the chief woman's part in 'Sinless.' He said she was the only woman in London who could play it. What he really meant was that he was determined to have her in the theater with him."
"Because of her talent?"

"Oh, no; though just at first I thought it was that. His real reason was that he wanted to add her to his collection. Her irony piqued him. Her humor enticed him. He wanted to reduce her to sentiment, to thrust through the irony to the woman's heart beneath it. She was beginning to show on the horizon as a star. He wished to attract the star into his orbit."
"And did she genuinely appeal to him as a mere woman?" I asked.

I noticed that Ewingden looked at me as if with suspicion. "Remember that the man was a mass of vanity!" he said, almost, I with suspicion.

"But still he was a man, I suppose."
"I never conceived it possible that Blythe could be driven by love. It's the rarest thing

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in the world for the abnormally vain to love. Vanity sheathes the heart of man in triple Isn't it so?"

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"Then," he interrupted harshly, "you see love in the nude. And that may be a sight for gods but certainly not for men.

"Carnation Smith accepted my woman's part. At the first rehearsal she informed me that it was totally unworthy of her. And I agreed. I genuinely agreed."

agreed. I genuinely agreed."
"Quick work, that!"
"Swiftness was, and is, essential in her. She's
terribly swift. But remember, she was my
first actress. Those rehearsals! How they tore
me, and how I loved them! You've helped to
produce plays, haven't you?"
"Yes."

"Yes."
"Isn't it Hell and Paradise?"
"I agree with your first definition."
"What a humbug you are! . . . Carnation lent a helping hand to both."
"That I don't doubt. And especially to the

former, I imagine."

"She was delightful to me-at times. I was the author. She made for me at once, took me as her rightful possession. She flattered me. She abused me. She told me my play was vile. She said I was diabolically clever. She wanted me to alter everything. She implied that I had nevertheless written a masterpiece. She kissed me. (You know there's a good deal of pro-miscuous kissing in theaters.)"

agreed, but said that it meant very little. "Less than nothing, I suppose. But Car-nation's kisses—after the very first rehearsal we were tremendously intimate. We lunched together. We had tea together. We had supper together. We sat up till two in the morning together, talking about the play, the world, our futures, the play, what man means to woman and woman to man, whether sex governs the world, the play, whether there is a governs the world, the play, whether there is a future life, whether there ought to be an alter-ation in the third act giving most of Blythe's best lines to Carnation, why there must be a Power that has created the universe, why the end of the play must be wrong since Blythe had it instead of the woman, whether there were flirtations in Mars, why Carnation had

never been able to flirt—and so on."
"I know. I know. I've been through it all with a leading woman."

"But not with Carnation!"
"Thank God, no!"

HOSE rehearsals for me were the whirlwind. I lost my bearings. My ambition was on fire. My heart was on fire. I saw fame close to me, hand in hand with Carnation. She told me I was a fool and a genius. Her vitality told me I was a 1001 and a genus. Her vitality was endless. Her temper at times was dia-bolical. When she was angry her language was impossible. But what a lovely voice?" "Yes, she has a beautiful voice," I allowed.

"Yes, she has a beautiful voice," I allowed.
"There came a time when I honestly believed that she loved me." he said.
This avowal brought me up to a question which had been floating in my mind for some "But what about Blythe?"

"I was terribly jealous of Blythe."
"She kissed Blythe too, no doubt."
"Oh, yes! And although she wanted me to take all his best lines and give them to her, she always said it was only for the good of the

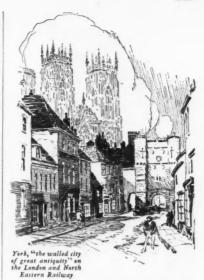
play."
"I know. I know. And Blythe wouldn't have it—for the good of the play."

"Exactly."
"But—I hope you don't mind my asking you this?"

"No. Go on!"
"Did Miss Smith-

"Why d'you call her Miss Smith?"

"Somehow I feel now I don't want to be too intimate with her. An instinct of self-preservaintimate with ner. An instinct of seir-preserva-tion, no doubt, after what you have told me. Did Miss Smith act so well during these re-hearsals that Blythe, like you, honestly be-lieved that she loved him?"



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had always believed it."

damned successful stock-broker!"

But I believe it was then that I began to have an inkling of the strange solution of the affair of Blythe's sensational catastrophe, which had hitherto puzzled me, and which, I knew, had been a subject of wonder to the whole theatrical world.

"I thought I knew Blythe through and through," said Ewingden. "There I made a mistake. One never knows a man through and through. I believed too much in Blythe's vanity. I suppose I thought it was fool-proof. It wasn't. You know what the last rehearsals

of a play are like."
"I do indeed. Tempers and heads are lost.
Everyone's febrile. Even the call-boy and
the lowest char are asked what they think of the play. Even the dressmakers are consulted on points of dialog."

"We were there, and I was madly in love with Carnation into the bargain, when I began to notice a change in Blythe's manner towards me. His former patronizing geniality gave place to a coolness that was sometimes sarcastic. It was impossible not to remark it. Everyone noticed it."

"Surely you guessed you were on dangerous

"But Carnation played up to him so enor-mously that I was horribly jealous." But you told me you thought-

"It was Blythe at last made me think it," he interrupted. "With her you couldn't tell. When a naturally clever girl is doubled with an infernally ingenious actress a man doesn't know what to think. But when I found that Blythe was obviously hostile to me, I said to myself, 'Lookers-on see most of the game. Evidently he thinks she cares for me.' And I Evidently he thinks she cares for me.' began to believe he was right."

began to believe ne was rignt.

"Then why on earth didn't you pull up?" I said. And I believe I spoke almost angrily. Perhaps my playwright's instinct was awake.

"I did try to be reasonable. But—but Carnation considered reasonableness on my

"What a charming woman!" I exclaimed.
"She was. She is," said Ewingden curtly.
"As I said!" I rejoined, with sudden mildness. For I now began to realize the incredible. Ewingden must surely still be in love with Miss Smith after-how many?-after some fifteen years.
"Isn't it perfectly natural for a fascinating

woman to wish a man who loves her to show his love?" said Ewingden grimly.

And then of course I knew that Ewingden's

case was hopeless.

"So Miss Smith insisted on your being blatant before Blythe?" I said. "Not exactly that. But I didn't find it easy

to be quite so non-committal as I thought would be expedient under the circumstances."
The tragedy was now becoming clear to me.

I saw all things at the Golden Theater streaming towards a tragic dénouement in the last agonies of rehearsal.

"My position was an awkward one tinued Ewingden, after a pause. "I felt that Blythe was giving me my chance. I didn't want to do anything he disliked. But—there was Carnation! I didn't know what to do. And then fear came upon me.

'Fear?

"Yes. You know the expression 'something in the air'? I began to feel that there was something in the air, something malign, hostile to me. I seemed—I seemed to smell failure. My play shaped well. I felt that it really was strong, dramatic, gripping. But nevertheless I had a horrible presage of failure. It came "Ah!

"I felt that he had definitely turned against

"I imagine he did—at first. I only wish he again, back to geniality. But I feared this geniality. There was something sinister in it, something deadly, I thought. Yet what could he do? I was positive by now that he realized I was desperately in love with Camaton and that he austracted her of heigh is her and that he austracted her of heigh is her and that he austracted her of heigh is her and that he austracted her of heigh is her and that he austracted her of heigh is her and that he austracted her of heigh is her and that he austracted her of heigh is her and that he austracted her of heigh is her and this though his manner had changed again, back to geniality. But I feared this geniality. There was something sinister in it, something deadly, I thought. Yet what the properties of the control of the cont tion, and that he suspected her of being in love with me. No doubt his vanity was outraged by what he probably considered my insolence and her folly

"I was his protégé. And now I had ven-tured into the lists against him and actually with success. What wonder if he hated me? But I asked myself again, what could he do? His success was bound up with mine. He couldn't harm me without harming himself. Then why need I be afraid of him? "Yet I was afraid.

"This fear, added to my desperate infatua-tion for Carnation, which I tried to conceal in public while she tried to make me show it, and complicated by the harassing anxiety insepa-rable from the final rehearsals of an important play in a fashionable theater, tried me severely. Sometimes I felt as if I should go to pieces, all keyed up though I was. Too much depended on the result of the first night. A failure would mean that I was relegated not merely to continued obscurity but to continued poverty. A resounding success would make me well enough off to think of marriage."
"Marriage!" I said. "Were you hoping to

marry Miss Smith?"
"Yes!" snapped out Ewingden. "Is there

anything extraordinary in that?"

MADE no reply. How could I tell him that the mere thought of marriage with such a bundle of eccentricities, tempers and tantrums as Carnation Smith has notoriously become in these later years held me frankly appalled? "Would there be anything extraordinary in

a young actress marrying a successful play-wright?" persisted Ewingden.
"No, of course not," I said. "But—Blythe?"
"Once my success was made I could do what I chose. Unfortunately it wasn't yet made. And there was that awful smell of failure in

"Was anyone aware of it except you?"
"Apparently no one," said Ewingden. "That
was the strange, the sinister thing. I was
positive by this time that if Blythe had the chance he would willingly aim a blow at me. If that was the case he couldn't wish me to succeed. A big success would make me. I should spring at a bound into what the theater considers fame. All depended on how big the success was. And such success would bring money to me, possibly many thousands of pounds. And all this Blythe would be helping to bring to me.

"But he couldn't do harm to me without doing harm to himself. And that I felt certain he would never do. It was his boast that he never made a failure, never was in a failure. He was being brilliant at rehearsal. He was bound to be far more brilliant on the first night, when his special following and all the critics would be in the theater. Then what had

I to fear? And yet I was afraid.
"The dress rehearsal took place. Perhaps a
couple of dozen people were scattered about in the theater. Everything went off well. The play ran smoothly, up to time. Everyone praised it. To me it was like a piece written not by me but by some one else. I felt written not by me but by some one else. I felt detached from it. I felt able to judge it impartially. It seemed to me powerful, exciting. The last act especially I liked and found thrilling, and Blythe came out wonderfully in it. When the curtain fell I hurried round to his dressing-room and congratulated him warmly.

While I was with him Carnation came in.
"'We've got a success, my dear man!' she
exclaimed. And she kissed me. And then she kissed Blythe. 'You're a clever devil!' she said. 'But I shan't let you cut me out. Wait till tomorrow. If you aren't careful I'll play you off the stage in the third act although you have got all the lines.'

"Try began to Some to make looked a gravity. challengi "Blyth towel end

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EWING touched 1 stage box "Yes?" "Blyth

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"Yes, t fought for For a mo she gripp But the was look changing. his face v when I'd absolutel of his au thority looked af

"I supp Otherwise thinking again, go hole in t shrank b think I n tion's voi

"Try!" said Blythe. 'I'm not afraid of you.' And then he turned to his mirror and began to take off his make-up.

Something in his voice and manner seemed to make an impression on Carnation, for she looked at him curiously and with unusual gravity. 'I shall try,' she then said, in a challenging voice.

"Blythe went on rubbing his face with a

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"Blythe went on rubbing his face with a towel end and said nothing more.
"Come on! said Carnation, turning to me. He's jealous. That's what it is.' At the door she turned and flung at him, 'You hate me for being a genius.' And then she went laughing down the passage, followed by me.
"We went out to supper together that night,

and she drove my fear away from me. Blythe's defiant 'Try!' was surely a presage of triumph. That night I think I was very happy.''

There Ewingden broke off. He sat for a moment, then got up from the bench. I guessed

he was excited, even deeply moved, and was anxious to conceal it.

"I'll have a smoke," he said.

Still standing, he pulled out a pipe, filled it carefully, lighted it, took one or two puffs at it. Then he said, in a very commonplace, unemotional voice: "You were at the first night. A fine audience, wasn't it?"

"Very brilliant, and a tremendous crowd."
"When I saw that crowd I felt sick—and great. Ridiculous! Wasn't it?"
"I don't think so."

"It was the only morsel of the only food I've wanted, wanted with the whole of me, that I've ever had. I looked and I nibbled the sweet apple of fame. And then Blythe broke down. He'd been acting brilliantly all the evening. There hadn't been a sign of nervousness, of uncertainty. He'd seemed to be absolute master of all his resources till that awful moment came. It was—perhaps you remember?—in the long scene between him and the woman that winds up—wound up—the play. That was the scene in which Carnation had said she'd act him off the stage although he had all the lines. All the lines!"

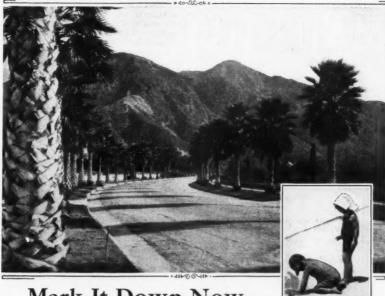
EWINGDEN took out a handkerchief and touched his forchead with it. "I was in the stage box with some friends," he said.

"Blythe missed a line. Probably nobody in the audience noticed it. But I went cold. Camation lost her cue, but she invented something, went on, and gave Blythe his cue. He didn't take it. She acted—gave it him again. People began to get restless. There was a movement in the theater. Blythe looked towards the wings. I heard the prompter say the line. Blythe didn't get it broke the positions. the line. Blythe didn't get it, broke the position, went nearer to the wings. Carnation gave him the line in a low distinct voice. This time he took it. But when he said it somebody laughed. I felt the scene going, slipping away into nothingness, dying out. You know what

"Yes, the life fading! Awful!"

"Carnation was wonderful then. She fought for the play. She was strong as a rock. fought for the play. She was strong as a rock. For a moment she had the scene and, by God, she gripped 'em. I had a moment of hope. But the sweat was running down me. For I was looking at Blythe. He seemed to be changing. There was a dull, confused look on his face which I'd never seen before. Always when I'd seen him on the stage he had been absolutely sure of himself absolutely was to restore the stage of the stage had been the stage he had been absolutely sure of himself absolutely was of himself. absolutely sure of himself, absolutely master of his audience. Now he'd lost all his authority. The whole of him, all of his body, looked afraid, abject almost.

looked afraid, abject almost.
"I supposed he was ill, suddenly ill. It must be so. The body must be letting him down. Otherwise—I remember, while I was looking, thinking this, he went wrong with his lines again, got them all muddled up, then stopped dead. There was an awful pause, a gap, a hole in the play full of dark nothingness. I shrank back in the box. Then I got up. I think I meant to go out. But I heard Carnation's voice, giving the cue again at the end of tion's voice, giving the cue again at the end of



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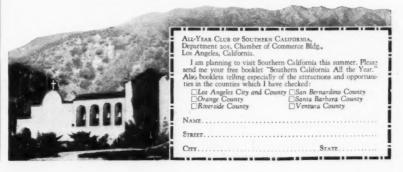
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a sentence she'd made up on the spur of the moment. It sounded imploring and harsh. There was another dead pause. I heard the prompter. And then the gallery started to hiss.

"That noise—the hissing—went through me like a lancet cutting flesh. At that moment I knew it was all over for me. My chance had gone wrong."

HE STOOD there on the pale sand before me, and I saw the despair of that long-ago night come up in his eyes.

"My chance had gone wrong," he repeated slowly. "I'd heard the hiss of the snake. I opened the door and slipped out of the box. There wasn't a soul in the corridor behind the boxes. (There were two of them.) It was reached by a short flight of stairs. I stood there at the foot of those stairs and took out my watch. We'd timed the play at rehearsal. I gave it another five minutes, barely that. I put the watch back and waited. I remember I

"Where I was I couldn't hear a thing at first.
But presently, after a minute or two, I heard a confused noise which sounded menacing and dull. I put my ear against the box door and listened. Something extraordinary was happening in the theater. I couldn't bear the suspense though I was mortally afraid of knowledge, and at last I opened the door a little way. Then I heard a loud voice, which seemed to me to come from a long distance off and from very high up, call out: 'He's drunk!' "And then I shut the door, ran up the short

flight of stairs and got out somehow into the street. It was raining, soft, thin rain. The night was misty and warm. I stood still there till I heard voices behind me. Then I looked back into the vestibule of the theater and saw people coming down the shallow steps which led from the dress-circle. There was a murmur of voices from which one voice sharply detached

"'What a fiasco!' it said.

"'What a fiasco?' it said.
"Then I bolted. I don't remember where I meant to go. But where I did go was to the stage door in the alley at the back of the theater. When I found myself there I was surprised, honestly surprised. There were the usual loungers hanging about in the rain and damp. I passed in by the stage doorkeeper's cavern without being challenged, went down some stairs and found myself in front of the door of Blythe's dressing room. It was shut

some stairs and found myself in front of the door of Blythe's dressing-room. It was shut.
"I didn't knock. I opened the door and went in. It was brilliantly lighted. In the glaring light I found Blythe standing up, his face still painted, a glass of brandy in his hand. With him were the stage manager, the general manager of the theater, and a big, dark man, where I have as his principal backer. And whom I knew as his principal backer. And these men, it seemed to me as I went in, were all talking at once—to Blythe. When they saw me, there was a dead silence. I looked at Blythe and he at me. Then he changed the Blythe and he at me. Then he changed the glass of brandy to his left hand, held out his right, and said:

"'I'm damned sorry, old chap! My memory went, absolutely went. I'm damned sorry!" "I had an instinct to behave decently. I

took his hand. It was limp—seemed boneless. "'Can't be helped!' I remember saying.

"I saw he was absolutely sober.
"'Was there a call?' I said, turning to the stage manager, a thin little man, with scratchy reddish hair and pince-nez

" 'No!' he said.

"'I'm going to see Miss Smith,' I said.
"Carnation's room was at the end of the passage, or rather her two rooms were. had a sitting-room and a dressing-room divided from one another by curtains. The sitting-room door was half open, and I heard her voice inside raised to an unusually high pitch. (You know she has a lovely, rather low voice.)"

"Yes, of course!" I said.

"I heard her voice say: 'Killed it! Killed it! Killed it! Killed it! I tell you it's dead. It's a corpse that stinks. That's what it is.'

"Then I went in, without knocking. Cama-tion was there with three women friends and a man. I saw her dresser, a pale woman with a long white throat, beyond the curtain, only half drawn, standing and looking in. Carnation was still in the orange-colored evening gown she'd worn in the last act. Her white face looked quite old at that moment. Directly

she saw me she said:

"'Oh, there you are! I thought you'd run
away after letting me face the music.'

"'No,' I said.

" 'Come in here!' she exclaimed, still in that high-pitched voice. And she took me by the arm and led me into the dressing-room. 'Go away. Get out!' she said brutally to the dresser.
"The woman vanished. Then Carnation

drew the curtains and faced me.
"'What was the matter with Blythe!' I said, lowering my voice so as not to be heard by the people in the other room.

"With Blythe? You ask me that?"

"Yes. Was he ill or what?"

"She leaned forward till her white face was

close to mine.

close to mine.

"Between you, you and Blythe have killed a play that might have been a stunning success," she said, almost in a whisper.

"I! I said. 'What had I to do with it?'

"If you don't know, go and ask Blythe,' she said, with bitter sarcasm. Her thin figure

began to quiver in the orange-colored dress.
'I fought for the play. I fought to save it,' she said. 'But I couldn't. You killed it be-

tween you. You're a couple of butchers!'
"'How dare you say that?' I said. I was stung to the quick. I thought she was half mad, and couldn't conceive what she meant.
'I'm the greatest sufferer in this,' I added.

'D'you mean to say you don't realize that Blythe broke down on purpose?' she exclaimed, with piercing irony.

with piercing irony.

"I don't know what I looked like then. I was astounded and couldn't speak.

"Go! Go! Get away from me! she said. I'm sick of you both. It's the play—the play—the play—the play I'm weeping over!

"And then suddenly she began to cry stormily. She threw out her arms—and I

DID you—did you go to Blythe?" I asked, as he was silent.

"And-and he acknowledged-

"And—and he acknowledged——"
"Never. He was an actor. He said it was a
lie. But of course it was the truth. I realized
the meaning of the whole matter directly
Carnation opened my eyes. Blythe had killed
my play deliberately. So"—he smiled now,
but it was a wry smile—"so you see there's
something that can get the better of an actor's
verity."

"Yes, jealousy."

"Yes, jealousy. That night saw what was really Blythe's end, and mine."

"And—Carnation Smith?"

"Dropped us both. She had no more use for

I got up from the bench and stood beside him under the pepper trees. "But you were in-clined to defend her," I thought. It seemed to me that when I-

He gripped hold of my arm. And his grip was so fierce that it hurt me. "She was un-And his grip was so nerce that it nurt me. "She was unreasonable, of course. When isn't a woman unreasonable? She called me a butcher when I'd done nothing except fall in love with her." "Monstrous!" I exclaimed. "Yes, but—she fought for my play, and she loved it!"

I looked into his eyes, and I saw in them the man who had been killed fifteen years before, but who nevertheless still lived in the successful

"I don't forget that," he said.
His fingers loosened on my arm, loosened,
let go. His arm dropped.
"Let's go in and have a long drink!"

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## Start May First

AST year two and a half million babies were born in the United States—our future citizens-the men and women who are to be entrusted with the affairs of tomorrow. Precious as these little lives were, not only to their parents but to the country itself, one out of every thirteen died before its first birthday.

This tragic waste of human material must be checked. A gigantic plan is under way to bring this about. Every mother and father, everyone in America who loves children and his country, is asked to help.

May Day, which has always been one of the banner days of childhood with its picnics, its gaylyribboned May-poles and its fun, is hereafter going to be a momentous day for our boys and girls. It will be known everywhere as National Child Health Day, a permanent American institution, a day for community stock-taking of child-health conditions.

#### May-Poles—Symbols of Health

When you see the May-poles, think of them as symbols of sound health for children.

All over the country hundreds of thousands of men and women are planning to make May Day memorable in the history of our nation. Members of religious, business, fraternal, patriotic, labor and other organizations are working to make Child Health Day a success.



#### Herbert Hoover's Plea

The purpose of the May Day Celebration is to focus attention upon our most precious national asset—our children

The ideal to which we should drive is that there should be no child in America that has not been born under proper conditions, that does not live in hygienic surroundings, that ever suffers from undernutrition, that does not have prompt and effi-cient medical attention and inspection, that does not receive primary instruction in the elements of hygiene and good health.

It is for the reiteration of this truth for the celebration of it until it shall have become a living fact, that we urge all people of good will to join in the celebration of May Day as Child Health Day.

Herebert Hoover,

There will be celebrations and festivals, public gatherings and speech making. Stores from coast to coast will have special window year to give your displays calling attention to Child children the best pos-Health Day. Business concerns, sible chance in life.

mills and factories will have important health demonstrations.

The men and women who are working for an improvement in child-health are painting a vision which shall and must be made real. They are working for more sanitary school buildings, more thorough health inspection in schools and better playground facilities. They are taking steps to safeguard the right of every child to reach maturity in good condition physically, mentally and morally.

Find out what your community is doing to celebrate May Day. Let's not have a slacker town or city in all the country.

#### Every Home a Health Center

Have your boys and girls physically examined at least once a year. See that they eat the right body-building food. Make certain that they play every day in the fresh air, sleep long hours with open windows and establish healthy body habits. Give them

buoyant joyous health. Endow them with strong, sturdy bodies.

But remember that the dreams you dream on May First and the plans you make must be carried out every day in the

There are upward of 35 million children in the United States who are subject to dangers in many communities by failure of community safeguards. In some sections of the country impure water and impure milk are supplied. In other communities inadequate provisions for health inspection are made. Again, too few playgrounds are opened or too many children are permitted by law to be at work in factories when they should be in school.

tactories when they should be in school.

We need more prenatal and maternity
Three out of four children are suffering care and instruction; closer supervision of

from some physical defect which might have been prevented or corrected. At least three million of our children, probably more, fall so far below the normal standard of weight that their condition demands immediate recognition and attention.

The New May Day brings a plea for safeguarding the welfare of our children. The wetterpolitant Life Insurance Company has

Six countries have lower infant mortality rates than the United States. There are many countries which lose fewer mothers in childbirth.

The New May Day brings a plea for safe-guarding the welfare of our children. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has published a booklet, "The Child", which is a guide and help to mothers. It will be mailed free, together with a Child Health Day program, to anyone who asks for it.

HALEY FISKE, President.

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